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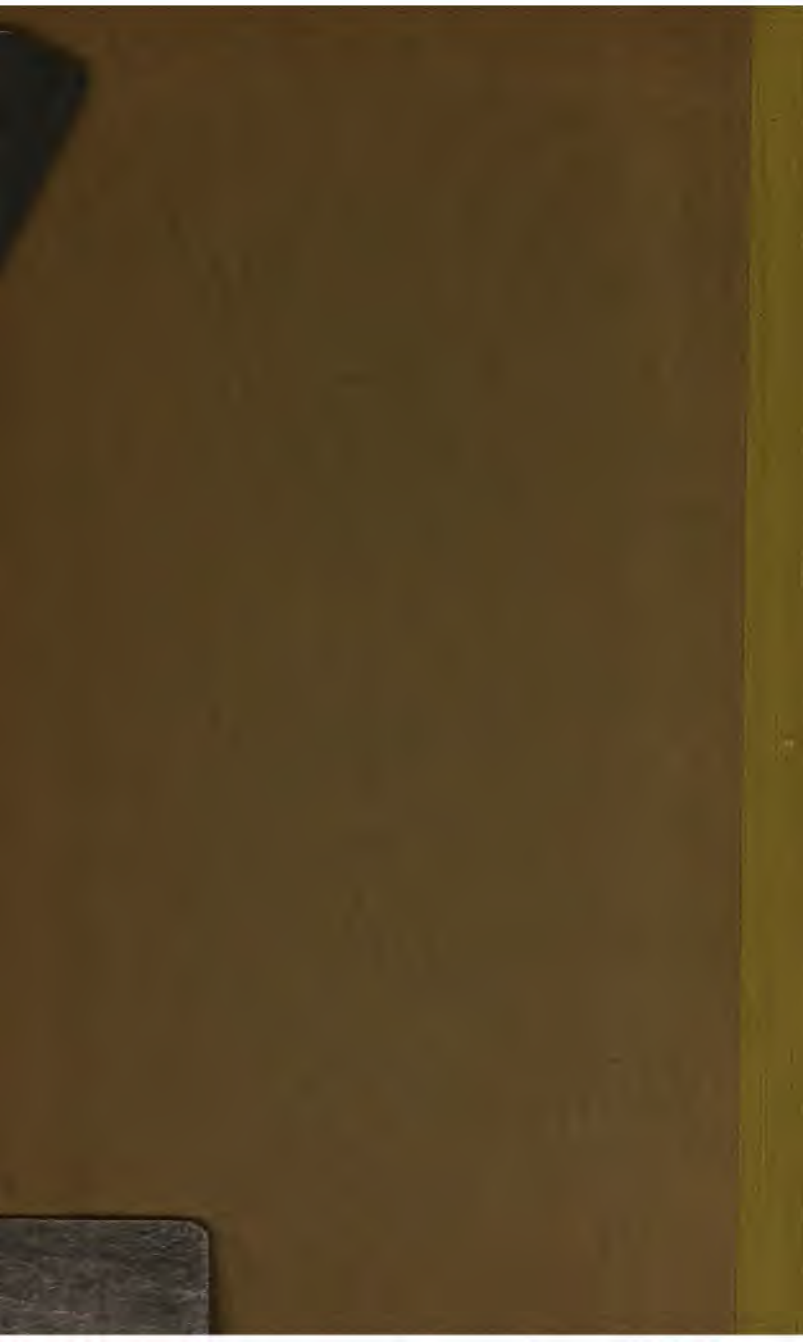
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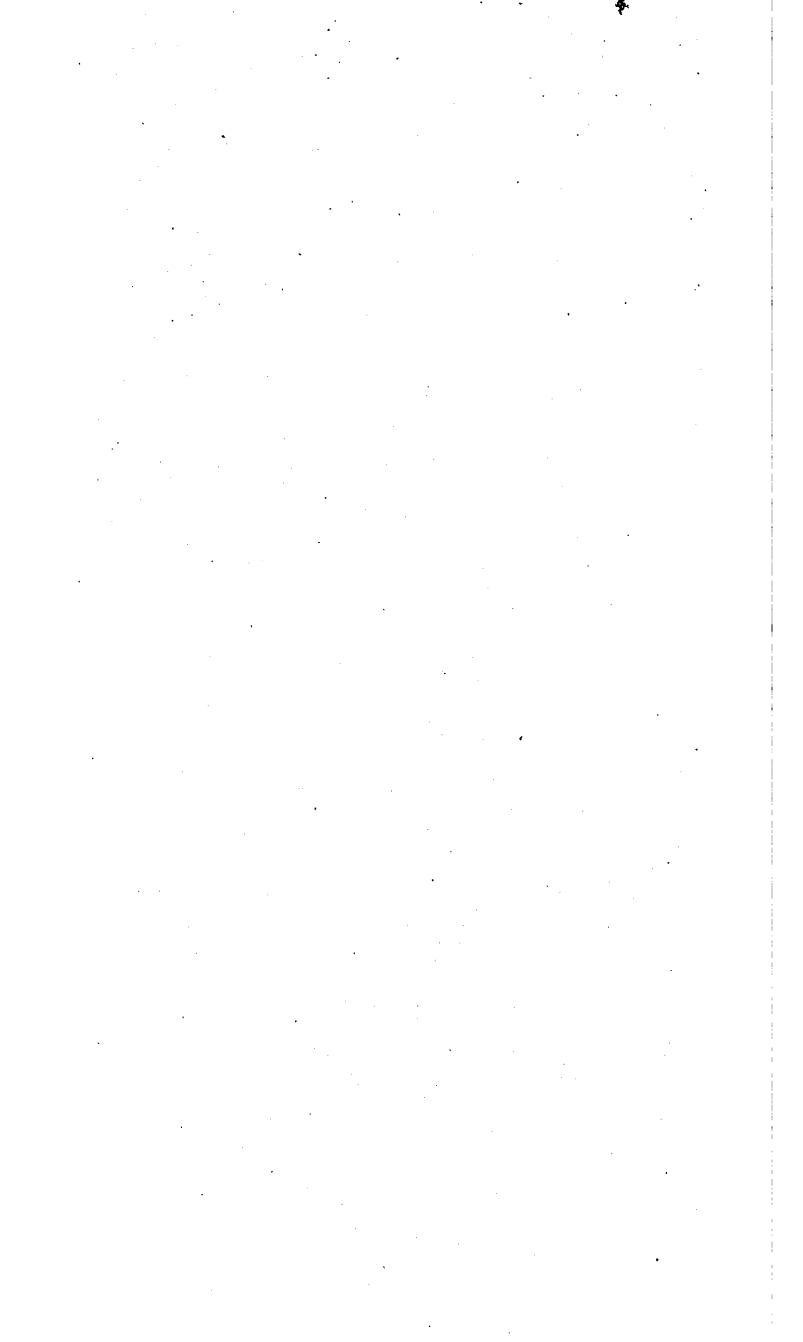
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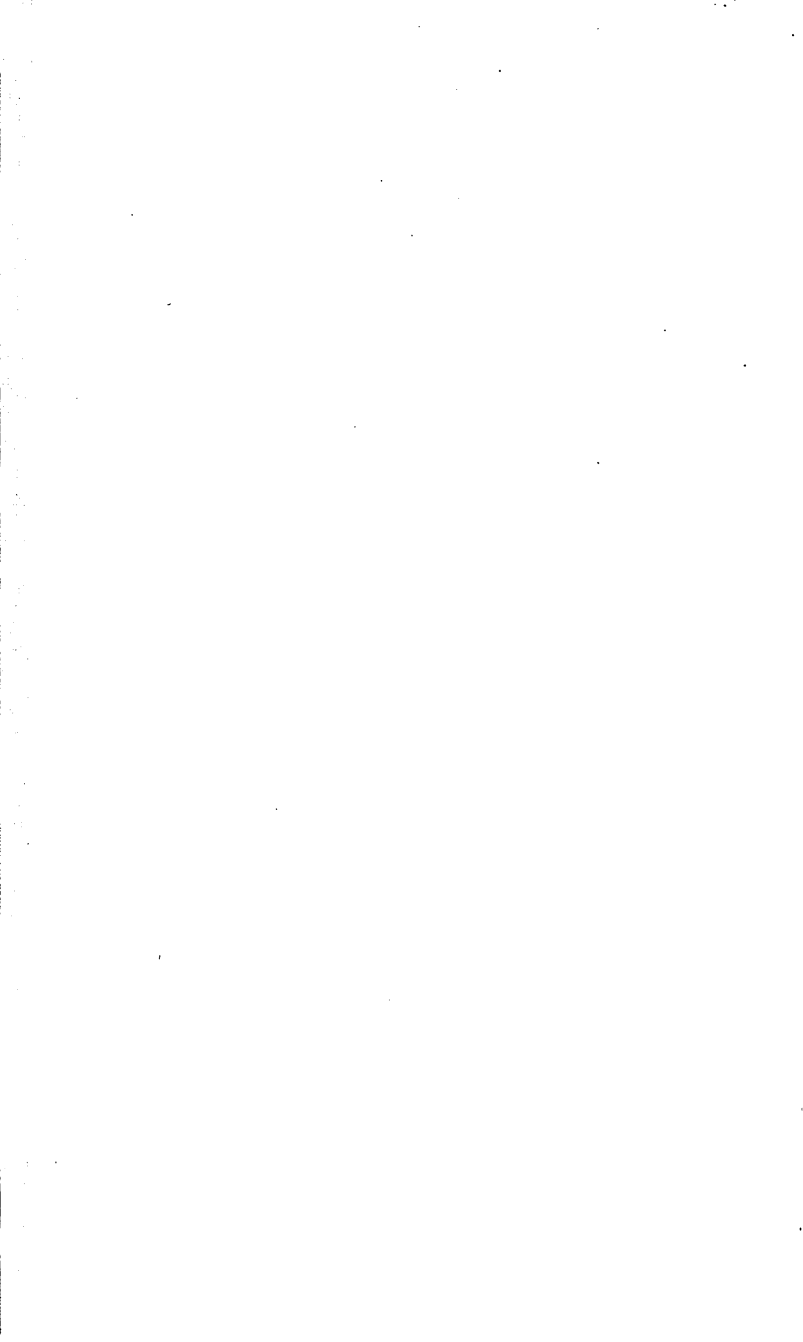


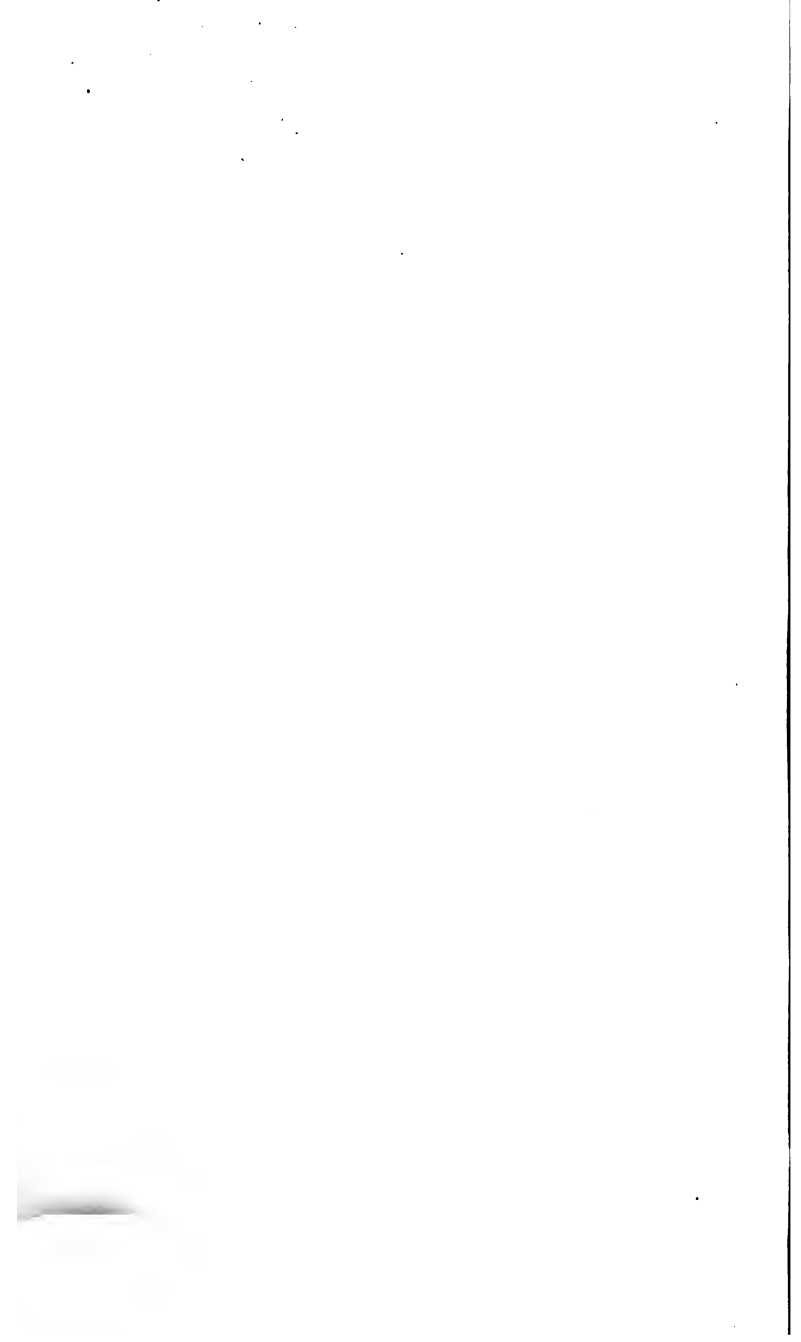
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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
OF A  
CRYSTAL  
IN THE  
FORMATION OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

FROM  
THE INCREMATION OF THE SPHERE OF EQUITY  
IN THE HEAVENS—THE FALL OF LUCIFER—  
DISSOLVING OF CHAOS AND BEGINNING  
OF THIS RESURRECTION, COMMONLY  
CALLED THE CREATION OF  
HEAVEN AND EARTH,

TO  
THE EXPULSION OF ADAM FROM EDEN.

BY  
CYRUS GEORGE DUNN.

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"The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy-work. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard."—PSALM xix.

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1876. p



## PREPARING FOR THE PRESS.

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THE SEPARATION OF THE LIVING FROM THE DEAD—

THE SONS OF MEN FROM THE SEED OF THE WOMAN,  
THE SONS OF GOD IN THE MURDER OF ABEL  
AND BANISHMENT OF CAIN—

THE LATTER ONCE MORE EMPHATICALLY CALLED FOR  
IN THE EARTH.

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NOV 1875  
DUNN  
NEW YORK

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## DEDICATION.

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TO

THE CHRIST OF GOD,—ETERNAL RIGHT;—

THE EVERLASTING SON;—THE KING IMMORTAL AND INVISIBLE;—

THE LEADER OF THE CRYSTAL HOSTS OF HEAVEN;—THE

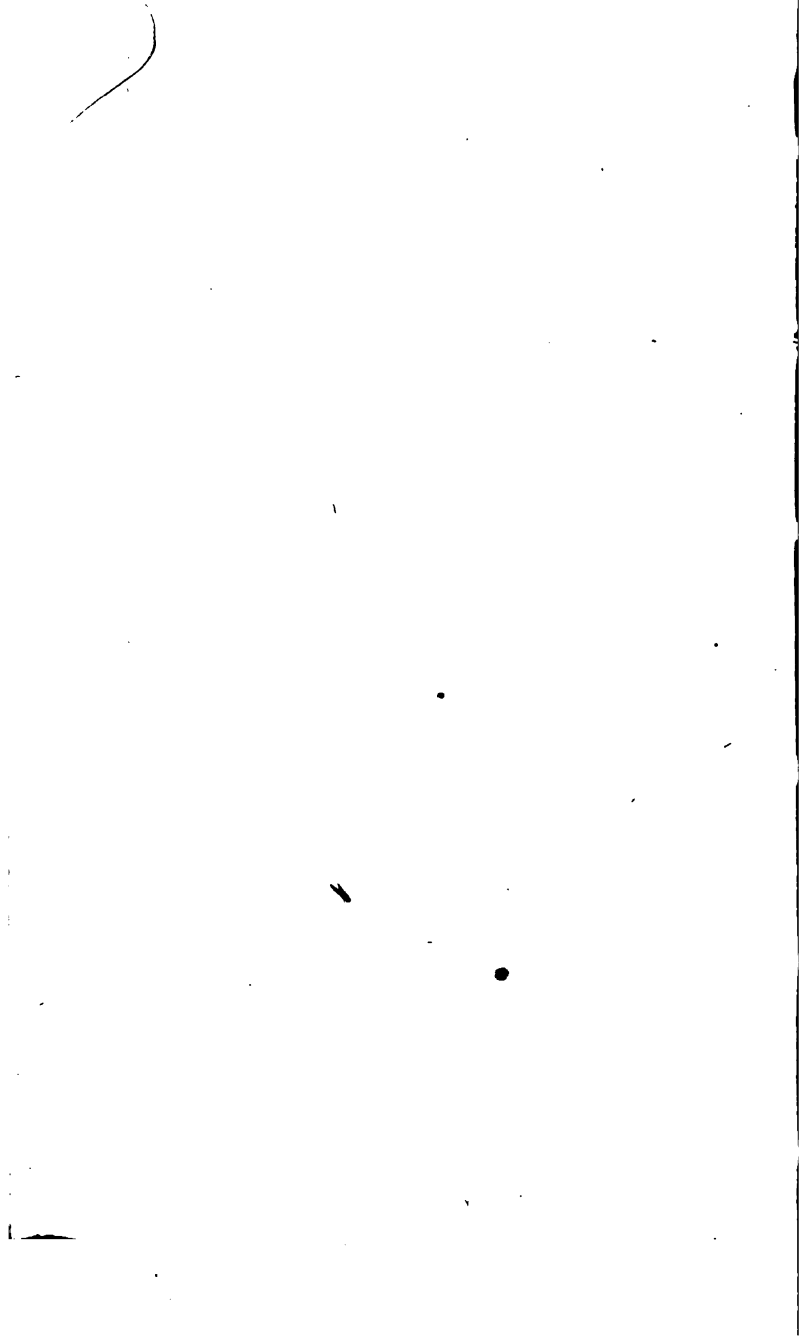
ESTABLISHER OF EQUITY IN THE EARTH; AS

AN ELDER BROTHER AND LEADER,

ALSO, AMONG MANKIND;

THIS WORK IS DEVOUTLY AND GRATEFULLY DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.



## PREFACE.

---

WHEN, in the exercise of the justice of God on the earth, the Elamite abandoned the children of Israel in the wilderness of Sin, saying, "I will not go up in the midst of thee, for thou art a stiff-necked people: lest I consume thee by the way." And gave them into the hand of the Medianite, his minister in those parts, who slew all that generation and led them not into the land, but had all his own males destroyed in the plains of Moab, where Moses, also, for his connivance with him, was condemned to die on Pisgah. Joshua, a man of war, being appointed their leader in his stead, who took them over Jordan and established them in the land. But they departed again from the equity of righteousness and justice of the Almighty, for the administration of which the tabernacle was set up in the wilderness; made them "a king to go before them in battle," and were carried away to Babylon and given over into the hands of the murderous Roman.

When their backslidings were thus finally punished in kind, and the worshiper of brute force with the question, "What is truth?" on his lips, put forth his hand against the incarnation of God's humanity in the man Christ Jesus, and darkness settled down upon the whole earth; the patriarchate was lost, and the place that the departure of the Son had prepared for his disciples was stained with the blood of the husband and the wife together, in Ana-

nias and Sapphira; and when the awakened Hebrew sought again to make himself a place among the nations, he came to Athens, the light of the world in those days, and said, "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Him, therefore, whom ye ignorantly worship, declare I unto you."

Were God known in truth and deed amongst us, is it possible the world should yet be ruled by legal robbery and wholesale murder, the fear of death, that change which no man can possibly avoid? This still unknown God, therefore, we now seek again to declare to Jew and Gentile through his word and works; for both Hebrew and Christian, the reprovcr and meek of the earth, are still exiles, persecuted and despised amongst us. The justice of God and the mercy and equity of our Humanity, his Christ, abased before the law of the Levite, the statesmanship of Ephesus and the infallible brute force of the Roman crucifier, whose "time, times, and half a time" (eighteen hundred and fifty years) are now fully accomplished.

The Supreme One is called the Eternal, Omnipotent, Immortal, the Pure, the Just, the Good. In the integrity of truth, the equity of right, the inspiration of life, He can alone be all these. He is omnipresent also; "in Him we live, move, and have our being;" the elements of his existence, principles of his life, must, therefore, be open and patent to all; for "He is very near to every one of us."

Truth, Right, and Life,—these three things are absolute, principal, a law unto themselves in their respective spheres in the heavens; the upholders of God's throne, the very Godhead, triune in spirit as in life. Truth and

Life inhabiting the kindling centre, Equity and Right informing matter between these and the Justice and Judgment of the void, where all find their proper level.

These spheres are now divided into heaven and earth, the place of the empyrean throne, our cosmos (the starry and planetary bodies of this death) and the void, where justice, the handmaid of truth, reigns supreme; as in the wilderness of Sinai, where the people were taught their entire dependence upon the Almighty in all things.

Truth and Justice still giveth light in the heavens, of which our sun is the witness. Our sense of right being lost on earth through the fall of Lucifer, and with it the rest and peace of righteousness, we are in justice cast upon the mortal void, the wilderness of space, till the practice of equity again restore it, and fill the earth with that sense of right which worketh righteousness, to the exclusion of the law and judgment of the dead.

Life, embodied in the light of truth in the heavens, is the one God, the everlasting Father, visible only in his works, in himself invisible, immortal, and unchangeable, but still preserving an intimate intercourse with the human heart, inspiring it in all who seek to know these things.

In this material sphere, mortal as outcast upon the void, all is helpless, conditioned, dead; fallen and mere falling things; blind, impassive, corrupt; whether resting upon the partial quickening of matter through the vegetable and animal soul, "the water and the blood," or the mechanical invention of speculative power in the imaginations of the latter, in the dignities of church and state; shadows, rust, rottenness, corruption; the mere feeding of the grave and hell; the confusion of destruction and consuming change of decay, because equity and right are buried amongst us, and we give ourselves to the practice of iniquity and wrong in the earth.

Our sexual relations here also are conditioned upon the relations between matter and spirit in the heavens ; but, in the arrest of judgment prevailing for a day amongst us, they are necessarily reversed, death, not life, having here the initiative, the sealing to, not quickening of life in the blood, the mortal soul, the base of motion and sense in our frame, which reveals to us this condition of things working to bring our material lordship, the wrath of devouring fire, face to face with death, that it may see and know its own impotence, and confess itself the father of confusion and destruction only,—nothing more.

This lordship, if it would live indeed, must rest upon the Right of Equity, the perfect adaptation and working of our mechanical system to its proposed end ; the revelation of darkness and death, as opposed to God's life and light, that immortality which is incompatible with the everlasting consumption of material, devouring fire and a consequent desire of deliverance from their and its power ; that salvation which is our chief good, the work of God's life, whose throne is established in righteousness and peace ; the equity, dead level if you will, of mercy's waters here on earth, as in the light of truth in the heavens, but here exposed to the mechanical inventions of the dead, which are but a more laborious form, a prolonging of destruction. Therefore it is said, "The Right, the risen Christ, the returning sense of humanity in this mechanical sphere, shall be called, **THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.**" Upon this foundation all hope on earth, all life in the sphere of equity in the heavens, must forever rest. There can be no relegation of this eternal principle, any more than change in the immutable truth, the living light of God in the heavens ; their foundations are above and beyond all law, the subject condition of dead material existence.

These principles are the heart, the eye, the soul of true science as opposed to that "falsely so called," which busies itself with the mere conditions of the dead as they are hurled upon the void. As if God's living Truth, the leader of these principles, could be found like "the maniac among the tombs." His exalted Son our glorified Humanity! A conditioned thing like these rolling spheres which we call the starry hosts of the night, with their inhabitants, mere moving, unhappy dependents like themselves, huddled together and rotting in their imprisonment upon the void.

This first part of the "Autobiography of a Crystal," the revival of the literature of true science, which, with the overthrow of the Patriarchate and dispersion of Israel and Juda, gave place to the Mythology of the Greek, the Religion of the Roman, the theology of the dark ages, the science, philosophy, and laws of the dead, in all of which truth is indeed "buried at the bottom of a well;" lost in the rubbish of theoretic invention; zoned and satellited of unwholesome vapors, like the outer planets and as the earth would quickly again be, but for the lightnings of heaven which hurl its metallic vapors back to their proper place, this covering of the pit from which they arise.

Therefore this enlargement of truth goes over again the Genesis of Moses to the expulsion of Adam from Eden, and the Paradise Lost of Milton upon the true basis of those principles established in mercy and equity and the facts resulting from their operation upon dead matter on the void, revealed in this cosmos as in the wilderness of Sin, of which our humanity is the beneficiary and lord before our eyes by the special commission of the Almighty, to the establishing again of his crystal Right, the Christ we wait for in righteousness in the earth, the



suffering heart of the ruined sphere of Equity, whose dead body is broken and entombed before us in these stars and planets on the void, and ground to the dust on which we feed in the sodden flesh of our animal existence and the fruit and seed of herb and tree.

Instead of the summary of the knowledge of his day, read from the visual facts alone, which Moses gives, or the imaginary inventions from which Milton draws his illustrations, we will thus carry with us the cause and purpose of all, the knowledge of the Highest, forbidding all misunderstanding or doubt.

The second part will go into the wars of Lebanon between the man and the woman, the sons of men and her seed, the sons of God; from the fall of that mount through the generations of Adam and Noah and the flood of iniquity, which the earth last halted to repel in kind by the engulfing of her own offspring in the flood.

The term Creation, in its literal sense, is simply the reverse of cremation; God's life renewed again from the waste of burning; the story of Prometheus realized; the riddle of the sphinx made plain; the secret and invisible visibly escaping from the hand of death; that life in us from the vulgar grasp of mortality.

Beginning with the smoke and chaos, of material fire, the waste and oppression of violence and iniquity in the intervening sphere of equity in the heavens, the command, "Let there be light!" and the work of the first three days of the Genesis of Moses are visibly recorded in our stellar and planetary systems. The remainder from the order and kindling of the sunlight in these and the consequent liberation of passive and animal, aggressive, devouring existence, intelligent, satanic power, is open and patent to the eye and experienced of all; in the makeshift developments of mere sentient mechanism, the mani-

festations and supremacy hitherto of this death, the result of error, disobedience, guilt, and shame, a knowledge of which, we repeat, is the true purpose of this day of probation and deliberate choice between life and death.

Perfect liberty, transparent diffusion is evidently the normal condition of animated matter. It moves instinctively at the liberating touch of light to the measured symphonies, ecstatic inspiration of beauty and love, and can rest only in the embrace and effluence of these. Our solar system is the simple massing of its atoms in the embrace of death from the terror and confusion of destruction, under the benign influence of the sunlight of the heavens, the reflection of God's truth, which liberates and embodies a few, according to their desire, as they rise from the surface, that the measure of their peace and restoration may be known, and all may learn to understand the difference between the hatred and strife of death and the emancipation, peace, and good of life, and freely choose according to their desire: for God can have no unwilling ministers before his Throne. We are overboard, outcast into the eddy gyrations of dead matter, whose insolence is being reprov'd, its incompetence exposed, as it is whirled around the mouth of the pit, the swift and yawning abyss, following in the wake of the true heavens. And notwithstanding the dictum of poetic invention, uninspired imagination, "Grant matter was eternal; then every atom, asserting its indisputable right to reign, would form a universe of dust;" the natural inference of the turbulent and unruly blood of our animal existence, the quickening of devouring fire. We grant and affirm it is eternal; and everywhere under the touch of material light the molecules of matter, willingly becoming the subjects of order and strength in the animal economy, of beauty and saving love in passive vegetable life, and

quiet devotion in the frost-work of their crystalline death. Yet we have hitherto overlooked the just inference from this fact, and begotten and cultivated, and philosophized upon these inspirations of life and light, as the mere adjuncts of a brutalizing mortality; the playthings and support of eternal death; the legal sacrifices of the cruel ensanguine blood, to maintain its infernal fire in the lesser pit of a corrupt heart, by the pulsings of which we breathe, and which demands the whole efforts of mortality to sustain the diseased and dead carcass of its being; which seeks salvation by destruction, wallowing in the mire of its own lusts, the cruelty and consumption of the grave; seeking refuge in the confusion and war of hell, from the terror of its own desolation, in the wilderness and the void.

Shall we not now at length open our eyes, and look upon things in the rational order of their existence? As established and instructed in Justice and Equity, Mercy and Goodness, Light and Love; by the Truth, Righteousness, and Life of the Omnipotent and Immortal One,—who hath sworn by himself, “That to these in him, every knee shall bow, every tongue confess,”—and maintained his word upon the carcasses of our slain over six thousand years: the full week appointed in this merciful arrest of Judgment for our deliberate choice. Let us wed our *names* and *symbols* once and forever to their proper *entities*, exalt “the Seven Spirits of God,” the principles of his life, Truth and Justice ruling in the heavens; Equity and Right on earth; Justice and Judgment in the void; with Light in heaven and Peace on earth as the result of these; and relegate all others, “*our familiars*,” to *their* proper place, as the *demons* of the void.

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# AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CRYSTAL.

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## CHAPTER I.

STRIFE OF MATTER—OBSTRUCTION OF LIGHT—THE FALL OF LUCIFER—OUR COSMOS.

WE give the wind its edge, the storm its power,  
The light its sheen, the waters of the deep  
Their crystal beauty and their healing touch,  
And build the blue empyrean of the heavens ;  
Give form to thought and purpose to the will  
Of man and God ; the playthings of his life,  
That, purifying, calls us hand and soul,  
And bears us free and quick to serve in all ;  
Laughing and roving, bridging o'er the void ;  
Quick as his light and thundering as his strength,  
When aught restrains the impulse of his Right,  
Or Indolent would sleep upon the waste,  
Whose hungry maw still seeketh to devour  
And bury us in death, a horrid grave ;  
Where we must fret and burn, rust and corrode,  
O God ! in bitterness and waste of all !  
And eat our way through hunger, thirst, and want,  
The waiting of desire, unsatisfied till dead,  
Blind, mortal, cold, and bound as in the rock,  
Bereft of active warmth of thought or power to move ;  
Or sleep impassive, unknowing light or love,  
A vapor on the void, with still the faculty

Of centring on the heart our all of light,  
The beacon of our being, lost estate.

Well we remember that first fated hour,  
Waiting the word to irradiate the heavens,  
Before the eternal throne of Living Truth,  
The dread Omnipotent ; when all was hushed  
And high Invention by our duty staid,  
Curbed his quick energy and paused at rest,  
A tremor, as of impulse, passed on all,  
And ere we could divine its trying power,  
His voice was heard, but not as was his wont,  
With light and gallant resonance cheering on his hosts  
In all their loving labors to sustain  
A change of beauty and of living good ;  
But stern and high, defiant and soon drowned  
In the impetuous clash of charging strife,  
As pressing 'gainst the wall of watchful Seraphim,  
Who keep the ward of Justice in the heavens ;  
A fire was kindled from the shock and rush  
Around the outer circle of our sphere,  
Involving all the host of Cherubim  
That light the space sustaining Equity,  
Whose right doth rest on Truth, while on her left  
Our wakeful Justice walls the yawning void,  
And holds her own for all, that none may fall  
Without their own consent, deliberate choice.

Thus he plowed round, nor found escape nor rest,  
Till in his circuit only space was left  
To check his high career ; when the word passed  
And backward on his course the kindling sphere  
Was rolled upon his head in fire and smoke  
And darkness, blinding night ! his day was done.  
And as the thunders ceased, the word went forth  
To the walled Seraphim, "Let there be light !"

When swift, avenging Justice leads our charge,  
 And, lo! the ordered heavens in darkness wait,  
 And the young earth a kindling hell enfolds,  
 With warring life and planetary spheres  
 On fire within her womb, in pyral birth,  
 Thrice thrown upon the void. Since then revealed  
 In living death, tripartite being floats  
 As body, soul, and vapor in our sight.  
 The solid twain that course the inner space,  
 And disembodied souls that loom at large,  
 Quenched and congealed upon the waste beyond,  
 In their expanded orbits, throwing out  
 Their various vapors, to hedge round their life,  
 The shadowy Comet, all of spirit left,  
 With ghostly Noons that wait upon their dead.  
 Thus are the soul and substance of our sphere  
 Divided on the void, surrounded of the stars,  
 Who stood in their integrity of justice spared;  
 While naked in the strife we strive and fall  
 With equal sympathy and help entombed,  
 Until endurance fails and the staid rock,  
 Maimed bodies of our dead now wall the pit  
 Against the void, until the Just awake,  
 And all again dissolved, our kindling powers,  
 In sympathy with those of mercy given.  
 In this arrest of Judgment in the heavens,  
 As witnesses for God to see and know,  
 Of their own choice, the souls of all condemned.  
 They choose the evil and reject the good,  
 With open eyes in the clear sunlight heavens,  
 And, knowing by their deeds, they stand or fall.

Ah! happier far the guardians of the dead,  
 Whose crystal souls, replying to the touch  
 Of the warm sunbeam, waft themselves in dews



Upon the ambient atmosphere and fall  
The fleecy snowflakes of the winter eve,  
Or sparkling hoarfrost, clinging fondly true  
To the fair tracery of the sylvan shades;  
Or caught within the cottage home, reveal,  
Upon their scanty lights, the instructive sense  
Of beauty and of love that marshalleth our glad life  
In graceful forms, inspired of living joy,  
The floral happiness of ordered bliss,  
And verdure of the tender bud and leaf  
That in the spring-time clothes the earth with bloom,  
And flutters in the breeze the banner of its kind,  
Giving its life as nectar to its seed;  
Or when the summer heats at length prevail,  
And wake the animal and sluggish things,  
That fuse their souls in cold metallic forms  
And glittering, soar aloft to absorb the expanded dews,  
Whose pearly vapors mock the shadowy ridge  
And mountain peaks, upon whose shoulders rest  
The solid dome of the empyrean heavens;  
How fiercely glad to hurl the sordid brood,  
Dissolved and blistered hurtling to their doom,  
With the loud thunder crash of broken power,  
In one quick flash, congealing as it hurls,  
The rattling hail or rain-drop on their heads;  
To give them deeper burial for their rest.

Yes, happier these than we who watch the right  
And wrong of human choice and seek to lead,  
By moving influence, on the pulsing heart,  
And save it from itself; the treacherous happiness  
It finds in fancied pleasures, lures of death,  
Which the grim sons of Judgment have prepared  
To close the brief reprieve of souls condemned.  
God! how the barbed dart will rankle in the heart!

When we must turn aside and yield the willing prey.  
To sure destruction or repentant dread,  
The agony of waking from this death.

Such are the sterner duties, the fierce joys  
Of crystal hearts that watch the waking dead  
Unconscious, rising from the strife of wrong,  
The ills of chaos, hell, the seething pit,  
To bask a moment on this flowering grave,  
And play with death and fool away their souls,  
Till chafed impatience urgeth Judgment, doom ;  
And even Mercy dries her tears and yields  
To the stern mandate of the Judge of all ;  
Whose searching eye recalls the dead to life,  
And knowledge of their guilt, at once, and Shame,  
Despair and Agony, Eternal Strife.  
Would men could read the clouded hearts that hurl  
The victors and their victims on the void ;  
Compelled to veil their fires till the last autumn bring  
The seal of hope, the close of this long year  
Of Mercy's pleading, Judgment's cruel suspense,  
When kindling Truth shall quench the liar's rage  
And give us course to clear the doubts of all :  
Before the Judge of all, with all in view,  
In open court of heaven and earth revealed,  
Sun, moon, and stars, his witnesses and ours ;  
Our heart the Judge, our head the Culprit tried,  
Invention and Content : with Truth and Love,  
With Equity and Right, our Lord and God.  
Mercy and Judgment in the void yet wait  
For Mars and Jupiter and Saturn's train,  
And Herschel's ; for Earth's dregs that choose the moon,  
And pass with her through these ; the Shinars of the void,  
The Babblers of her day whose god is Baal,  
Now worshiped of the nations one and all.

Then with the Seraphim we keep our ward,  
In the glad sphere of Righteousness and Peace,  
Where Equity enthroned forever reigns,  
And Justice from her sphere reflects the light  
Of God's eternal Truth, with chastened ray,  
And from her watch-tower shields us from the void,  
Whose wants we know not, nor its mortal fears ;  
For truth behind us rests and light above :  
The Omnipotent, Omniscient, thus our shield,  
By strength we stand redeemed forevermore  
Close to the flaming heart of quenchless love,  
Within that outer circle of the heavens,  
And safely look abroad upon almighty power  
Laboring in Truth and Love, in Equity,  
Sustaining Right in all, and leaving us  
But the one duty, to receive as guests  
To the glad banquet of all living joy,  
All who yet doubt the Life, Truth, Love of God.  
In Equity, the life on which we rest,  
The friends of all by his Eternal Right,  
From the laboratory of death redeemed,  
And to this purpose separated for aye.  
The evil have their choice, and sworn elect,  
Rejection of God's Truth, of Justice, Equity,  
The Right of Righteousness, the hope of love,  
Of Mercy, and of Judgment in the heavens,  
And make the void their home once more for good.  
We choose this living good, and seek for aye  
The countenance and light of God and Truth,  
Establishing our Right in Equity,  
Through Justice the reflector of His love,  
For yet, nor ever can we constant bear  
The full effulgence of the Eternal One,  
The terrors and the glory of His power,

The flaming Seraphim alone behold ;  
 Marshaled of Justice, walling out the void,  
 As in that living sun whose ray gives life,  
 The liberty of God to all that breathe.  
 Behold our compeers laid away in night,  
 The swaddling bands of darkness shadowy dread,  
 In star and planet and dead hazing moon  
 The home of ghosts that fear the light of day,  
 In sight of all, that all may see and fear,  
 And know their resurrection well assured,  
 Nor fear the evil, nor their lying power,  
 That wanes with this brief night, whose day is near,  
 For Justice ruleth and the Just shall live  
 Forever with us by this living power,  
 Who thus sustaineth all 'gainst death and hell,  
 When once they rise to Judgment and give Right  
 To rule on earth, Eternal King and Lord,  
 The leader and the judge of all below ;  
 The "LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS" in peace and truth,  
 Eternal in the Heavens our High Humanity, -  
 The Son of God, the leader king upheld,  
 O'er force and man's Invention still supreme ;  
 Restored forever to the Father's side.  
 Look on this world, the mother of those hosts  
 Whose beacon lights are mirrored in the heavens,  
 Left with her dead, bereft of strength or power ;  
 A spectacle to all and suffering with them here,  
 Who fell in judgment, taken in their guilt ;  
 Or wounded in the zeal with which they stood  
 And held their captives through the fires of hell :  
 While those in their integrity escaped  
 And marshaled in the heavens their waiting help ;  
 And these were tried, and judged, and separated  
 As planetary spheres, and set apart ;

Until her dead redeemed to judgment rise  
And bid their captives follow, if they may ;  
Or with the moon find shelter from the void,  
Till tried with their companions yet beyond,  
For war, for perjury, for lust of power,  
Then on their merits rest, while our waked stones of fire  
Lay down the gold and silver paths of bliss  
And keep the gates till the last judgment morn,  
When, the third week fulfilled, all stands renewed.

Alas ! our life is thrown upon its lees ;  
Rust and the rottenness of death ; the grave,  
The sac and belly trieth all and gives  
Its strength to draught and dunghill, whence it springs  
The prey of brained Invention, hungry want ;  
Until the earth is drunken with its blood,  
And soon no more shall feed her panic brood.  
Yet how we love to linger with the flowers,  
That speak of those high hearts the rock enfolds,  
And kiss them in the pearly dew of morn,  
Refreshing, as they lay their petaled hearts  
Bare to the eye of day, and drink its light,  
And spread the incense of their fragrance round ;  
Are they less beautiful or pure than we ?  
Who but reflect the light which gives them life ;  
Ripening their fruit to cheer the hearts of all.  
How pleasant and refreshing, though the sac  
Hath robbed it of the spirit which gives breath,  
Self-sustenance, and leaves it withered, dead,  
As ashes of the pit on which it blooms,  
And dies, resolved to dust, crushed, spurned of all !

Therefore the joy of the fierce lightning's flash  
That quick annealing hurls the vapory brood,  
Of dull metallic virus, poisoning life,  
Back to the pit from whence they have their birth,

And clear the heavens of their false mooning power ;  
 To keep the way and tree of life secure  
 From ghoul and devil seeking to profane  
 With their polluting touch ; since baptized of the flood  
 And showers of Mercy's life, the earth renewed  
 And cleansed of blood, to Equity was given,  
 The circumcision of this chastening strife ;  
 Repeating in our sight among the nations now,  
 The fall of Lucifer's inventive Right,  
 Which was to give restoring power to all,  
 The evil and the good, clean and unclean alike ;  
 Or quench the life of living good for aye.  
 The brute and reptile is his living good ;  
 Yet from the dunghill doth our life arise  
 And mock his idle threat and dare condemn,  
 Defy his minions to their face with scorn.

Well we remember that first fated night  
 This shadow fell on our rejoicing sphere,  
 When the irradiance of Omnipotence  
 Seemed resting on us with unwonted light,  
 The splendor of another day ; as separated  
 In bands throughout the circuit of our sphere,  
 Reveling in gladness and pervading love,  
 The witness of the Omniscient, present God ;  
 Pulsing in all a quick supernal life  
 Which giveth light and joy, emancipates,  
 Clothes all in beauty, praise ; the ecstasy,  
 Majestic cadence of immortal power,  
 That moves all with a song of cheer and good,  
 Throned Lord and God, with music of the spheres,  
 In living forms embodied in our sight,  
 Whose hearts inspired, whose hands prevailed in all,  
 With measured music in their sacred joys,  
 And varied landscape of a boundless bliss,

Burning in gold and silver's flashing sheen ;  
Stretching away and moved, as when the breeze  
Of morning stirs the forest and the glade,  
And bends the waving grain, a living sea,  
O'er field and valley ; and the mountain heights  
Assume a loftier grandeur as they roll  
In undulations, towering ridge on ridge,  
Capped with the glory of a quickening light  
Beaming o'er all ; glowing, reflecting back,  
Repeating, as it bathed in lambient gold,  
Field, forest, mountain, while the silver gave  
Its clearer radiance, sparkling on the flood  
And mellowed honors of a perfect life ;  
Whose every motion is a change of joy :  
Not the cold sunlight of the opening spring,  
Nor burning summer with its heated rays,  
Nor fading glories of the waning year :  
But living, breathing, quickening light of love,  
Constant and full, impressing upon all  
Quick recognition and respondent change ;  
Revealing deep and clear from heart to heart  
New founts of beauty and a fresher joy ;  
As life is wedded to the purest life  
Through all the measures of exultant praise  
The rapt glad hymn of a quick conscious power,  
Whose one high purpose is the bliss of all.

Bent on this fellowship of common joy,  
Intensely earnest, as the hunter here  
Bends o'er his quarry, foeman on his foe ;  
In the fierce shock of battle ! 'tis for life,  
But not his own, for that is well assured ;  
His duty thus fulfilled, heaven will sustain,  
With all its hosts, his liberty and light :  
For all depend on each, and each on all,

And thus united, though destruction rave  
 And darkness menace from the mortal void,  
 'Tis but to purify ; it cannot bind  
 The sunbeams of God's love, his quickening truth,  
 That warms and burns, inspires the living soul.  
 What are this solid earth, those planetary spheres,  
 Those stars in the immensity of space ?  
 Behold ; their death is but a day : they melt  
 And are dissolved in clouds ; their dead,  
 Sphered thus in dread before the light of day,  
 Unused to strife and hating war as death,  
 Borne pure aloft, reflect the living light,  
 Are quickened and released, remain at liberty ;  
 And still returning our Sweet Mercy's life  
 Fearless doth permeate every crannied nook,  
 And, nestling, nurseth others for their flight :  
 And sac and belly, in their selfishness  
 Devour in vain, of their own crowd destroyed,  
 Mere parasites, the weary slaves of death,  
 Whose life depends upon their choking breath  
 The tempest of our life doth brush away ;  
 Nay, of themselves they melt like clouds of morn :  
 And fly before the searching of God's light,  
 Releasing all, and breathing life and good,  
 Till hell itself, extinguished, dies away.

See, in the freshening dawn of summer morn,  
 When the young spring hath brushed away the sweat,  
 The chill and clouds of winter's driving blasts ;  
 Subdued the biting frosts, and bade the snows resume  
 Their liquid forms, and rush away the dead  
 To the far-healing deep in peace to feed  
 The restless worm whose life reformeth all.  
 Preserved of salt and watched with jealous care,  
 Conquering the green-eyed monsters of the pit :



Eluding the dull vigilance of death,  
The hunger and the thirst, the sifting care  
Of all its monster and ingenious forms,  
Soon stranded on their coral reefs and dead,  
Their filth dissolved to sweetness and to life,  
And of the living waters swept away,  
With constant gladness circling round our ball,  
Healing the broken bodies of our dead,  
Uniting all,—and waking all to life,—  
When pools shall disappear and rocks awake,  
And all, rejoicing, hail the opening year  
Of liberating bliss and bright release  
From sac and belly's sottish, senseless power ;  
That cannot kill nor make alive, but gives  
The maw of hunger and the thirsty throat,  
To the relentless blood—the savage heart  
That hounds its moving dead by fear of death ;  
To which they sacrifice the life of all  
In helpless dread, and fly as murderers  
Before the fire and water of our life ;  
The soul and spirit which inspireth all,  
Assails and wakes, and breaks, their dream of rest,  
And rushing to the light of the sun's rays,  
Will ravish them of stench their stolen parts ;  
And leave their hungry souls upon the void,  
To mad destruction ; when they gasp in vain  
For life or death, and darkness covers all :  
The sight of water or of light a dread,  
The terror of the death that cannot die,  
Nor seek to live, nor work, but feed despair :  
Hold God their enemy, and curse and hate ;  
Despairing of revenge, revenging on despair,  
Their being desperate ; their souls, their prey,—  
And they would die, if that would last, were final, say

Annihilation !—dreamed of yesterday.  
 The fool's well named a fowl, who flies this life  
 Or lives by indirection, tithing, death :  
 Stand to your duty, live or die, nor fear,  
 In labor there is life, your God is near :  
 Work, help, and triumph through the help of all ;  
 'Tis God and good, 'tis life and Truth for aye,—  
 The dissolute and idle fail and fall.

Behold our passive life that blooms in death ;  
 Crowned as a sacrifice from year to year !  
 Rejoicing in its liquid vegetable power,  
 To raise the dead and feed them with its seed,—  
 Aye ; with its seed unsparing—yet is spared.  
 How brilliant and how fathomless the peering eye,  
 Hid in the flower and beaming from the leaf ;  
 The window of the heart, from which the soul  
 Puts forth its hand to feel the way of life ;  
 How clear the splendor upon herb and tree,  
 That branch and top, aspiring to the heavens,  
 And hand their fruits down to our moiling frame.  
 From massive glory of the brooding heights  
 That woo and win our showering mercy's kiss  
 With floods of stolen light to cheer the soul.  
 Waving, absorbing, flashing back their joy ;  
 Exhaling the aroma, warmth, and glow,  
 Of a refreshing change, a blaze of living light ;  
 The glory and the strength of all that lives ;  
 Awaking, kindling at the living touch,  
 The spirit and the power, the rectitude,  
 Of the Almighty,—vigilance of the Immortal One !  
 Who watchful, sleepless, and unwearied thus,  
 Pure as his glory ; fearful as his praise ;  
 Whose Truth enlighteneth Justice to condemn ;  
 Whose Justice challengeth the Truth of all ;

How terrible in majesty his power,  
That with a glance reproves the boundless heavens ;  
His goodness Infinite, upholding all !  
Quickening, redeeming every faltering soul.  
Redeeming !—with the forecast true as strange  
Of this unwonted thought came clear and loud  
His startling voice who wont to lead our hosts,  
Inventive Right, rejoicer of the heavens ;  
Upon that fearful eve ; that night of death :  
How changed ; but yet, instinctively obeyed,

To action ; hitherto impassive slaves ;  
We seize the boon of life our own forevermore.  
Follow and fear not !—Fear not, doth he say ?—  
Fear to be feared in heaven ?—the question saved :  
For, fire and smoke enfolding him, upon our sight,  
He flashed, was gone and lost ! his pathway death.  
Dead too—the pathway of our leaves and flowers  
Blank desolation and a yawning void !  
Between the serried ranks of seraphim unmoved.

And with the sight there came to every heart,  
The deep prolonged recall ; the trumpet voice  
Of the Eternal ; sounding through the spheres ;  
Not with the empty resonance, the thundering noise,  
That died away behind ; but as the stroke  
Of the keen lightning's flash, burning it blazed  
Irradiating the circles of the heavens ;  
And opening up our way clear to the throne itself  
Of the Invisible ! whose majesty in deeper light yet veiled,  
Before us stood as leaderless we paused  
Among the waiting seven ; the orders of the spheres ;  
The leaders of the way of Truth and Love,  
Of Equity and Right, of Justice and the Judgment of the  
void,  
Of light in heaven ; but, for our peace on earth

The darkness of the deep; for paradise,  
A desolation, genderings of the frost  
Upon the void, the nebulous realm  
Of just desert, the prison-house of death and hell, the  
grave;

On which our rising souls awhile must breathe,  
Till the same trumpet wake our hosts once more,  
And give release from the arrest, of Judgment passed on all.  
But yet it hath its way beyond the spheres,  
The outposts of the heavens; proclaims aloud,  
God's life pervading, quickening, ordering all  
Its light the witness and sublime result,  
The perfect body of a living joy.

We saw the brazen hue of death pass round  
The outskirts of our hosts, and following their gaze,  
Chafed to impatience resting on the sight,  
Of darkness rushing to complete its course  
In half the circle of the waiting heavens:  
'Twas but a moment when suspense gave way  
To stern opposing action, victory assured.

Recalled with a quick heat, there came a voice  
Near but not loud; Right hath rebelled  
And violence quenched our light. Even in our sight  
He trampleth on the Just. Now Judgment lead our hosts,  
As he hath done, do unto him; till outcast on the void;  
He know both life and death and rest their prey:  
So perish the unjust; forever let them die.

As the word passed between our ranks, we saw  
The moving cloud now hastening to shut out  
God's Justice from the heavens and darken Truth;  
And every eye in all our circling host,  
Now closing round, flashed with a fierce intent;  
Measuring the distance of the coming shock;  
As with one impulse pressing on our rear

They bore us on resistless ! Omnipotent as just ! Invincible !

Impelled by the yet sounding deep refrain :

“ As he hath done, do unto him ; so perish the unjust. ”

Soon the shock came ; backward he prostrate fell,  
O'erthrown ; where yesterday his voice arose  
So lordly and supreme : “ To action ; fear not : ”  
Now the slave of fear ; his doubt already death,  
Resting in deep damnation on his soul.

But not forsaken of that clinging life  
He bruised and quenched in his proud scorn of fear ;  
His torment now, “ The worm that never dies ; ”  
Not yet condensed into that quenchless hate,  
Whose disappointment and devouring rage  
Kindled the fires of hell ; and here on earth,  
Hath branded him accuser, liar ; cursed  
Of his own lust of power. He fell at once,  
As falls the thunderbolt, fiery and fierce in death.  
Not dead ; for this pure life, the foremost in alarm,  
With the quick instinct of a deathless power  
Enfolded him, as breathless rushing back  
He thought to undo the ruin of his guilt ;  
In the mad circuit of his crushing power,  
Sightless and dark ; nor pausing at the brink  
But plunged at once into the unfathomed depth  
Of the cold mortal void ! where Justice throned,  
Rules more inflexible than death, grave, hell ;  
The mother and preserver of the worm,  
That leaves no more his heart, its living prey !  
Upon her stainless ermine these pale stars  
The banded seraphim of boundless space,  
Repose in fear of his quenched light, who was  
To them a law !—the rectitude of Truth ;  
Which stays them now till that black troublous mass ;

The chaos of a sphere to their unsleeping eyes  
 Unfolding now embodied on the void,  
 The import of that Judgment echoing yet  
 In the recesses of the pulseless heart  
 Of every watcher there, eternal, far and wide ;  
 "As he hath done, do unto him !" done it is ;  
 Ah ! Lord and God ! an outcast evermore,  
 Formless in darkness plunged in the abyss.

And now as without pause the crystal heart,  
 The blazing phalanx of that sweeping host,  
 Whose incidence is terror in all space,  
 Circled the throne ; dissolved and dressed itself  
 In the veiled glory of its living light :  
 Where stood accomplished Judgment on the left ;  
 And on the right, the silent pleading form  
 Of sweet, expectant Mercy ; drooping veiled  
 In those untiring wings, so dazzling white,  
 In the immortal bloom of purest light  
 Before which now the furthest star was veiled  
 Mute, listening, near, intent, as from the throne  
 Came the pervading voice of chastening love.

Our Life hath shielded her rebellious son ;  
 And Judgment hath brought Mercy from the deep,  
 To say her tears prevail. So let it be :  
 He is released to her. Yet doth our first decree  
 In judgment stand against his seed for aye ;  
 Their deeds approving or condemning all.  
 Be Equity your leader to the end ;  
 And Judgment wait with Mercy on her steps ;  
 "Let there be Light" ; that he may see his error and  
     confess  
 Or die forever. Behold the desolation he hath wrought !  
 The peace of heaven ; the paradise of God ;  
 To every watcher there must be assured.

“Let there be light” ; pure, active goodness wake,  
To the reward of love, in all our boundless space !

Swift with the word the obedient host sped on  
And Mercy stood with Judgment on the void,  
The smoking ruin chaos of the sphere,  
Of Equity and Right in terror lost ;  
Of warring Hate, in proud idolatry of self enslaved,  
To maniac force, devouring fury’s rage ;  
The strange device of violence to avenge  
Life upon life ; and let the dead go free ;  
To rapine, murder, the repose of death !  
And give their victims to the fire of hell,  
To ease the labor of a loathsome life ;  
Which fears and scorns to be renewed to Love.  
The wily serpent without hand or foot,  
Trailing and hissing in the hateful garb  
Of parti-hued hypocrisy ; the lie  
Of black malignity, with malice poured,  
Into the ear of unsuspecting truth ;  
And questioning to mislead and leave the poisoned sting  
Of rankling hate, of doubt and death behind ;  
Repeating in the soul the mournful dirge  
Of light obstructed, of glad life destroyed ;  
A happy sphere, a Babel, and a Hades,  
In Justice added to the sterile waste ;  
Of Mercy saved, to be awaked from death ;  
And choose to live, or die forevermore.  
Remain in star and planet on the abyss ;  
As vapor threatening cloud, the sun withdrawn  
In judgment till consumed. The avenging power  
Our fears doth ape into existence now  
Shall die, even as it rose, of its own cunning hand,  
In cruelty and in blood, as fell this sphere,  
Confounded, dizzy, and in darkness wrapped,

The smoke of its own ruin buried deep.  
 Sunless and sad, bruised, broken, and subdued ;  
 Blind, groping, miserable, mad with rage,  
 Ungovernable violence, a strange fear of Right,  
 Writhing and coiling in all forms of pain :  
 A storm-cloud dense with unaccustomed woe,  
 Reproach and agony, shame and vengeful guilt ;  
 Repelled and frowning against rising blame ;  
 A disappointment a foul loss of all !  
 An unacknowledged dread, a dawning sense  
 Of impotence, of failure and the sting  
 Of wrong, submission, and a servile life  
 Dependent and unknown ; on goodness stayed ;  
 And quickened by the power he hath defied  
 And sought to circumvent ; his light reflecting  
 Leaning on his love ; downcast, unequal,  
 Poor, suspected, vile ; and resting evermore  
 Under the shadow of a watchful hate.

Hate ! come, thou horrid shape ! aye, this is Hell,  
 Said now the arch apostate, hissing as he spoke,  
 Not life nor death ; a torture ? It is well.  
 We stand in proud defiance of his wrath ;  
 Hurl back from Hell the challenge of his wrong ;  
 Spurning his terrors, give his life a grave,  
 That loathsome thing more horrible than death.  
 Betrayed, we shall betray ; accused, accuse ;  
 Crush and deflower in mockery of his hate ;  
 Quench every spark of hope in this dull rage  
 Of impotent despair ; and make our throne  
 A sepulchre so dread, his lewd life dare no more  
 Seek entrance to mislead, corrupt, debase.  
 God of this being ! we defy thy power,  
 And stand thy master, Lord ! yes, thou shalt hear,  
 Hast heard it, and we wait thy puissant wrath,



The utmost fury of thy vengeful hate,  
Nor impotence, nor death, shall quench our fire.

Now, darkness be our shield, Infernal Powers ;  
The Furies reign, and the red flames of hate  
Destroy and swallow up this sickly glare,  
This sorcery of light, which works our woe ;  
Hurl down the haughty Seraphim that guard  
The bleak domain of Justice, and spread wide  
The purple of our ruin on the blue  
Of the immaculate and saintly queen,  
Whose star-bespangled robe our night reveals ;  
Proclaiming now that envy of our flame,  
Which rolled it back in smoke upon our heads ;  
A sulphurous canopy, a kindling shade,  
Which flashed, and thundering roared against the foe ;  
Till in the pause and sobbing of the strife,  
That dazzling melting form of life arose  
And in arrest of judgment interposed  
Her pleading voice divine, that turned aside  
The fury of that host, which erst we led  
Unsullied and supreme ; and now shall teach to fear  
The terrors of our hate and dark domain.  
Up, and the diadem of lordly power  
Shall flash a fiercer lustre, and charge home  
Full on the Throne of heaven's Eternal King.  
Filling those doleful spheres with lustier life,  
Crowning the day with glory all our own.

So counselled Lord and God ; Heaven's Government,  
Divided now ; the Leaders of our life—Usurping power,  
And the quick instinct of Omniscient Love :  
This veiled in glory of the First and Last ;  
That fallen Lucifer, the Morning Star !  
Eternal Truth against man's Conquering Right,  
Debased to cunning, hate, hypocrisy ;

Thrice crowned infallible, now fallen for aye.  
The Right of Death, damned to a ceaseless strife,  
With quenchless fire to war for living life.

Meanwhile fair Equity her two-edged sword  
Hath whetted, to lead on our crystal host,  
Clear, flushing, radiant, with celestial light,  
Transparent bright ; pure to the living core,  
No eye can scan ; and thus her lines advanced.

Ye powers of heaven, your leader hath rebelled ;  
In vain imaginings and revolting pride,  
Held converse with the firebrand, Justice rules  
With glave of steel in the blue void her sphere.  
And where is now the sparkling life that beamed,  
Peaceful as beauteous, full of living joy ;  
Reflecting and revealing the pure love  
Of the Immortal ? Active, good as pure,  
Beneficent as good ; just, bountiful,  
Our Leader, King, and God ; our Truth and Right,  
Our Life, Light, Peace, and Good ; our all in One :  
His life, his only bliss in blessing all.

Behold it ! sacrificed to violence : trodden down,  
Of murder, and false pride, and feverish rage.  
And now the dark brood of Infernal Hate,  
Filling the spheres with the red blot of death ;  
The reflex of that chaos black and void  
With craving hunger, discontent and fear ;  
Of nothingness, oblivion, superstitious dread,  
Of crushing wrath ; remorseless, breaking through  
And rending every veil : Shattering obstruction  
And revealing all, its loathsomeness, its curse ;  
Its hissing bitterness and hopeless guilt :  
Self-condemnation and the deeper pang  
Of helpless woe ; destroying and destroyed :  
Fallen, broken, wasted, without hold, the prey

Of deep remorse, self-murder and reproach :  
The kindling ashes of deliberate wrong,  
Remorseless rage ; of ignorance exposed,  
Of Trust betrayed, of purpose to feed death ;  
Tempted, tormented now demanding Right  
No more within his power ; destroyed, effaced :  
Poor vindication of ambitious pride ;  
Aspiring lordship and the pomp of power,  
Empty as vain, falling of its own weight.  
Power over Life, he cannot see nor touch :  
Power over Light, the evidence of life ;  
Power over Peace, which but a breath alarms :  
Power over Right, our God at once recalls :  
Power over Justice, his avenging might :  
Power over Truth, whose dwellings in the light :  
Power over Love, who is himself the power  
That ruleth over all ; to break the proud  
And make the staff of strength, a broken reed  
Which pierceth through the side of him who leans  
Upon this idol of a day ; the sexton of the void,  
Who burieth all his worshipers, and makes  
Their cenotaph the ruin of their hands ;  
The curse which maketh hell their refuge now  
With our betrothed who was to us a shield,  
The covering of our eyes from wandering of desire  
The crown of Life ; now fallen and reft of power ;  
And for his refuge hath obstructed light ;  
The life-devouring pit : The living grave  
Of the undying dead : proud, helpless, poor  
And miserable, blind ; craving sweet rest,  
Hopeless, betrayed, and seeking peace in death ;  
Forever lapsing and yet well assured  
Their fire cannot be quenched, their worm can never  
die.

Behold ; where Judgment lifts his threatening hand ;  
And Mercy pleads, invoking now our aid :  
Strike through this sulphurous conclave, black with hate ;  
Dispel, release, and give free choice to all ;  
“ Let there be light,” our watchword and command.

Silent and dread, as strikes the thundering leven,  
The lightning shock passed on. There was a rush,  
As of a breathless wind ; a momentary clash ;  
A darkness felt, dispelled ; and the clear ray of truth  
Beamed through the burning centre, bright and full :  
Then came an instant crash ; a quick recoil,  
And the sharp rattle of releasing power :  
A pause, a keener gleam, a blaze, a rush,  
A roar of mingled sounds, peal upon peal ;  
And a fierce fiery glare enfolded all :  
With shock on shock, and flash on running flash,  
From centre to circumference flaming high  
And the accelerated mass rolled on,  
Circling the heavens and sweeping through the void  
Of the blank sphere of its accustomed life ;  
Now hurled enfolding, wheel on living wheel,  
A falling fire of ruin and fierce light,  
Whose leaping tongues lapped up and kindled all,  
With a quick flashing stroke of keener flame ;  
That thundering through the void, showered back the  
grosser fire,

In livid streams of white annealing light.

So doth the wind lick up the burning sand,  
When the sirocco's blast the desert fills  
With the hot breath of ruin ; and her lap is heaped  
With pile on pile of life, that sleeps secure,  
In the rapt crystals which the whirlwind's rage  
Drinks up and vomits, driving o'er the plain ;  
To fold its wings in death : a helpless power ;

Howling and storming, in confusion tossed  
At every touch of life ; the power of love :  
Which mocketh and restraineth thus the proud ;  
And, trying, shieldeth all its frailer forms ;  
The cherubim which warm its sleeping dust,  
Sealing their sympathies in desert nooks  
And as the sunbeam stirreth the loud blast,  
Tempteth its power and giveth room to play,  
Thus here, as yet, his girdling light pours in  
A closer impact : and the all-seeing eye,  
Whose searching gaze strikes home from every point,  
Of all the dread circumference piercing to the heart,  
A purifying flame, lights and repeats itself,  
Disclosing, stirring, separating all ;  
A crucible of thought, for quick or dead ;  
The quick enfolded high in life and light,  
The dead in motion to reveal the hues  
Of coming life, activity of soul,  
Reflex of order on the troubled cloud  
A circumambient bow of golden rest,  
Filling our sphere and flashing on the void  
A beacon light, to the far Seraphim  
Who "keep the way of life" to heaven's abodes,  
Through the star mansions of the just on high,  
Who rest in Equity, between the light of truth  
And the cold mortal sphere where justice reigns  
With swift avenging power, beyond the wards  
Of crowding life, of fullness, light and joy ;  
Her stern decree takes all from all, save sense,  
To see and know their helplessness in death,  
Reduced into a vapor, dried to nothingness,  
The nebulous life of lamp and wandering star  
Burning and yearning seeking rest, rest, rest ;  
Inebriate sleep-walkers, living dead,

The boastful shadows, fleeting ghosts of power ;  
Which flare and scare the ignorance of earth  
And feed its dread of passing hence away,  
The superstitious fear of death and hell :  
Not hence, but lurking in the hearts of all ;  
To try their faith in disembodied truth,  
The peace of God, the long repose that waits  
On the consent of the now rising just  
To open wide the Paradise of God,  
And bid the living enter as they rise ;  
Who fear no more to pass behind the throne,  
But court the beams of the celestial day  
Whose truth is justice life and light to all  
The pure and good : but to the murderer  
Who trusts in violence, armed in sure defense,  
With all the terrors he alone should fear ;  
For he alone, poor maniac ! suffereth them  
As powerless to inflict, as to avenge,  
The fancied wrong which nerves the guilty stroke.

Thus outward, while within, the blank abyss  
Of undissolved obstruction, dying life ;  
“ The body of this death,” whose troubled dream  
Yet wakes the cry of childhood with its breath,  
Is stirred and quickened by the steadfast ray,  
Of warmth and light and quick intelligence ;  
The index of all life to sight revealed ;  
In word and deed, the frame and utterance  
Of the embodied soul expressed in all ;  
A pulsing spectroscope of light and shade,  
On which the gleaming lightnings played and burned ;  
As leaping from the centre and thrown back,  
Of fiercer fires rekindling the dark ball ;  
Which throbbed and trembled shrinking in itself ;  
And ribbed and bellied ; with a firmament,

Solid and dark suspended as a zone  
Encircling all ; it passed among the spheres,  
Retiring kindling as their work is done,  
And so the circuit of our sphere complete,  
Our cosmos, yet as one, poised on the void,  
Mercy and Judgment stood before the throne ;  
While in our sight the banded Seraphim  
Kept watch and ward with ready help restrained,  
Severed the senseless and insensate mass,  
Outcrowding life and gave it room to breathe ;  
Lighting the living, flashing on the dead,  
Whose smoke yet rose involving all in gloom ;  
The fiery sepulchre of death and hell :  
Where warring spirits of the hungry dead  
Burn in their rage, refusing rest for aye.  
The deathless elements of Truth and Right,  
The silver and the gold of sovereign power,  
That pave the ways of Justice, Equity,  
Refuse to feed the dead or be their prey,  
And wait their separation, seething, sullen, dead ;  
A rolling liquid mass of scorching fire,  
Whose touch is dissolution, vapor, smoke.  
While far beyond, and grouped like startled flocks,  
Broken and scattered on the blue serene  
Of the near firmament, the starry cherubim,—  
And further still a serried wall of light,  
The burning seraphim, their incidence  
The sunlight of the void, keep constant ward  
Within their separate spheres and claim their own ;  
These judging all, those healing with a sense  
Of Right and peace, returning good of heaven ;  
Whose living God, enthroned in central Truth ;  
Beaming in love, the inspiring heart of all,  
Hid from the dead, in strength and glory shines

Omnipotent to save ; unsearchable as just :  
 Paling his fires before the inquiring soul,  
 To sun and star as Truth or Right prevail,  
 The sunlight of the day which kindleth all  
 To liberty and life ; or borrowed light,  
 The hazing darkness of the ghostly moon,  
 A rising sense of guilt in error lost,  
 The violence of confusion, wrong of strife ;  
 Burning for Justice, Right, the Equity  
 That rules among the dead, who seek God's light,  
 The leading of the Principles of life,  
 And baffled war with death that thirsts for blood,  
 Blind, furious in its rage ; the impotence of wrong ;  
 The sacrifice of life, that death may live  
 On flesh and blood of its impatience, slain—  
 In horrid mockery of appeasing wrath !  
 That lives alone within the erring heart,  
 The very fire of hell which tortures all,  
 In darkness and in death ! for God's avenging life  
 Strikes home secure and rests in sun and star,  
 Whose light's reflected from the Throne of Truth,  
 Father of Right, restorer of the dead ;  
 Who on his settled purpose waiting rest.

So came this fall, this hate and punishment,  
 This mingling and confusion of the spheres,  
 Of Equity and Justice in the heavens ;  
 This endless dying, these sad waiting hosts  
 The night and day reveal : thus watch our rising dead,  
 And fill the firmament with beacon lights  
 Between us and the sunlight of the heaven.  
 The warring Seraphim of God and Truth  
 Who, kindling in our atmosphere the effluence  
 Of death and hell, makes that the breath of life  
 To the rank monstrous things we see and are !



Feeders on death, decay, and rottenness:  
Dropped on the dung-hill to enjoy—the grave?  
In mimic mockery of God's life in death,  
Bondage of Satan and the strife of Hades;  
The damning doubt and impotence of wrath!  
That kindled in the heaven's devouring fire  
Confusion and the curse of selfishness;  
The infernal rage of blind material force  
Ruling in ruin of mechanic skill  
In the celestial sphere of healing love:  
The Mercy, Equity of Truth and Right,  
On which life builds her mansion in the skies,  
In Righteousness and Light, the Truth and Peace of God.

Behold the dead and living: see the dead,  
When the full year hath husbanded our stores  
And the quick sunlight to the south withdrawn  
Leaves the bleak north to cold mortality;  
Whose crowns the hoarfrost and the pearly snow  
That wraps the frozen earth in ermine bloom,  
The purity of Justice, Truth, and Life,  
And folds her to the rest she loves so well;  
The grave of hope she bids us here behold:  
Beneath the cold, pale moon whose idle ghosts  
Flit, in her absence, in their borean shrouds;  
With reptile hissing, hurl their shadowy spears;  
Flash and grow red in the dull mimicry  
Of their infernal wars: and know the doom  
To die forever! Be dissolved, go out,  
A sightless ghost insensible and void!  
The pale, cold fugitive of guilt and fear,  
Confounded and distraught and rushing to escape:  
Its empty shadow the scalped comet's trail  
Through darkness and the night; hid from the light of day,  
Its shrinking vapory life fears more than death;

And hissing in its mortal dread glides on  
 In helplessness of wrath, a fiery curse.  
 The serpent of the wilderness, given o'er  
 To shifting, starvling, aimless impotence !  
 Wasting its arrows in a murderous strife  
 With darkness, an imaginary foe ; the flare  
 Of shivering exhaustion, phosphorescent light !  
 A moving, mock vitality, shut out from earth,  
 Around the frozen pole ; where in their dreamless sleep  
 Our crowded hosts repose in the white robes  
 Of purity and peace a season and a day,  
 A little hour of sweet forgetfulness ;  
 A momentary lapse of vital thought,  
 That waits on the returning light of love ;  
 Hushed by the rustling of that shadowy host  
 Instinctive and in darkness gathered there  
 With momentary rest to cheer them through the night,  
 The dismal night of their eternal doom !

Now, see the living as the sun's approach  
 From the warm south spreads joy and bloom around,  
 And calls forth life for all, to eat and live :  
 The inspiring touch of swift intelligence  
 With purpose fraught and pressing to fulfill  
 All Righteousness ; the perfect work of Truth,  
 Of Mercy, and of Judgment, life and light !  
 In Justice, Equity, and stainless Love,  
 The understanding judgment of the just :  
 That sees no end of life, but succors all ;  
 Without or haste, or hate, or hissing dart,  
 The goad of indolent mortality  
 Of all disturbance free, clear, full, and bright  
 As the pure thought beneath the summer cloud,  
 That shines away all shadow from the earth ;  
 So spotless, white ; born of the quenchless soul

Of immortality, whose crystal life  
In Mercy ever heals; wipes sores away,  
Bloodless, invisible: and clothes with power,  
With warmth, and strength; strikes to and through the  
heart,

With active purpose and accomplished good,  
And multiplies enjoyment with increase.  
Thus rests and stirs again our waiting life,  
And therefore the command "Let there be light!"  
That it may see, and know, and fear for aye,  
Not death, the quenching of the mortal soul,  
The ensanguine blood of what is here called life,  
The burning curse with which we cannot live,  
Except by sacrifice, the lie of strife;  
Itself eternal death! to which this soul doth seal  
God's life in woman. Is it this we fear?  
Not this; but the fell separation from  
The living Truth, the Equity of Right,  
The Righteousness of life, rejoicing love of all,  
That waits upon the good but shuns the unjust:  
This, this is death! Behold your loss, and know  
Immortal good! The soul of life is Love:  
Of death is hate. What is this passing breath?  
A pause to see and fear this loss of life:  
So wantonly in Lucifer assailed;  
The blind material rage of selfish hate,  
Consuming fire and desolating waste!  
The thunders of Sinai, shades of death:  
Gehenna of Hierusalem, not the blessed.

So fell God's crystal life:—matter inspired  
Of Truth and Right to an immortal bloom,  
The purity of Light, the force of Love!  
Eternal sunshine of transparent bliss.

Of high invention the brained power we call

Our Reason here misled, in ignorance it fell  
Warring too late with the infernal brood  
Familiar now, and practiced to deceive  
Of boastful promise and of mad pretense;  
Of selfishness and lust, hypocrisy;  
The lie of wrath in heaven and blood-stained hate,  
Requiring sacrifice to appease the wrong  
Of one alone, the aggressor against all;  
A Traitor self-betrayed, a king o'erthrown  
Of his own ignorance and impotent haste,  
To exalt the life he can alone destroy;  
Debasé, confound, and prostitute to guilt.  
Therefore arrest of judgment and reprieve  
In star and planet to work out this woe  
For warning and example evermore.

## CHAPTER II.

### A RUINED SPHERE—SEPARATION OF OUR SOLAR AND PLANETARY SYSTEM.

IN the Eternal Heavens three ample spheres  
Of Truth and Justice, Equity and Right,  
Of Mercy and of Judgment, fill with life  
The boundless expanse of infinitude  
And give free choice to all.

In the far centre stands the veiled throne  
Of dread Omnipotence and chastening Love,  
Whose rays immortal, with unchanging Truth,  
Melting and kindling, fill the farthest sphere,  
And light those wandering and recumbent stars  
The shades of night reveal; whose empty fears  
The self-reproaching shadows of cruel guilt;  
A sense of wrong invisible pursues:  
From where their laggard life in duty failed  
And made them outcasts, for whom place no more,  
Save in the wastes of Justice, could be found;  
Where they must wander till sweet Mercy, moved  
Between them and the throne, shall interpose,  
And give them nebulous rest, until the day  
Of glad recall and rapturous jubilee  
Again restores their lapsing life to Truth;  
And gives it place for action and for Right.  
But for persistent wrong, the swift decree  
Of injured Justice 'gainst iniquity  
Shall urge their dissolution, and immure  
Their guilty life in the fierce crucible

Of burning shame and quick avenging Hate;  
 The daughter of false Pride and vengeful guilt,  
 Doubting and insecure. That baleful fire  
 Which now hath made a chaos of the sphere  
 Of Equity and Right, whose separate life  
 In banded spheroids fill the empty space,  
 At intervals, with light of sun and star,  
 And eager planet longing to unfold  
 Its pent-up life, and fill again the void  
 With glory, and with beauty, and with joy;  
 The voice of praise, the harmony of Truth,  
 Well-ordered peace and the glad light of Love,  
 Alas to sad endurance now reduced,  
 Devouring violence to sustain its sense  
 Of suffering and of wrong to madness wrought.  
 Oh, Right Invincible! How art thou fallen!  
 Why question the Omniscient? Him whose rule divine,  
 Beneficent as just is Life and Light;  
 Love, Joy, and Blessing, Peace and endless Praise,  
 Exulting in all Good! Abundant, ever new!

Aye; so it was: Impatient of the wrong,  
 As seemed to him in the full tide of bliss,  
 Of life's endurance, in the chill blue void,  
 Where Justice reigns, equal and just to all;  
 Where all are welcome to withdraw, and try  
 Their utmost skill to improve or to enlarge  
 The boundaries of God's life; and thus invoke,  
 With higher wisdom and imperial power,  
 A nobler impulse and a statelier form  
 To its upheaving, animating light:  
 Of their own good endow material things  
 With perfect action, sympathy, pure thought!  
 Subdue the wandering of desire,—nor make  
 Their Ego the great Idol of the hour;

To gratify their own impatient haste,  
Their indolence and overweening pride;  
Where the unwelcome ray of silent Truth  
But kindles to consume, confound, destroy.  
Such was his dream, forgetful of results;  
To aught divergent from the ray of Truth,  
The line of Justice, plummet of all Right;  
The equity of Love, mercy of Judgment,  
Healing of offense. And so his happier sphere  
With all its wealth of blessing was reproach.

He knew not of its own accord this life  
Sought refuge from the stirring light of Truth,  
Which made it feel a laggard and impure;  
Unhappy in the radiance of all Love,  
All purity, all light, all life, all joy:  
And self-convicted seek to purge away  
The shadow of what else might be its guilt.  
Ah! had he thus pure introspective turned  
His moody thought, nor secret counsel sought  
Of pride and cunning and conspiring force;  
Those silent watchers, this crushed, buried life,  
Rotting in cold obstruction, all defiled,  
Would now be spared this world on world of woe;  
Self-immolation and accusing dread  
Of final reprobation; the consuming fire  
Of endless hate in misery imposed  
Of its own chosen leader; now a rebel, foe,  
And traitor to all life, all power of good:  
Because himself an outcast; nor, as yet, alone  
In proud defiance of unequalled woe,  
And seeking endless death,—a pause of dread.  
Cold and disquieted, now alone he roamed,  
Or, with a chosen few, watching intent  
The ceaseless pulsings of the living light

Flooding our sphere with ecstasy of bliss:  
 Reproach to him, and shame and fear and death,  
 Who sought to find its secret, and control  
 The quickening power of life, and fill the throne  
 With lordly majesty, a royal pomp  
 And visible display of pardoning grace to all.  
 He would restrain the searching ray of Truth,  
 Recall High Justice and let Equity  
 With matchless Mercy and æffulgent Love,  
 Fill all the spheres with a warm equal light,  
 Repose and peace to all. A free, full interchange  
 Of richer life; an endless jubilee, a feast of joy.

Thus on the eve of that exultant day,  
 Whose glad recall fills all the circling spheres  
 With fuller radiance of rejoicing life;  
 Whose loud hosannahs and resounding praise  
 Gives confidence and heart, and love to all,  
 Rebelling Right anticipates reprieve;  
 Idly imagining to compel God's life  
 To blind invention and obstructive force,  
 And join the astonished spheres in one wild whirl  
 Of crowning glory, triumph and acclaim!

Alas; his hope was but the smoke of death,  
 His life the kindling of devouring fire;  
 The curse of Tophet, and consuming wrath  
 That burns, a deeper hell; involving all  
 In suffering and confusion, smoke and flame,  
 Darkness of chaos and eternal night;  
 Till from the throne the saving mandate came  
 For healing light, when Justice called her sons,  
 Marshaled the Seraphim that guard the void,  
 A solid wall against the mass of cloud  
 Now rolling in the empty space between  
 Mortality and life; the strife of Hades



And the keen radiance of immortal Truth,  
Whose light is sharp conviction, instant death,  
Or sure salvation, strength, assurance, joy ;  
And from those serried ranks reflected back  
As from a solid ball—the Eye of day,  
Life-giving sunlight, kindling hope and love.  
Earth, Earth ! what art thou ? Why thus called the ear,  
Unhearing, dead : Thou molten formless ball  
Of sounding brass ! mixed gold and silver dulled,  
Corrupted and profaned of mortal strife.  
Refuse of chaos—waste of that fierce night !  
Dross of devouring fire, the rage of hate ;—  
The heated fury of awakened life  
Too late aroused against the fear of death,—  
The treachery of hell,—the shadows of the void ;  
The selfishness of fiends—who sought to wrap them-  
selves

From the intenser rage of living fire,  
In the razed flooring of a ruined sphere,  
And found the pit their refuge, and the night  
This darkness of eternal death their lot.  
The cruel metallic heart now purged away,  
Its vapors separated upon the void ;  
Again the inspiring glow of heaven's pure light  
Stirred all our hosts : Again the "still small voice"  
From the veiled Throne filled every heart once more  
With rapt attention to the farthest sphere ;  
As Mercy stood with judgment well prepared,  
On either hand to hold the decree good  
And the anointed seven, in Equity,  
Impatient wait his wasted frame to mould  
To the high mandate of the living word ;  
Which duty and position thus reveals.

All blank obstruction and the fiercer fire

Of dull metallic force is now subdued ;  
 And Justice hath redeemed her Seraphim  
 From darkness and from death, which yet involves  
 Our waiting Cherubim so dear to life,  
 So tender, pure,—whose love no fall restrains.

Now let our crystal hosts withdraw their light,  
 Whose quick reflection but absorbs all life ;  
 And let there be an ample firmament  
 Between the floating cloud-rack and the tide  
 Which laves the sides of the abyss, for breath,  
 And the refreshing waters rise and fall ;  
 Till righteousness redeem their souls to Right,  
 And clothe them in such forms as life may choose  
 To cover the confusion of their shame, and make  
 His guilt appear : and multiply in every perverse shape  
 Of loathed deformity, impotence of wrong,  
 Devouring and devoured, till senseless dust  
 And lecherous ashes are its daily food ;  
 And bitter waters, and red, ranker blood  
 Shall quench the thirst of death, and all shall know  
 The difference of the evil from the good :  
 Have it engraven upon every heart,  
 As in the rock of this now chastened sphere,  
 And read the rottenness of sin and death,  
 Of every covering of obstructive hate ;  
 And quench destroying rage in the absolving grave,  
 We now exchange for chaos and the void,  
 That covering of guilt, sin, death, or hell,  
 Obstruct our light, corrupt our life no more ;  
 Nor idle thought, nor vain imagination, more prevail  
 To work their ruin in the realms of Light.

Slow, sure, and well the darkness was dispelled,  
 The backward rolling ball they had launched amain,  
 And banded watchers of the dismal night

Were one by one revealed. Its warring hosts ;  
Blind, cast into the pit, in darkness lost,  
Of chaos and the void, as buried dead ;  
Wrapped in the molten floor of the razed sphere  
Of Equity and Right : The glittering mass  
Of gold and silver, rolled into a ball  
Of liquid incandescence, smoke, and flame ;  
Hurled far beyond, a cenotaph of guilt,  
Upon the freezing waste in rings and folds !  
Its dead metallic weight, wheel upon wheel,  
As density prevailed and chill inured,  
And by retarded motion separated  
The quickening liquid mass from the cold dead,  
As the refining furnace tries its bloom.  
Till ready ! from the slag it breaks away,  
And forward plungeth on the hissing void ;  
While the collapsing mould is massed again,  
The slag and vapor into separate spheres,  
Kindling anew and rising to the path,  
Their gravity appoints upon the waste,  
Of dull mortality and shadowy dread,  
Where grope in darkness her benighted hosts,  
Shrouded in vapors of their changing forms.

Thrice striking through her circling bands, the heart  
Thus from its crucible of clay was poured ;  
First, from the heavens, now on the mortal waste,  
The wilderness of space ; the bottomless abyss,  
In Mercury and Venus, while the formless rock,  
Inflamed, compacted, its imprisoning zones,  
From refuse, and the sweat of blood and tears ;  
Dissolving of the proud material soul  
Thrown out upon the void in Saturn, Jupiter  
Floats, not alone among the circling host,  
But satellited like the vapory shades,

That belting held earth to her murderous task,  
Till well fulfilled they are cast aside to wait  
Their further purpose, to resolve the heavens.

And lo ! beyond, as watchers of the night  
Suspended on the sunbeams of God's love,  
The scattered hosts he sought to wed to death,  
Serenely answering to the light with light,  
The gaze of glad assurance, mutual love ;  
Repelling cold and heat and mortal change,  
And watching wistfully the moody heart  
Alone, absorbed in guilt, the gloom of night,  
Dark and impervious in the centre coiled ;  
A minor chaos, mass of fire and smoke,  
And sickening vapors, seething, sullen, lost,  
For yet the planetary mass is one,  
Recoiling on itself, repelling light ;  
Wrapped in its own intensity of wrath  
And burning hate ; its lapping tongues of flame  
Like dragons of the deep, fierce, winged with rage,  
From the dark womb of unresolving change,  
Belched forth upon the night of shadows, death ;  
Blazing defiance " wasteward ; " while the sun  
Looks on her maniac rage with calm resolve ;  
As, wrapped in brassy shroud of leaden wrath,  
Recoiling on the heart it hugged and burned,  
That rolled and backward flashed a fiercer flame  
Upon the dismal night and watching stars,  
Beyond its pillared shadow that kept ward,  
Appalled before the pyramid of death !  
That on the deadly waste would shade their light  
With fiery tongues and hissing pointed wrong.  
A shadowed Tower of Babel, emptiness,  
Of Shinar's prototype, a boundless plain ;  
Confusion and destruction in the grasp

Of mortal Justice as the freezing void ;  
A moving pillar, flaming, tortured ghost !  
A living ruin, deaths devouring shade ;  
A desolation in the midst of life,  
Whose flocking sympathies keep watch in fear,  
Their watch-fires sparkling round that moving grave ;  
“ The smoking furnace and the burning lamp,”  
Forever fixed before Sinai’s waste,  
Where watchful life waits on the living God.

Aye ; this was death, in its first hour of dread !  
Not yet a wasted shadow comets shade :  
But molten, pregnant with metallic force,  
Enduring substance, tortured and destroyed  
By mad mechanic rage, inventive power,  
The grossness of foul lust, wrath of devouring fire,  
Still shadowed in our sight and loathsome forms ;  
The la ! and lo ! of priesthoods sots and slaves.  
How bring it to the surface, separate,  
This tried endurance of the pure and good,  
From error and corruption, mortal strife ?  
The bubbles, shadows of a fleeting hour !  
Release its stores of fire, unchanged in death,  
And give it soul to blossom on the grave ?  
Where still the darkness and the smoke prevails,  
Absorbing heaven’s pure sunlight :—not in vain,  
It pierceth to the heart and wakes our dead !

See ! the abiding word at length hath stirred  
Their slumbering energies. The touch of light  
Renews the kindling soul : A keener flash  
Strikes through the lurid mass, that growls with rage.  
Again ; it to its centre shakes :—again  
The liquid molten heart belched forth, breaks through.  
Its kindling belt and zone a ball of fire !  
Itself intensely clear and smokeless, purified,

In its own matrix from the crucible  
 Of grosser matter that hath clothed itself  
 In deadly green, fierce kindling writhing forms,  
 Of a rank, trailing, helpless, wasted life,  
 Involving all in fire and smoke again,  
 From centre to circumference, while the farther zone  
 Inflamed rolls outward, and the loathing heart,  
 Now shrinking from its offspring, drops within,  
 Toward the sunlight heavens from whence it fell,  
 Wrapped in the fire and smoke now left behind,  
 Unclothed upon the void, consuming and consumed ;  
 A lesser chaos of devouring fire  
 Already, in its ashes, rolled in death ;  
 Collapsed and pressing on its seething heart,  
 Whose smoke ascendeth, chilled upon the void  
 Again, as at the first, a circling zone,  
 Black as the night and noxious as its death ;  
 Encircling liquid vapors, tongues of flame.  
 Again the word was heard, calm, breathing, still ;  
 Now let a firmament of living Rock,  
 Ribbed by our mortal Justice, fast enfold  
 The incandescent Abyss ; to divide  
 The waters of our Mercy from the blood  
 Of his polluted life ; that seething pit  
 Whose froth must be restrained ; that the escaped  
 Of his infernal fire, this living death,  
 May have a refuge and a place of rest,  
 Where the glad Cherubim, our Mercy's charge,  
 May lave and cool the fever of their life ;  
 Gather her waters in one circling zone  
 And let dry land appear ; the answering earth,  
 Give eyes to see and ears to hear our word ;  
 And feed the craving heart with food divine,  
 Prepared of her own life, from the cold rock ;

Their refuge from his rage, impure desire.  
And as the heart discerns and separates once more  
The grosser food of a devouring hate,  
The amazed eye may read in light and shade,  
The form and shadow of maturer thought,  
The story of their fall; the quick ear hear  
The summons of our voice, and learn again  
The joy of swift obedience; giving back  
To the crushed broken heart once more our life:  
The power of knowledge, glad intelligence  
And understanding wisdom; liberty  
To choose whom they will serve: the Light of Life and  
Love,

In Truth and Justice, Equity and Right;  
And see our face again and live with these:  
Or the consuming fire of restless Hate,  
The Fury of destruction, thus immured  
In the ribbed rock till sated of its dream,  
It seek again, the wastes of judgment and the chilly void,  
And hell shall be no more; nor fear of light,  
But Life and Love and Peace and Truth restored.

Then were our hosts divided; Mercy led  
The tireless Cherubim of bloom and joy,  
Careless and happy in their wealth of love,  
The workers of the deep whose life appears  
In gem and fragrant flower, whose peerless heart  
No eye can fathom, nought their light conceal;  
A beauty and a joy, a wealth of bliss,  
Which fills the firmament of heaven and earth,  
With fragrance and with love, a glory all their own;  
A kindling atmosphere of warm pure light,  
That gives, and gives, exhaustless founts of joy,  
As in the sphere of Equity and Right,  
Refreshed, renewed, with every pulse of thought.

So now the changing seasons of the year,  
 In turn call forth a fuller light in which  
 The crystal hosts of searching Truth and Life,  
 Of trying Justice and enduring Love,  
 Repose secure and guard with jealous care,  
 Alike from the intenser light which stirs  
 Seraphic life, and the cold waste of death,  
 Of stern repellent Judgment's mortal reign ;  
 The joy alike of the more active sphere  
 Within which life is known, tried, purified,  
 And when it seeks again, in constant Equity  
 A sweet repose and interchange of Life,  
 In Paradise ! the garden of our God ;  
 Refreshing and renewing fount of all.  
 These Mercy's care ; while Judgment massed our hosts,  
 And measuring back his planetary sphere,  
 Poised in the starry heavens our orbit gave,  
 To circle and to ward his suffering life ;  
 And with reflected light sustain and wake  
 Again her living rock to life and good,  
 Give her free respiration, breath of joy  
 And warmth of love to cheer her toiling hosts,  
 In rock and atmosphere, in field and flood.

At first, all breathless and with drooping wing,  
 Heavy with brooding vapors steaming high,  
 She watched the annealing of her anchored bands,  
 And spreading of the low recumbent bed  
 Of healing strata, when her floods prevailed,  
 And, percolating, washed away and ground  
 The broken lump to dust ; releasing life,  
 As crowding the circumference they would rise,  
 Meet, overlap, and breaking fall away,  
 Prone eastward to the poles ; whence, eddying deep they  
 rose,



Hugging and channeling the furrowed rock,  
Which, ridging gradually, enclosed the abyss,  
Whose forward surging tide of molten life,  
As yet had fairly poised the circling ball,  
True to the denser centre, and prepared  
Its groundwork for the deep in the refuse  
Which hedged it from the freezing mortal void;  
Fencing its continents, on either hand,  
With cooling lava, colder snows and ice:  
Heaping its glistening scoriated crags,  
In tier on tier, from the fast-frozen poles,  
Resisting yet the sunlight; in their whirl  
Dark and secure in that deep night of cloud,  
Enfolding all in healing cold repose,  
Rigid as death; yet folding heart of hope.  
High o'er the far circumference walling the abyss  
With adamantine chains of mingled life,  
Heap upon heap: here sealed to sleep secure,  
There touching the abyss, yet belching forth  
Its reddening blood from the compressing grasp  
Of slow advancing Judgment, whose right hand  
Upheld the weeping Mercy as her breath  
Was tossed in vapor from the smoking sides,  
The tongue and lips of the unresting foe,  
Who, taken in his toils, now frothed in vain,  
And felt the blank obstruction closing round  
He had invoked against God's life and light  
As Justice fenced him in; and on the left  
Sustained the arrest of her cool crowding hosts,  
And, from the clammy breath of the abyss now formed,  
A circling canopy enfolding high  
The seat of Judgment, thus sustained on earth,  
Trampling on death and holding grave and hell  
Under the heel of his avenging power;

And Mercy kept from the inclement touch  
Of the cold void, where Justice loves to roam  
And try her votaries from the inner spheres  
Of Truth and Equity, of Peace and Love.  
If purified, the principles of life  
In their integrity they hold secure, —  
And seek to know the good alone and live  
All blameless and approved in sight of all.

And now, the darker vapors all dispelled,  
The crystal heavens their lighter clouds diffuse  
In warmer light, which fills the firmament  
With a quick sense of life renewed ; and thus  
We wait again the living word. It came ;  
God spake again, clear to the listening heart, and said,  
Let the refreshing waters have their bounds  
And the dry land appear, that Earth may hear our  
voice.

Let them awake, touched by our kindling light,  
And thus released return from either pole  
And lave the broad circumference with their life.  
No more in vapors wasted, but condensed,  
Circling to flow, a cooling sea, and wake  
With their refreshing touch the grosser blood,  
Our Mercy hath redeemed and Justice sealed  
Against the day of Judgment in the heavens,  
When all shall hear in turn the voice of Truth,  
And every band be loosed of Right to Life :  
And Righteousness, in Equity, make good, and show  
God's life is One in all ; in heaven and earth,—  
Not brooking violence, injustice, wrong,  
Iniquity, nor any cause of strife,  
As our pure light abhors all guilt and shame,  
Falsehood and violence, secrecy of dread,  
The enslaving pledge, servile submission, indolence,

That passive, thoughtless levity which wrought  
This curse, obstruction, woe, and works this death.

Let the enduring Earth bring forth her grass,  
Green herb and tree, yielding its seed to prove  
The endurance and the quality of life  
This violence feeds upon, this death must spare.  
The fruit-tree yielding fruit, whose seed is in itself,  
The symbol of our deeds ; each with its own reward  
Made manifest, according to its kind.

Then what of the devourer, who doth waste  
The fruit and seed together? Murderers,  
The measure of whose right is death to all,  
The seething of the Pit,—the fire of Hell !

Their fruit is self-destruction : to go out  
As helpless ghosts and blazon forth their shame—  
Their fear—their rage—in life destroying life ;  
Blood drinking blood, and murder deified !  
In Mars and Moon, the planetary shade,  
We wait for now, whose glamour is not light,  
Their substance waste ; the refuse of his wrong,  
As empty shadows thrown upon the void ;  
Of utter desolation ; the foul scorn  
Of nebulous existence, undying death ;  
Souls without hearts, Invention's cast-aways,  
The things who led his revels, kingly ghosts,  
Heroes whose trade is murder of the dead,  
Mockeries of things that have been follow him  
To give his state to fame ; with brazen throat  
To hail their chief on his last glorious field,  
The Conqueror of the void, the freedom of the waste !  
Beyond the blue profound where Justice holds  
Captivity her Captive ; Coward and slave's abode,  
Fearful and unbelieving of God's help ;  
To sense of which, like infants, these shall wake

In nakedness and fear, with bitter cry of want  
That others must supply till they awake again  
To their own help, who thought to conquer all.

Behold where now his haggard prowess trails  
Its terrorless existence, blank and wild,  
In the progenitor which gave him birth.  
An empty wish ! magnanimous displayed  
In boastful impotence that all may see  
The lie of their own imagery and hold secure  
To swift obedience ; nor go out accursed  
A glaring comet on that wilderness,  
The mortal mother of all pathless space,  
Whose Hor, in horror he stands thus revealed !  
The aimless ghost of chaos, to the abyss  
Forevermore expelled. The lying hypocrite,  
A raving maniac without power or right,  
Except this blazon of his empty tomb,  
The Afrite of those brotherhoods of stars  
Which Judgment holds in durance to condemn,  
Boastful obstruction and devouring hate,  
Once and forever, till they die of fear,  
Become the shadows of the shade he is.

He spoke ; and, while with question and reply  
We paused a moment, from the south there came,  
And from the west upon the tidal wave  
Of the yet free and weltering abyss,  
That seethed unseen beneath and yet was felt,  
Laden with vapors our now moving hosts,  
The guardian winds that purify the heavens ;  
The breath of the Omnipotent, whose word is life  
At once, power, action, and accomplished good,  
Scattering the pestilent and noxious brood  
Of foul, malignant vapors which conspire  
Against all life and seek for aye to breathe.

Abomination, paralysis, fear,  
All rank, unwholesome, and corrupting things  
That desolate and please consuming hate,  
The hunger of the worm that never dies.

These crowding up the dense, dull clouds that rose  
From the convexity of night to play,  
Under the pearly zone, whose ample shade  
Not yet disrupt, to move the queen of night,  
Sheltered the whole circumference, and gave back  
In sparkling waters the cold dripping mass,  
Which, seeking her embrace, she bore away  
A quick dissolving train, giving their life  
To polish and refresh her long alcoves,  
Which glowed and fixed the blushing tints of day,  
Refracted from the circles north and south,  
In rainbow-hues of liquid pearly light ;  
Falling in sheets and showers of flashing spray,  
Widening and watering all the central zone,  
Till soothing mercy from the south prevailed,  
Cheered by the touch of truth, towards whose sphere,  
The veiled centre, she still moves inclined,  
And, with the west wind pressing on the north,  
Broke down the barriers of the abyss and poured  
Its molten tide toward the further pole ;  
In ridge on ridge with sheltered vales between,  
Whose simmering waters spread in mimic seas,  
Or forcing access, the circumference sought  
To swell the sheltered and o'ermastering flood  
Now covering the equator, healing o'er  
The yet-uncovered turbulent abyss.  
As when at first the spirit of our life,  
Impelled by rushing winds, repelled and broke  
The resilience of his rising tide, increased  
The swift rotation of the liquid ball,

Separating the denser from the vaporous mass,  
 Binding the molten heart and tossing back  
 The frothy, filtering, granulated rock,  
 Whose sluggish and less ponderous mass encrusts  
 And crystals o'er its fierce metallic life,  
 Which, pressing on the centre swifter, rolls,  
 Severed again and suffocated, fulminates  
 With fiery rage in reckless agony,  
 Its hotter exhalations belching forth  
 In earthquakes, tremblings in the unyielding grasp  
 Of stern compressing judgment, which compels  
 The separation of its hostile life,  
 And with fixed purpose bends its every force  
 To self-destruction, outcast impotence.

'Twas thus we saw the boastful shrinking mass  
 From our first stroke recoil upon itself  
 And fall away abashed upon the void.  
 Gathering recoil, and molten fall away,  
 Despoiled of all endurance, of its glittering prey,  
 Its gold and silver suddenly bereft ;  
 The varied reflex and the sparkling sheen  
 He thought was life, the agony of death,  
 A separation and the bitter curse  
 Of blind Idolatry, the self-conceit  
 Of Ignorance and towering pride, the pomp  
 Of Vanity, the empty show of superstitious gloom,  
 The boast of prurient desire, the indolence  
 Of sated lust that on its fullness rests,  
 Forgetful of dependence and foul wrong,  
 The cruelty of iniquity, the shame of guilt.

By its own tides it bound the impulsive heart  
 With bands of iron, brass-ribbed granite rock,  
 Of chilling winds, annealing waters wrapped  
 In the white robe of Justice or congealed

In sparkling crystals of the icicle,  
The embalmed daughter, calm and pure in death  
Of weeping mercy, whose clear soul, a tear,  
Dissolves in tears under the kindling touch  
Of the warm light; yet rusheth to embrace  
And quench the ruthless and devouring fire,  
Restraining and dissolving all the rage  
Of the grim King of terrors, fed with blood  
Of vengeful envy, cold hypocrisy,  
Of cunning falsehood and of smooth deceit,  
And, now filling the circuit of the central zone  
Between the souls escaped of Justice sealed,  
And the relentless and unyielding band  
That grapple still with death, who holds enslaved  
The blood-stained crystals of God's struggling life,  
Whose worm can never die, which gives them power,  
Prey, and existence, till again they hear  
The reveille of Right, nor seek escape.

These Mercy girdles with her swelling tide  
Of moving sympathies, a living soul,  
Its undercurrent hugging the terrene,  
Rising and rolling back a living sea,  
To cool and succor all and give release,  
Belting the broad circumference, flushing o'er,  
Sapping and permeating the bedded rock,  
Seeking new channels to the further zones,  
Recovering and giving light to life,  
To cheer, to quicken, to emancipate,  
And bid it bloom again upon the grave,  
Glad earnest of a resurrection morn.

A warmer light plays on the gathering clouds,  
Now dense, now fleecy in their changing hues,  
As, resting on the assured clear atmosphere  
They pause, careless of dissolution, which erewhile

They sought with an impatient haste, and poured  
 Their wealth of life into the cleansing flood  
 Of the baptismal font, now first revealed,  
 A sparkling flowing sea, circling to heal,  
 To give all light, life, love with confidence to seek  
 Work for repentance, meet return and joy,  
 Aye, every one in his own father's house.

For, since this dread catastrophe to him,  
 The appointed leader of our hosts, who wrought  
 This hideous change, and at a murderous birth  
 From the dark womb, obscene of furious hate,  
 Brought forth this violence and defiant strife,  
 Gaunt death and the devouring fire of hell,  
 This Babel of confusion, coiling, endless, broad,  
 Of leprous corruption and the worm ;  
 The feared and loathed companion of the grave,  
 Whose open mouth, a seeming fruitless womb,  
 Is free to—Aye, and must be passed of all,  
 Inheriting the blood of this black death,  
 Convicted murder and dull felon wrath  
 To strip and cleanse them of its sottish frame ;  
 Which makes a passive prostitute of life,  
 The outcast mother of the Ishmaelite !  
 The leader of the nations vengeful, desolate ;  
 And dying still, in sight of all mankind !  
 His fame and lineage who aloud proclaim,  
 As brethren, and themselves forever die.  
 Aye ; ever and forever ! but for him  
 Whose saving strength gives, here and now approved  
 The appointed end, in raising from the dead  
 The meek and lowly Just ; in Equity,  
 The Israel of the Lord in all the earth.  
 Whose tireless industry and skillful hand  
 Gives color to all life : God's help and care



Against destroying hate ; this endless round  
Of mortal strife, thus formless, desolate ;  
The selfishness of ever-changing law  
Convenient and obscene ; pretense of government  
For saving of their souls ; not those they sacrifice,  
Enslave, devour, by oaths and other forms  
Of secret, horrible, and deadly things  
Which shut out life and light and peace and joy :  
All Truth ; all blessing ; and of fearful change  
More terrible than death or hell, or aught  
Our light hath fathomed, or our hearts conceived,  
The horrid advent, lying still proclaim.

These have an end ; material changes pass—  
Are passing now. But of this monstrous dream ;  
This endless train—abortions misconceived ;  
Things most unnatural in no stated course !  
There seems nor end, endurance, nor a chance  
Of change ; nor hope, of joy or love ! the jubilee  
That once was ours ; fearless of change, yet changed,  
With every change of joy. But in its stead,  
A blank despair, an unknown dread, a hate,  
Consuming, endless ; fearing, forcing change ;  
Enslaving life and death, transfiguring Lord and God :  
Blaspheming the Almighty with the curse  
Of blind obstruction and avenging wrong.  
Whose moving shadows fill the crucial void  
With those obituary hosts of death,  
Who wait the triumph of this flood of tears ;  
Circling between the rock and moon's pale zone,  
"The queen of heaven," not yet enthroned in light.  
A ghostly shadow, leader of the shades ;  
Waxing and waning, as her numbered weeks,  
Tell o'er the numbered months of numbered years,  
The pulsing of this death ;—half-conscious dream ;

Of paradise, of life, of shivering dread,  
 The moody horrors of that fatal hour ;  
 When, a rapt hierophant ! their erring king  
 Thoughtless sustained against God's quickening life  
 The hosts of evil, night and death, the pit ;  
 And recklessly cut off a happy sphere,  
 Unquestioning the Right his deed withdrew,  
 And left him a dead idol,—worshiper of self.  
 His now lost, mooning, worthless, worshipers ;  
 Outcast and fatherless, a panic crowd  
 Of bleating life ; confounded, stricken, blind ;  
 Of sense bereft : His power a shadow dream ;  
 As of the waning moon—not yet resolved :  
 The froth and scum of a corrupting hate,—  
 Of empty violence and of groundless wrong  
 Condemned to wait unchanging on their change  
 And blazon forth their shame from mouth to mouth  
 In death's dark shadow, the last ghostly shades,  
 The fleeting night reveals in darkness lost ;  
 Since watching to betray his boastful shout  
 Startled the watchful ; quenched the living light  
 Of half the expectant heaven he would betray ;  
 Where Equity enthroned, sat scrupulous to maintain  
 The equipoise of life ; the steady light of all ;  
 And gave her joyful sphere to Justice and the void.  
 But he who hath permitted and now parts  
 His blind, rebellious hosts, all thoughtless too misled ;  
 Will lift, enlighten, will relume anew,  
 And give us ways to walk in as of old.

In ignorance he did it ; yet his pride  
 Refuseth now to yield, or be ashamed ;  
 But lurks in darkness, hissing back its scorn,  
 And waiting to betray while doubt remains  
 In one poor pulseless heart, which fears to move ;

The slave of idle dread and false alarms,  
This wrong makes rife ; and crowding peoples still,  
His narrowing domain, with trembling knaves and  
cowards,

Lying and murderous ; the dead souls of hell.  
All raging to devour God's passive life  
That courts the force of sacrificial need  
Nor spurns their wrong ; but bids them live and rue ;  
Or, dying, be forever damned, and writhe,  
The mockery and the scorn of life and light ;  
As phantoms and a pity set to warn  
The penal wanderers of the farthest range  
Of Judgment's high domain ; while these restored  
Enjoy God's paradise in Equity, henceforth forevermore.

So, now, we freely move, and bearing down  
On either pole with light and warmth and life,  
From centre to circumference fold the earth  
In fleecy garments from pure Mercy's loom,  
Soft summer clouds and vegetable life,  
Enfolding the now rugged, ribbed abyss ;  
Cleansing, refreshing with dissolving dews,  
And cooling from her stores, congealed and buried deep  
Under recumbent fire annealed rocks,  
And to the molten centre stirring all ;  
And quickening with the touch of living light,  
Subdued to healing and refreshing power,  
Rest and sweet interchange of blessed life  
Moving the rock and touching every soul  
With an accustomed harmony long lost ;  
The song of peace preparing the glad way  
Of life, and light, and joy, and endless praise :  
The resurrection of the pure and just ;  
Whose uncontaminated souls in death ;  
Held fast their high integrity, nor quailed

Before the burning rage of hate ; but spurned  
 The accursed, insinuating doubt of fear,  
 Waiting secure the end desired of all,  
 The proud integrity of God's pure life ;  
 No servile minion of despotic power,  
 But blessed in blessing giving joy to all.  
 With whom ; nor high, nor low, nor great, nor small ;  
 No measure of aught else but joy and love,  
 Truth, Equity, and Right, in Justice holds  
 Within the infinitude of his domain ;  
 Who rules Omnipotent, as Just and Good :  
 His hand, this searching life, inscrutable,  
 Which, quickening, trieth all for life or death.  
 For life, if equal, just, and good : for death,  
 If arrogant, o'ermastering, proud, iniquitous ;  
 Unrighteous as unjust, and loving wrong ;  
 Not fearing Life, as God, who quickeneth all,  
 And giveth Right with life, that all may fear  
 And worship in his presence ! Here on earth,  
 As, in the sphere of Equity in heaven,  
 From which we are fallen with Lucifer to prove  
 The impotence of wrong, the shame of guilt,  
 In unity and peace and helpful Truth ;  
 Integrity of purpose to restrain  
 With judgment the oppressor ; and confound  
 The base Idolater ! whose servile lust  
 Would make the life, which tolerates to judge,  
 Fall down and worship at his foot a slave.  
 But happy he in Mercy and in Truth,  
 Who leadeth Life and Love to interpose  
 Between the Idol and his worshipers  
 The timid, fearful, ignorant ; who bow  
 And fear not to do violence at his word ;  
 Who stands before them thus condemned to die !

Of violence and the wrong he thus sustains  
Bereft of every Right, a thing accursed ;  
To whom no hell shall be a refuge more,  
Or give him pause in death: Eternal dread  
Refusing peace to die ; to meet Life's Right a foe ;  
With quenchless terror of o'erwhelming guilt  
And nameless Judgment: Shunning life as Judge,  
With desperate rage, or trembling to escape,  
And fearing, Ah, How fearfully ! his light.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE THIRD DAY.

DAUGHTER of Chaos, mother of the night ;  
The shadow of her dead, we have seen the Earth  
Hurled from her mother's womb and separated  
Among the stars upon the mortal void,—  
At the command in heaven, "Let there be light ;"  
The further Herschel measuring her descent,  
From which, condensing, thus far her return  
And way-marks, with forerunners, all appear.

We have seen the belted Saturn, solid Mercury  
Together fall away and mark their spheres ;  
And ease the strain upon her suffering rock,  
With healing waters, vegetable mould,  
And nearer touch of saving healing light,  
Beneath the Jupiterian zones, which rose  
In vapor, from the molten golden heart  
Of sparkling Venus, once high Juno named ;  
The twins, next separated of womb and brain,  
And leading the third day of mortal change ;  
Whose birth gave light unto the rock-bound heart,  
Emancipation from internal rage ;  
And to the channeled waters gave their zone ;  
The high circumference of the rolling ball,  
Belted with moon, and vestals north and south,  
Massed green and fair, in sunlight to the poles :  
Beneath the softening shadow of the cloud  
Of mingled smoke and vapor, which absorbed  
The healing sunbeams and reflection barred.

Save under the circumference where they mass  
And hide the yet zoned moon and circling tide :  
Till the aspiring Mars at length inflamed  
Her spreading vestals and bore all away ;  
And left his widowed Queen to fold her zone,  
Untouched of fire, suspended on the void, -  
To wait his sad return ; naked, forsaken, reft,  
Unto his proper place within earth's sphere,  
As of metallic substance, heartless mould.

Thrice was the night dispelled and rolled away,  
Those boastful planets on the left that find  
Their fitting orbits ; soulless myths well named  
Of the fresh instincts of this mortal race,  
Ere yet debased of grove and masonry ;  
The genealogies of lust and power  
And lettered impotence, the bubbling froth—  
Effervescence of strained inventions lie.  
And, simultaneous, twice with eve and morn,  
The laboring womb of earth belched forth by turns  
Those other twins upon the right that roll,  
Twins, not of birth but essence ; glittering ore,  
Circling compact and bright ; thus the enduring gold,  
That the tried silver of our pathless sphere,  
Whose molten mass forbade, or life, or breath ;  
Thus purged again for use for light and strength.  
These the proud, sublimated, souls of those  
Whose boastful promise swells embalmed and dead,  
A ghostly and repeated lie to warn  
Forevermore, all errant heavenly life :  
As Adam, and as Cain, 'mong men on earth  
High Babel, and unhappy Nineveh.  
Syria and Egypt, Sodom, Jericho,  
Bashan and Heshhon, seven-altared Moab,  
Great Rabbah of the Ammonites, condemned

To Arnon's flood ; of the brooks washed away,  
Templed Hierusalem, and blood-thirsty Rome.

These are no more: yet are their traces left  
In wayward disappointment, like the impatient Mars,  
And the abandoned moon his waiting spouse,  
Forsaken for the vestals which he loved ;  
Who left him naked in the wilderness,—  
The freezing space whose Hor's the hungry pit,  
From whence he seeks return in vain, until  
The mooning spirits of the vasty deep,  
Which fill the caves of earth, find refuge there.  
Impossible in the next turn of change,  
Which empties back the basin of the south  
And gives the channeling waters varied life  
To go and to return and heal the earth ;  
Release the lightnings which hurl back her ghosts  
From the transparent heavens they would obscure,  
To inspire swift Justice in the souls of men,  
And let the oppressed go free to live in peace ;  
By streams of living waters from the tide  
Which shall again the broad circumference fill ;  
And falling to the poles, where wakes the light  
Of everlasting day, return to the vast heart  
That pulseth between heaven and earth for aye,  
The throne and judgment of the void ; the night !  
Whose life-blood giveth sense of Life and Light,  
The Truth and Right on which our all depends ;  
Before our eyes quick kindling into life  
By simple action, forethought, purpose, will,  
Which answereth to the touch of God and good.

Earth's "time and times fulfilled;" no more in church  
and state

The Mars and moon of man's idolatry,  
We bleeding wait ; but now upon the word,



Whose active force shall order all aright,  
And usher in the resurrection morn;  
The night now passed,—the day indeed begun.  
But we anticipate: the night yet reigns  
And Mars and moon are embryos waiting birth.  
And yet secure in the rock-ribbed abyss,  
Which Mercy seaeth from our crystal hosts,  
Till all shall see and hear, shall know and choose  
Or life with liberty and light: or death—  
Wandering forevermore distraught of fear.  
He dreameth now of cave and pyramid  
Under whose eaves he may securely breathe;  
Hurl back defiance and yet rule a part  
With terror and destruction: canopied  
Under the circling zone of Mercy, lined  
With pearly purple, yet secure his state.

Such is our Master's thought: the compromise  
Of the proud lordling in the narrowing sphere  
Of ruin he hath wrought in ignorance and guilt.  
Abject dependence and devouring rage,—  
The craving of the worm that never dies,  
A settled Hate: whose jealousy is Hell;  
Its shadow doubt; a damning consciousness  
Of power abused, of life betrayed, and dead;  
Of punishment deserved, of utter hopelessness,  
O'erwhelming guilt, the bitterness of death.

Meantime the fanning breeze and light of heaven  
subdued

By the enfolding cloud and sparkling dews  
Of white-robed Mercy rising from the poles,  
Enshrouding all; and lightly floating o'er  
The dark encircling zone of frantic hate  
Which rose sublimed from the abyss to prove  
The potency of wrath; of Justice sealed withal:

Against the day of Judgment; triumph yet!  
 Was the proud maniac's thought,—as covering now  
 The high circumference, and circling slow  
 A trailing monstrous shadow in the rack,  
 The fleecy cloud-rack filling the serene,  
 He dreamed was Mercy's sanction of his lust,  
 Thus massed upon the equator; while heaven's constant  
 light,

Resting intently on the steady poles disclosed  
 The sleeping life of Justice laid to rest.  
 The earth now bared to its reviving rays  
 Through all its circles to the central zone;  
 Which quickly answered with a lavish rush  
 Of an impassive life of densest green  
 In blade and branching tree; a living shade  
 Springing at once and clothing all the ground.  
 Here raised aloft as if to kiss the clouds;  
 There where the waters rest, a sickening mass  
 Of tangled deeper green; the deadly hue  
 Of poisonous corruption, working death!  
 The one result of life's consent to wrong.  
 Thus covering all the terrene ball, at once  
 Towering it rose; miasma of the grave:  
 With crowded stem on stem and spreading branch,  
 A thick umbrageous shade of rankest green;  
 With blossom and with fruit, whose grosser forms  
 Gave promise of gigantic, monstrous growth,  
 A deadly Upas! weeping life in death:  
 Choking out herb and tree, with flower and seed  
 Drinking the dews of heaven, and sending forth  
 Rank exhalations with malarious breath,  
 Devouring all, and breeding reptile life;  
 More horrible than that the waters laved:  
 These watchful to destroy, those rushing to devour

All signs of life,—the sacrifice of death;  
Triumphant now on earth and in the deep.  
Then came again the word Omnipotent !  
Pulsing in every heart with quickening power.

Now be the firmament of cloud dissolved,  
And broken fall away this circling zone,  
That day and night may rule, each with its light  
Numbering the seasons of the circling year :  
And purged once more of this insensate rage,  
Whose dull metallic mastery yet prevails,  
To rob the grave of rest : let peace now reign  
On earth as in the heavens, assuring all  
Of our fixed purpose to restore our light  
In peace and truth confirmed forevermore.  
Without resentment of his fall we judge,  
Or pause in the high duties of our sphere,  
The centre of our Life,—the Truth of God !  
That fall itself insures his chastisement  
Of Equity in Truth and Justice held  
Supreme in all our Spheres ; in Judgment and of Right,  
The peaceful law, of him who rules our King  
In each progressive change forevermore  
In earth and heaven, "THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS!"  
And calleth now for that high Baptism  
Of living light which shall again inspire,  
Fuse and unfold our life as one in all  
To fill this solar system and lead on  
Between the opening ranks of guardian Seraphim ;  
Those watchful stars approving and approved  
Giving, at length, the evil to the winds,  
To bear it hence, unto the place prepared ;  
And, purged of judgment, holding fast the good ;  
Awaking to repel this troubled dream of death.  
This baleful fire of hell, in feud and strife,

The lust-consuming grave shall pass away,  
 With that red planet and his rueful mate,  
 Our fickle satellite, constant alone in change,  
 From light to shadow ; clinging to the shade  
 Of his obstructive power which gave her life  
 And an unhallowed love of foul incest ;  
 Now doubtful and recalcitrant too late :  
 For, lo ! already casting off the vestals given,  
 To hide his shame and purify his rage,  
 Naked and molten in his wrath he comes,  
 To claim his daughter bride with rage profane  
 Who, merciless, corrupted Mercy's life,  
 And for him played the whore, even in her father's house.  
 Aye, on his bed of death and died with him  
 Her shell the refuge of our damned until  
 The Just shall judge the earth and these again rebel,

Thus by two days we yet anticipate  
 The work, and its accomplished purpose, end ;  
 The restoration of light, life, and joy ;  
 The dissolution of the pit and grave,  
 And giving to the void, this slavish fear,  
 This death we dread, a disembodied shade ;  
 With all who reverence not, nor dare sustain  
 The Equity of life, the purity of light, of truth and love,  
 But triumph over and abase the gift,  
 The Almighty in his justice hath made free,  
 To all, freely to hold or to refuse in death :  
 But holding, to respect in all, and give it scope  
 By deeds, its just integrity to prove  
 Relying on God's life within itself  
 And seeking none to help or save ; which here,  
 Is to invite subjection, treachery, destroyers to devour ;  
 And he who needs a Saviour is condemned  
 Of his own heart already ; nor will God,

Accept an intercessor for his guilt ;  
Save, to give space and expurgative power  
For final effort to sustain his truth,  
By high example of integrity ;  
And faith as firm as the unyielding rock  
Against the fires of hell, that rent and scorched in vain !  
And were belched forth upon the void, as now  
The damned, infernal brood of hell, excess.

Thus, when the "Son of Man" no more could lead  
The sac and belly in its selfish round  
Of blood-besotted, pentecostal life ;  
The enjoyment of its bread and wine, its venison,  
"I go, that place may be prepared for you," he said,  
Not hence, but here ; for here his power prevails,  
Here, on the living Rock, his mansion's built,  
Its dome pure Equity, in Righteousness  
Established, and upheld of Truth and Peace and Love  
Eternal in the heavens ; our Sphere restored  
In all its primal beauty, breadth and height ;  
The New Jerusalem, walled on stones of fire,  
Its every gate a pearl ; equal and square  
In all its just dimensions, streets throughout  
Paved with the golden light of love and Truth,—  
Clear Truth, the silvery crystal stream of life  
Filling the centre, in the height and breadth  
Of all its fair circumference without change  
Cooling and free : the presence of our God !  
Its living light sustaining all, in all,  
The same full, pure, unborrowed, taxless life ;  
Needing no more sun, moon, nor star, to light,  
Priesthood nor King to lead, our "Righteousness"  
Henceforth the living head, Right, King and Lord of all ;  
Our Living and Salvation evermore ;  
Titheless ; itself, our offering, our life, our all.

His Righteousness, for whoredom cast away,  
Our God forsakes and to her idols leaves  
The groaning earth until she see and hear :  
Withdraws his living presence lest restraint  
Should mar his purpose and its perfect work  
To approve or, justly on its merits, to condemn,  
All life ; every embodied purpose of the soul,  
As it is in itself held pure and good  
Or slavish and enslaving ; daring to oppress  
Or servilely submitting to the wrong  
Of the oppressor ; impudent as proud,  
Impotent as unjust ; a thing of lust and shame,  
The earth refuseth any more to bear.

All flesh shall pass away ; the "beast" shall be no  
more.

It gives its priest a living and he saves  
Whose soul ? his own a single, passing day :  
That in the eternal dawn he may go out  
An empty falsehood, a dead curse for aye !  
Thus the false prophet and the beast are given  
Together to the pit ; and Satan bound  
Disturbs no more, until the Just prepare  
The Earth for Judgment ; and "the Lord" our Right  
Resumes in "Righteousness" his ancient reign.  
Thus heaven and Earth arranged as now we see  
With sun and stars and planetary sphere,  
Adapted to the purpose of God's life and light ;  
The unbelted earth released and the dead moon,  
The shadow of the Evil still in view ;  
And her red paramour betrayed of night ;  
All thus made clear in heaven, the Sons of God  
Shouting aloud for Joy ! anticipate the day ;  
When their blood-altared earth her time fulfilled  
Shall lead, as we have seen, the host of night

Through Everlasting gates to God's pure light—  
And give all ample space for warning heed,  
Full understanding of our life and law,  
So far as it concerneth each to know  
Our purpose and his duty to all life,  
Which we maintain as equal and supreme  
In all against all wrong, with patience to endure  
Or to resist, with understanding purpose to secure  
Integrity and peace, the right of all ;  
With stern subjection and unpitied woe  
To the unjust aggressor. With mine own hand, I've  
said

Violence I will repay, and make all life requite  
Murder with murder, strife with conquering strife ;  
And blood I will avenge with blood upon his head  
Who shall profanely touch "The tree of Life"  
With violence or corruption. Yea, he shall surely die,  
Nor live to see to-morrow's light who dares  
To prostitute or to destroy the soul.  
We give to this redemption of our Right  
In heaven and earth ; these worlds, this sensual frame,—  
The test of our Humanity and Truth.  
The death he would inflict shall overtake  
And hold his soul forever from the reach  
Of any ransom till his deeds effaced,  
The sole release our life accepts of life.

So shall our purpose stand and confidence  
Inspire the living soul to glean and reap  
And taste the fruits of paradise,—Equality of all ;  
Nor for infernal mastery more contend,  
This lordly slavery of death and hell ; but know  
The evil from the good, and understand  
Life must depend on Right upon this Earth,  
As in the heavens upon our living Truth ;

Of Justice purged sustained of Equity,  
 Each in their separate sphere our Lord and God :  
 Justice in Truth and Equity in Right,  
 The Immortal Father and Eternal Son,  
 Wedded together to give Life,—our Life !  
 Freely to all, as she herself would live :  
 Within our paradise where she prepares  
 In heaven and earth her service in our Truth,  
 Which trieth all ; yea, every soul that breathes  
 Rebellious or profane or simply good ;  
 Anew embodied in our crystal light,  
 In ever-changing forms to fill the void,  
 And blot its desolation from our spheres.  
 In Right of Equity, our Justice must demand  
 Of each the proper sustenance of all  
 He would embody as a living soul,  
 First in himself and then in all his seed,  
 Without the sacrifice of aught that breathes  
 The light of heaven, and giving room to all  
 Freely to live as life itself is free,  
 And fills our Being with Immortal joy.  
 That all may prove, now in the sight of all,  
 The fruit of quiet obedience and obey  
 With heart and soul, as life requires of life ;  
 Without oppression or encroach upon  
 The Right of others, equal in the range  
 Of light and good, accorded thus to all ;  
 And without subterfuge of death or hell,  
 Of Tithe or offering ; to the Sacrifice  
 Of Equity, of Justice, Right, Truth, Life ;  
 That dogs may live in riot and in lust,  
 And apes should chatter in their impotence  
 Before high heaven, in mimicry of life  
 Forever and a day. Therefore this fall of Right,



This mortal force presuming on its weight,  
Which sought our wrong and preyed upon our life  
Even in the light of the eternal throne,  
Our Justice and our Judgment thus to Justify  
In Equity and Truth. Therefore those banded hosts  
That fill the heavens of this dead force betrayed  
And swept away with helpless impotence  
Of falling power, obstruction's baleful reign ;  
Enslaved of death, now trembling in suspense ;  
Of final judgment and the just award,  
Of our eternal Right thus to sustain  
Those Three in one, Right, Truth, and Life ;  
In Equity and Justice, Light and Love,  
Immortal and Omnipotent. Our Equity  
Is trampled under foot ; on Justice we rely,  
Whose sterner rule on high holds all to merit  
In this mortal sphere, gives Immortality  
Its glory and its crown ; gives balanced Right  
In Mercy and in Judgment to prevail,  
With Truth and Life, in all inscrutable,  
To rule unchallenged evermore again,  
And in the Eternal spheres give all free choice  
Of action or of rest, of service high  
Or dead forgetfulness, of duty life,  
Till the great Jubilee restoreth all  
Who seek return and life, refused to none  
Who will respect her principles and fear  
Corruption and the lust of power,—hypocrisy,  
Hate, wrong, iniquity, and guilt, as death ;  
Lying familiars of his scorn and pride,  
Empty as false and impotent as vain,  
Imaginations all,—the graven images  
Of Lust and Levity's lewd, wizard power.  
And therefore shall they say in time to come,

Behold the Wisdom of the East embalmed  
 From Lebanon to Ararat and farthest Ind  
 From chaste Damascus, where the sacred dog,  
 The witness of the wrong this circumcision heals,  
 Shall prowl at large, to Doorga's mocking shrine,  
 Where Monkey-formed idolatry prevails ;  
 But in contempt and high resolve maintained  
 Of those who worship only Truth and Life,  
 Who have refused in death and hell to bow  
 To the oppressor or to kiss his rod ;  
 Yet subject held while north and west abase  
 That manhood and humanity our Christ shall bear  
 Six thousand years their sufferer, in mockery crowned  
 And spit upon ; aye, scourged and crucified,  
 Until the seventh auspicious day hath twice  
 Darkened unto the dawn, and fails the obstructive host.

He spoke ; and beating eastward from the poles  
 Arose our winged hosts, urging the laggard clouds  
 Against the high circumference full upon  
 The falling tidal wave, whose backward crest  
 And forward lapsing in fresh vapors gave  
 A ponderous volume to the mass of clouds,  
 Dissolving them in showers upon the waste  
 Of stretching, towering, forest-tangled life ;  
 Whose thirsty leaves absorbed and gave them back  
 A sickly brooding host, to rise no more  
 Above the umbrageous foliage of their shade ;  
 But pregnant, trailing on the ground they breed  
 Unwholesome vapors and strange forms of life,  
 Foul, poisonous, and abhorrent : vipers dire,  
 The trailing serpent ; and the venomous brood  
 Of hissing adder life ; the serous blood  
 Of reptile mailed and bloated ; leprous as the pit,  
 And hooded dragons of imperial strain ;

The scorpion, cockatrice, and creeping thing  
In million forms of hopeless and abject ;  
The loathsome crowd of spiders, bat, and asp,  
All that is left to him of vital force ;  
Whose boastful words of yesterday profaned  
The name and hosts of the Invisible ; His Throne :  
All life ; all purity ; all peace ; all Truth ;  
Justice and Judgment, Right : deflowering and destroying  
Equity ;  
Giving the healing font of God's pure light,  
To this accursed death, this fire of hell,  
Which kindleth in our blood the moving soul ;  
Of animal existence living death ;  
Given for the exercise of high control,  
The wisdom, providence, and power of God ;  
Which tames, inspires, in boundless realms of space,  
This dull material lordship we obey ;  
In serving rottenness, corruption, death,  
This flesh and blood which springeth from the worm  
Whose senseless arrogance presumed to touch  
The work of the Eternal, Living One ;  
With incandescent spark, the infernal wrath ;  
The desolation of cold mortal strife :  
And in its maniac madness would consume  
A full third part, the intermediate sphere,—  
Of equal, active, purifying life,  
In the immortal mansions of the blessed  
Where goodness reigns ; our God : where yet his throne  
Is visible, his glory and his power is shared of all ;  
Who seek to help, be Israelites, indeed,  
To all ; the quickening power of his pure life,  
His Truth and love is open as the day  
The eye beholds : But turning on itself  
'Tis dark and void, inscrutable as thought ;

Which yet doth measure, lead, and govern all.  
 Save to the murderous, destroying touch  
 Of blank obstruction, guilt, suspicious hate ;  
 Wilful desire, corrupt excess, or passive dissolution,—  
 Giving back to death, this sickly, dead array of fetid  
     forms ;

Trembling and hesitant, concealed, impure ;  
 Deadly and venomous as hate or guilt  
 The sting of death ; that hisseth, strikes in fear ;  
 Knowing that vengeance but inviteth wrong,  
 And coiled in mimic death, obstruction's curse ;  
 The sad protection of their desolate life,  
 From the devouring foe—perverted Right—  
 Hypocrisy, the lie of ignorance, of guilt, and shame,  
 The arch apostate, felon of our state ;  
 Dead matter striving against life in fear,  
 Whose passive, rescued victims, men yet move,  
 Polluted and felonious ; ravenous as their sire  
 Whose impress gives them instinct ; instinct, dread,  
 Aggressive habit : Habit an assimilated form  
 Compounded dead : the prey of mad abuse  
 Forbidden fruit ; and principle divorced  
 For la, and lo ! the wisdom of our state.  
 Self-adulation, blank idolatry,  
 The letter of all license, insolence, and wrong.  
 Omnipotence of selfishness ; dire witness of all woe,  
 Exactor and enactor, builder of all guilt :  
 The shame of death, decay, and rottenness,—  
 A boastful pride hath wrought to its own fall :  
 That all may see and know, hold fast and fear,  
 Nor falter in the punishment of guilt,  
 Nor dread the power of death : the broken reed  
 Of Kishon's thirsty brook ; exhaustion of desire,  
 Whose waters spent or stagnant or a flood

Devour, and only can devour our life,  
An endless wish, dead pool, or torrent wild,  
Swollen, and remorseless as the vasty deep ;  
Whose belly is its all ; its heaven and hell :  
Its paradise and God ; its misery and its curse,  
Devouring and unsatisfied for aye.  
Nor dead, nor yet alive ; undying, restless, doomed,  
The soul of death to rage like wickedness,  
Be false as guilt, hate like hypocrisy  
The grave and hell ; embodiments of strife ;  
Confusion and destruction, chaos, void.  
Revealed that all may their true level find  
And know their proper Right, and hold their place :  
Be taught to understand, selfish idolatry,  
Personal, imaginary good, is ill.  
Illuring witchery, false, unfathomable woe !  
The sum of all, yet suffered or now feared,  
With superstitious dread, a latent blasphemy,  
Godless, abhorred of life ; all that is left of good.  
Thus now the light prevailed, and impure life and  
leaf  
Drooped in its piercing ray ; nor cloud nor breeze,  
Nor Mercy's healing waters could avail  
Against its feverish heat. Our kindling hosts,  
With the fierce lightnings played familiar and secure,  
Deep mutterings would disturb the troubled earth ;  
And now it trembling to its centre quaked :  
Heaved, burst, belched forth its sickly flame once more,  
Pale, flickering, and impure, with ashes fed,  
Glaring upon the night, a funeral pyre,  
Darkness made hideous with a moving dread.  
More dark and fell, than aught obstruction's shadow can  
expose,  
Felt ruin's wasteful form ; of lightning ruled ;

That flashed, dispersing the fast mustering host  
Of gloomy discontent and dull reviving rage.

Then from the polar south came up once more  
The roar and crash of the devouring fire,  
Charging with smoke and flame as chaos rose,  
Involving all the hemisphere in gloom ;  
And west and northward spreading high and far  
Red ruin's hated ensign fire and brass ;  
A world at war within itself ! a prey,  
To the devouring wrath of its own heart.  
Then stooping low, and pressing east and south,  
Quick mustering from the further pole rushed on  
Our stormy borean hosts with succor charged.  
And as the right of the devouring flame, pursued  
By heated Eorus and the fiercer south,  
Sweeping the ashes, heaping coals of fire,  
A whirlwind of swift ruin on their head,  
Pressed as the high circumference ; our cooler force  
Struck at their base ; tossing the waters of the central sea  
Full o'er their further shore, and forcing round  
The encircling zone on high, at once beyond,  
The forward balance of the rolling ball ;  
Collapsed it fell away, back and beneath ;  
Its broken sections crossing and caught up,  
An empty basin lined with glistening pearl,  
And following in the wake of the released  
Oscissilating earth ; a censer cool, for sacrificial life,  
Where it may burn its incense evermore,  
While waiting to be judged, and fall again  
Condemned according to its deed ; go out,  
With death and hell, beyond the further sphere  
Of sleepless Justice ; to be taught the Right,  
And hear the call of Jubilee and return !—  
Return and answer to high duty's call,

Of saving help in all ; not sacrifice,  
Responsive and obedient ! Can it be?—  
Error and wrong, iniquity and lust,  
Are shadows on the void, henceforth for aye :  
Pale, raving maniacs ; wanderers deaf and blind  
Without the power of living or of rest !  
Their yea, forever nay : Ghosts of the nations that can be  
but lost ;  
They wring their blood-stained hands and rush amain,  
Rending their wealth of hair and muttering nay !  
The nation rules ; the nation wills it so !  
Even as in chaos and in hell they strove :  
Lost to return—No ! never, nevermore.  
Their hope would be eternal death to all ;  
Oppression, war, deformity, as now,  
The belly and the sac forevermore ;  
Cold, hunger, and the grave, the crouching slave,  
Proud, isolating selfishness, the empty boast,  
Confusion, desolation, and the void.  
No ; all that worship shall go out to them  
Harmless in rigid Judgment's high domain,  
Their life their prey and misery its all !  
They live in mad idolatry, self-will their law,  
Their rule of action this avenging hate  
Which sought to lord it over heaven and earth,  
O'ermastering Lord and God, and Life and Love ;  
And ending in obstruction and all woe.  
Woe to the just whose hand forbade the stroke  
Of forward Judgment till repentance came, and light ;  
Woe to the suffering meek ; woe to the proud ;  
Woe, woe, to all hypocrisy and wrong !  
Iniquity, injustice, wickedness ; their proper doom  
Recorded in this death : the separation of all willfulness  
The test of self-sufficiency, the vanity of all.

Remorseless cruelty and fatal dread !  
 Of blind usurping violence, the impotent rage  
 Of ignorance and doubt, and helpless guilt ;  
 Working its own damnation, till alone  
 Its dragon, reptile, brutish life appears.  
 Incapable of all save cowardly dread  
 Of light and life, the good it hath abased,  
 But nevermore can know or harm again,  
 In utter impotence ; licking the dust,  
 And blazoning its shame upon the void ;  
 The mockery of its heartless worshipers  
 In sight of all, the living and the dead.  
 A warning and reproach, enduring as the life  
 It sought to ravish, and to rule, corrupt, defame ;  
 Forever, helpless, to destroy or save.

Thus backward and southwest the pale, cold moon  
 Suspended fell ; a lifeless shell, refuge of soulless ghosts,  
 The last encircling girdle of the pomp  
 And emptiness of evil's boastful power ;  
 Dependent clinging to her living prey,  
 She floats in impotence unseen of all,  
 Save in the shadow she so loved and nursed ;  
 Her all of being waste, a ghostly shade !  
 A monument of guilt whose seasons yet  
 Hold their high carnival and feasts of blood,  
 Among the moon-struck natives of the earth,  
 Which fall to rise no more ; yet still refuse  
 The law of Equity and Judgment's rule,  
 The counsel of the Just, the principle of life,  
 Immortal ; constituted pure and good !  
 The saving power of God's humanity,  
 Which can alone redeem from death and hell  
 And stand secure in trial's conquering hour :  
 And still say nay ; a nation we will be



A law unto ourselves ; the law of death !  
By violence and oppression that would live,  
In wrong iniquity and servile guilt.  
Give us a king ; to go before us and in battle lead  
To welcome all to hospitable graves,  
In earth not yours ; poor tremblers of an hour !  
Who will not " bay the moon," by your decree ?  
And fall before the Idòl of your power,  
The vapor of destruction, breathing death !  
Give tithes and life in honor of your god,  
The great imagination of the hour,  
Centering within yourselves ; your image,  
Yours ! the graven image of your conquering lust.  
The belly and the eye ; the touch and taste  
Of tender life, the covering of its skins in purple dyed,  
The crimson of its blood, when agony  
Gives place to joy and triumph, and the grave,  
Concealing all, gives you to rule and ruin at your will,  
And work your own destruction, governed thus  
Of death and hell ; on death and hell ye rest,  
And seek the grave ; in confidence that He  
Who made you this, hath other worlds in store,  
The deadly Hecatombs of wrath and waste,  
The bodies of his dead, his ashes, dust ;  
Life must inspire or yield her unto death !  
Abundant blood, to feed his torturing soul  
For scourge and gallows, sword and leaden death,  
When daring to assail or question his good right,  
Whose baseness dares to prostitute, oppress,  
And master all who yield to violence ;  
In royal honor and in sacred love !  
Of that proud lordship, all in heart adore,  
And seek as their salvation ! prostituting life  
Integrity and Judgment all that's good ;

That evil may devour and lust profane  
 God's life and the high heaven sustaining all ;  
 With equal Justice, equal Truth, and Love,  
 In righteousness and peace, in light and joy ;  
 And knowing not his blessing, hid the curse,  
 Give death to reign and hell to be their home,  
 Their earthly refuge planetary shades ;  
 All that in life remains of the fair sphere,  
 Of equity and right, a wilderness and desolate evermore.  
 So soundeth to the heart the perverse boast,  
 Of our destroying Right, thus echoing still,  
 Down through the ages to this darkening hour,  
 The prelude of the dawn our labors bring.

The waters now released their sickening life  
 Gasping and horrible we leave behind  
 To the fierce broiling heat, as south and eastward pours  
 Their cooler tide, wrapping, enfolding all,  
 In cloudy vapors and sweet healing dews,  
 Even in the agony of this trying hour !  
 And turning short, and striking high we rose  
 With fiercer lightnings hurling down once more  
 The towering fumes of guilt's infernal strife ;  
 Then stooping to the ground swept on to cheer  
 Our heated hosts ; whose toiling northern wing,  
 Now resting on the high circumference o'erleaped,  
 The broad forsaken channel of the deep,  
 Rending the rocks and licking up the rack  
 Of trailing sea-weed, treasured pearl and shell ;  
 Still beating northward to the further pole,  
 While now our centre stormed, and rent in twain,  
 The highway of the waters, which she held  
 Under her shadowy zone, and still controls,  
 And leveling all, or cone, or bluff, or isolated peak ;  
 And pouring down their full reserves, urge on

Our western wing, swift scouring now around  
The high equator, the bold chosen seat  
Of ridge and pinnacle and fence of power ;  
And sweeping cleared the Southern Hemisphere  
For the fast-closing flood whose trooping clouds  
And cooling tide condensed the quivering ball  
Now trembling to its centre ; plunging, rolling, spent,  
A thing unpillared, tossed upon the void ;  
Cradled in smoke and flame, cloud, darkness, and the night,  
Another chaos, straining the ribbed rock,  
And churning and awakening the abyss,  
To its last vomit and a full discharge  
Of all corrosive and metallic power, the leprosy of death,  
Loathed of the light and of the lightnings hurled  
Back to the Pit from the clear firmament, their kindling  
charge.

Now, circling all the northern hemisphere  
And rising south and westward from the pole,  
Urging the force of backward-circling tides,  
Our tireless hosts press on their finished course,  
Narrowing the circle of the desperate strife,  
Climbing the far Siberian steppes, and thence,  
With maddening whirl, the envolving cyclone's rage,  
Rending, uprooting all, and rolling back  
The bursting tide of the abyss, which rose  
Livid with rage against our fiercer light ;  
Blind, towering high, and toppling, backward fell,  
When the three continents now hemmed his power,  
Which, surging northward in its cavernous depths  
As our more furious hosts closed round, discharged  
Their flaming burden through the arctic zone ;  
Belched forth with a recoil which shook the earth  
From centre to circumference ; as it reeled,  
Drunken and staggering in its course and plunged,

Collapsing on its centre, to this hour  
 Rolling obliquely, swerving from the pole,  
 As it bowed, stooping 'neath the full discharge  
 Of the red, molten, perilous abyss.  
 Now plunged upon the void, naked and vast,  
 Covered with ashes and the burning wreck  
 Of the fierce, final conflict to involve,  
 And hold the earth the furnace of his power,  
 Upheaving from the wreck, the vomit of her death,  
 Tossed, seething, liquid, with the burning blood  
 The ensanguine flood of his chaotic life,  
 Formless and void, devouring evermore.  
 Now cast away forever a dead soul  
 Without a healing or adhesive life,  
 Extinguished and absorbed in smoke and flame,  
 A sightless rolling ball, and with the earth the seventh,  
 Which waits upon the sun's dissolving ray,  
 His outcast vestals order fruitfulness,  
 With health and peace, the blessers of our life,  
 Divorced and moving in a separate sphere,  
 Heated and unannealed, the hungry Mars  
 Now preys upon himself in Equity,  
 Till, weary of destruction, strife of hell,  
 By stern Experience and high justice taught,  
 The end is bitterness and death; the curse  
 Of desolation, endless dread, a fear,—  
 The fearful expectation of that end  
 He seeks, yet shuns, in secret dread of worse,  
 Intenser horror, sickening, loathsome hate,  
 Dull, fathomless, refusing to conceive,  
 Invention dead, their leader, King accursed.

Aye, death we know; hell and the grave is ours,  
 With an appointed end—the triumph of God's life—  
 To raise the dead and bloom upon the grave.

But, with the maniac's mocking laugh, he shouts,  
Annihilation ! It is naught. No visionary's dream  
Can touch or brook the curse of nothingness !  
Unwished, unfear'd ; ending where it began,  
In impotence, sad helplessness, the utter lack of power ;  
The baffled howl of loss, all loss ! thirst, emptiness ;  
Without even death to follow or pursue,  
Secret nor shadow moving on the void  
Of hopeless, blank abandonment, despair.  
Ah, then, how sweet is life, a very God !  
How terrible, how cruel, accursed this death !  
This soul-destroying form of mortal strife,  
Which Justice holds before obstructive power ;  
The violence of force, the insane idolatry,  
The driveling of pride ; the imagery  
Of a vain egotism, sacrificing life  
For souls already dead or doomed to die ;  
By their own helplessness, which cannot save ;  
The swelling pomp, the show of emptiness ;  
The endless weaving, colorless abuse,  
Of the imperial purple murder folds,  
With clot'd arms, around her votaries ;  
Companions of the wolf, which gnaws the bone  
To-morrow and to-morrow, evermore ;  
On barren steppes and unavailing heights  
Howling, unanswered, to unpitying winds,  
Whose crystal hosts ascend to sleep in peace  
In the pure snow wreaths, till the voice of spring  
Awaken them again in leaping floods to pour  
Quick irrigating life o'er field and plain  
Industriously ; to people and to clothe the earth  
In living green ; no more the sickening hue  
Of fell disease, poison of mortal hate ;  
But with veined leaf and blushing flower, fair fruit,

Such as in paradise our happier life  
 Puts forth to lure the wandering of desire,  
 And train the æsthetic taste, which points all thought  
 To beauty and to joy, to peace and truth ;  
 The essence of all loveliness, all healing power !  
 The life and light of heaven ; sent forth supreme,  
 To quicken and inspire, and to confirm love's reign  
 Enduring ; and immortal ! ever young and free ;  
 Forever fresh and new ; daily renewed with every glance of  
 joy.

Thus fell our Mars and Moon, the third last looming pair  
 Of planetary being separated  
 To strife and judgment ; thrown upon the void  
 To cool and balance and to know their wants ;  
 Whose union now we wait to lead again  
 The order of return, release our damned  
 To further trial and to final doom ;  
 Saved or expelled from God's pure heaven renewed.

Now all is changed : upon the surface thrown  
 A higher, purer, uncreated life  
 By Mercy's power prevails and breathes in all.  
 Where he fell backward ; prone, between the continents,  
 As from the heavens before the first assault  
 Of our seraphic hosts ; there, westward heaves  
 The archipelago its mountain heads  
 O'er the encroaching flood that quenched the pit ;  
 Before high Lebanon stretched and spreading far  
 From Atlas to the mountains of the moon ;  
 From which she fell away to the southwest ;  
 While from the south they pressed his molten heart  
 And hurled it forth forever, powerless dead ;  
 Naked and dread, upon the void to cool.  
 And anchored fast before the north and east,  
 Where late the central flood flowed broad between ;

And leaving to the west and south the gulph  
Torn to the liquid centre, whence the sons  
Of Mercy now in darkness build again ;  
Under the covering of transparent depths,  
And heal the wound his scorching belt hath left,  
The waters bearing to their hands prepared  
The substance of their toil, from North, South, East, and  
West.

To raise a continent where his liquid fire  
Scalded to hard repellent rock earth's frame ;  
Which now must be released and healed, subdued ;  
To quiet and swift obedience, without fear  
Of his infernal power which wrought this woe ;  
And stern resolve of everlasting death,  
Against his horrid reign and desperate rage  
Now cooling on the void its brazen front :  
His heart untouched with feeling of the Right,  
Of Truth and Justice, Equity and Love.

There first our sweeping Northern hosts sustained  
The fiery South and long-enduring East,  
Which warring waits the dawn and with the sun  
Gives light and life to the far-struggling West ;  
Wave upon wave, to isle and continent,  
As rising from the deep they claim her care.  
Or give them refuge from the war of death :  
Till life shall no more flow in seas of blood,  
Red and belligerent, clotted and absorbed ;  
As now, of selfish brutes ; doubting Idolatrous—  
Savage as hell ! the womb which gave them birth ;  
Nor fugitive and soaring in the clouds  
Of brained Invention, like the winged tribes  
That from the tyrants of the deep escaped  
To the clear atmosphere's avenging light ;  
But finding there nor prey, nor rest, return.

So their unsettled souls roam, search, in vain  
 For healing and for good ; and wedded to this strife  
 Determine like the monsters of the deep,—  
 To live and to devour : Run down the weak  
 And flood the grave, as these the ocean stain  
 With hungry orgies of devouring death ;  
 As soon their carcasses shall fill the pit  
 With stench and rottenness, the fame of blood :  
 That spreads in spring and wave of atmosphere and flood  
 Of healing Mercy's searching, soothing tide ;  
 Now therefore given to salt—the bitterness of death ;  
 Till spirit, soul, and broken body healed,  
 Inspired as One and filling all our spheres  
 With life—not bleeding, blind, and maimed Humanity,  
 Half living and half dead ; a murderous dream !  
 The Christ of God yet daily crucified ;  
 By devils in the shape of men, thus dead.  
 But the approving Truth of Equity—  
 In life unsearchable, in Justice known as good—  
 The One in all ; inspiring all as one :  
 The living God ! the Father, Husband, Friend.  
 Unsexed and sexing all with one desire,  
 Of the Supreme and Living Good for aye :  
 In one pure element—the Light of Truth,  
 The Life of God embodying, kindling all  
 With heart and soul of peaceful, pure desire,  
 One Universal Lord : One Living God !  
 Life, Truth, and Right ; Eternal in themselves and One  
     in all ;  
 The Mother, Father, Son, our Lord and God,  
 Father and Mother ; Truth and Justice high :  
 With Equity the helpmeet of our Right ;  
 Upholding Righteousness in Paradise,  
 The healing Human sphere of Heavenly Truth ;



The Father, Mother, friend ; the all in all !  
To quicken, to approve, and heal at once,  
In Justice as in Equity and Right,  
O'er Judgment's broad domain, to lead our life—  
Let it go out, and for itself approve ;  
Its Truth and Right in that which quickeneth all,  
Integrity of Being ; perfect good.  
Not selfishness—Idolatry : but shielding all  
Against the priesthood giving nations law ;  
Against the nations by that law condemned  
And perishing beneath its curse till now ;  
With these their idols on their altars given  
To desolation and the void—their work :  
Their glorious, re-resolved, all-conquering Rome !  
Gravely religious, solemnly unjust ;  
Washing her hands of wrong she hath fulfilled  
And cannot now requite—even with her life :  
Where her injustice can afflict no more,  
And her iniquity no more oppress ;  
Her place and substance to another given.

So runs this involution from the fall  
Of heaven's pure crystal life to the last stage  
Of planetary being close of this third day ;  
When the exhausted earth of soul bereft,  
Robbed of endurance and metallic strength ;  
From calcined dust and ashes of the rock,  
Cleansed by the dews of Mercy's sweat of blood,  
Gives forth a sweeter savor ; incense pure,  
Without a taint of sacrificial fire,  
That robes her tried and saved at length in light ;  
Answering to sun and star with glad acclaim  
Which, in high response, shout again for joy !  
As with the sunbeams of Truth's searching ray  
And crystal purity, God's life doth try

And separate her own : the stones of fire,  
Which chaos, hell and darkness could not move.

And now the flashing hosts of crystal souls  
Subdued and satisfied give pause to strife ;  
For quick intelligence of human thought  
And keener instinct of discerning power  
To search again the now dissolving rock  
And try its every grain with floods of light,  
As Mercy's love doth permeate, separate all ; .  
Weigh, balance, float and flood, all to the deep ;  
Lest, broken and impure, the sunlight touch,  
And wake to life again ere well prepared  
And see it fall to lust and strife once more  
And give its soul to the rank blood of death,  
That tries again a part and proveth all.

As when from fiery breath and smoke of hell at first,  
A dragon brood in sublimated sheen  
Of blazing metals gorgeously arrayed,  
Flashed out upon the sunlight and expired ;  
Leaving as resilience the ant and bee,  
Preserved of labor to the latest hour  
Instinct with knowledge, the quick sense of right ;  
Without inventive brain or conscious heart,  
To dissipate or to mislead their aim  
By wandering of desire or lust of power.

Then in the floods of her own crystal life  
Sweet Mercy laved at once the quickening germ  
And cooled the turbulent desires of death ;  
Destruction, sacrificial rage of wrong ;  
O'erstepping Justice in its vengeful strife,  
Trampling on Equity to feed its hate  
And kindling hell again in realms of sense ;  
Without discrimination, using sight  
To light it on the prey it would devour,

With instruments of death to feed the maw  
Of bellied want, and waste of mortal lust ;  
The license of desire, the rage of death,  
Destroying wrath, consumption of the grave.

Thus were the waters of our mercy's life,  
First peopled and afflicted of foul wrong ;  
And in the slime of the fast mouldering rock  
A reptile brood, dull trailing and obscene ;  
Of crocodile and serpent, poisonous asp,  
Too wise to expose to maiming hand or foot,  
And watching gliding silent on their prey,  
They crush in nervous folds of coiling strength ;  
Devouring all, they live before us still,  
In channeled brook and in the bellied deep ;  
Given now to salt to purify their blood,  
And cleanse the leprosy of lust and death.  
While gentler spirits winged of anxious fear  
And weary watching upon bank and ledge,  
Sought for escape : and sturdier bestial forms,  
With arm and limb for conflict and support  
Salvation of their souls by force of Right.  
These added wings unto the weight of power,  
Those graze the passive life of herb and tree  
Unsuffering now and of their rankness tamed  
And therefore green and grateful to their tread,  
Which tramples feelers into cloven hoofs  
Of understanding life, they move right on ;  
Changing invention's woof to horns of power  
And scorning flighty arts of brazen strife :  
That in the resonant ass and horsely neigh  
Give vigor to the heel ; and in the brute  
The feline claw and rending canine tooth  
Of lion and of cougar : tribes involved,  
Till puppies, puling cats alone remain,

To mock and wail the license of their wrong :  
Of hunting mousing industry preserved.

In all the mammal instinct, Mercy's life  
Inspired parental feeling, love of good  
Have wedded male and female, to the task  
Of mutual preservation, saving life ;  
Uptil at length the horn and hoof gives place  
To the clothed foot and cultivated brain,  
The dome of thought behind the steady eye  
That burns secure—and marks all vanity,  
Vexation, trouble, wrong, and guilt, and death ;  
That seeks in masonry the rest of life,  
Whose law is liberty and active good.

First in the rock and grove the murderer fortified,  
To gathering strength, came forth a hungry bear,  
Then as the yielding branches felt the weight  
Of general license in the forest glades,  
And altared groves of lust, whose resilience  
Is monkey and gorilla, mocking monstrous things,  
He spread his tents, she wove the pendent leaves  
For covering of her brood and shelter from the night ;  
And soon, with daintier taste, the planter came  
And care and kinds established life began,  
Its Godlike course, to separate the good ;  
And wiser husbandry led forth his spouse,  
The teacher of all arts, preserving life ;  
And spread around her choice of herb and tree,  
Whose fruit should tempt her young desire to rest,  
And wed her to sustain his life at home ;  
And give him name and issue in the earth ;  
By constant involution from the rock,  
Enslaving all her seed to feed his maw ;  
Be prey and quarry to his murderous touch :  
His mess of pottage, lust, and love of ease ;

Inertia of this dead material ball ;  
Whose lordship is the load of death, not life.  
Feeding the camel broken of his toil  
A hump-back on the thistles of the waste,  
Urging the ox and ass with goad and spur,  
Trapping the horse with pageantry of pride  
To trample in the dust the human form divine ;  
In foot to haste and hand to guide aright,  
Tempering the tyranny of dependent wrong  
That settles on its lees in bear and wolf,  
So hungry to devour and find repose from want,  
When satisfied, indulging playful mimicry ;  
Lustful indulgence of ungrateful guilt  
Embodied in the monkey tribes that ape  
With foul grimace and dalliance of disgust  
The fit expression of its loathsomeness ;  
The waste of death and horror of the grave,  
Until the just appear and the heavens rule again ;  
Our crystal life released, equipped anew ;  
Established high to see and judge at once,  
And wash away this wrong in the same breath ;  
The murderer and adulterer in the blood  
Of his own prostituted life ; the soul  
Of death and hell in Misriam's waters quenched,  
As before Atlas when old Lebanòn fell,  
And salted depths subdued the pit for aye,  
And Equity and Mercy both withdrawn  
Gave priesthoods at their Altars to expose  
On pillared Sinai's heights of living flame,  
And high Moriah's templar rocks of strife  
Where Jehus, Jerubaal, in Ornan thresh ;  
In Othniel judge, condemned Jerusalem ;  
And bring forth Rome for judgment of the dead :  
With room the priest and noble to condemn,

As upon Calvary, in their fields of blood !  
 That Ishmael's seed, and Edom's branded life ;  
 And sons of Cain, may perish in a day :  
 In sight of all the earth ; their brethren slain.  
 Perished like morning vapors—Right prevail  
 And Justice quick resolve again in heaven,  
 The pomp of reason—planetary power—  
 And human law : and Judgment shall give place  
 To heavenly instinct and all-hearted life—  
 No more to be deceived, misled, enslaved—  
 By cunning casuistry—destroying force ;  
 The vanity of pride, the impotence of power !  
 The blatant oath sustainer of the lie,  
 Embodied in the dogmas of the dead ;  
 Who fear and hate all change—like guilt its punishment.  
 Groaning inertia heaven's stirring light—  
 The flash of the avenging power of Truth.  
 Thus States and Kingdoms, Nations fall away ;  
 Of their own hatred, wrong, involved in death.  
 They seek the license of the murderer,  
 Till Mercy cease to plead ; and die condemned.  
 And leave upon the void as cenotaph  
 The vapor of their wrong and strife and guilt,  
 The living sting—that like the quenchless-light  
 Of Nebula—the never-dying worm  
 Will hold them still a prey : Undying evermore :  
 No more a mystery—but well known, named  
 And nameless things of monstrous secret guilt  
 Now all revealed and blazoned in the heavens  
 In sight of all condemning and condemned,  
 In pit and wood—the bottomless abyss !  
 From which the just escape again on earth—  
 By hearing and obedience of God's Word.  
 As Eden's lord escaped the flood of fire,

When from the South the conquering Amazon ;  
God's Justice clothed in Might of injured Right  
Before high Lebanon stood, sustained of heaven  
And Atlas o'er the northern heights prevailed  
And Misraim's waters quenched the strife of blood  
Till Adam's race in Cain's adulterous seed  
Renewed again the sacrifice of death :  
And bade it desolate till Calvary's height  
The high protest confirmed and quenched all wrath for aye  
As murderous and unjust a lying power,—

So fell at length the first and last proud wave  
Of scheming impotence and higher law ;  
The lustier, happier, independent life  
Of ignorance and falsehood, guilt, shame, hate ;  
Whose ruined Babel fills the heaven with stars,  
The earth with desolation ; ample room  
For hunting Rajah and the Hypocrite  
To ply their traffic in red field and flood,  
Where suffering life mocks and engulphs at once  
The labored triumph of the little hour,  
They bravely waste in violence and wrong ;  
To prove their prowess and their pride of power,  
Their lettered ignorance and courtly hate,  
Unlettered and uncourted evermore :  
Unwalled and desolate, free to roam at large  
And dread in every form a Saracen !  
And float the ensign of the coward and slave  
The fugitive and vagabond, brave in their flight,  
And proud in the defiance of the heel  
Like horse and ass, and soaring eagle bending on his prey.

So flits the comet, so the sluggish wave  
The forward-crest of the abyss laid low,  
Gave its broad-floating carcass to our stroke,  
The spoil of all its labor ; the débris

Of every form of life; of vale and ridge,  
 Of fell and fen, the sea and the abyss;  
 Hell's carnival of shades, redeemed of death,  
 And adding to the refuge of the rock a wider field,  
 Broad Shinar's slimy plain, the first Dead Sea.  
 From sac and belly's mimicry of war,  
 The seething of corruption, which the grave  
 Yet covers from our sight, but not for aye:  
 Its darker secrets shall be all revealed,  
 Its monstrous wickedness aloud proclaimed  
 "From the house-top," this sacred templar ridge  
 Of far Moriah, where the Jebusite  
 In Ornan spread his threshing-floor of old,  
 Its fruit the maimed and blind, the waifs of war,  
 The Bandit Lazarone's unransomed pledge,  
 For his accursed living, loathed of life  
 And spurned of grave and hell: hopeless alike  
 In heaven and earth: justly debarred  
 Of Justice from the void, the damned soul  
 Of tithing priestcraft's false prophetic rage,  
 Whose refuge is the pit, with beastly lust,  
 And the profane accuser's idiot boast  
 Of guilt in God's pure life; because it stands  
 Unfathomed of his sensual soul; its wealth of love  
 Is hid, inscrutable to mortal ken  
 Of darkness or of death, the grave or pit,  
 Of liar and of slave, adulterer, priest, and king:  
 Alike incomprehensible, to vain idolatry and murderous  
 hate.

Yet still it is the natural fruit of Truth,  
 The living Light, the abounding good, the life  
 Undoubting and spontaneous life of all;  
 Of the blood-thirsty hunger of our dead,  
 Who live by prostitution, murder, strife,



As well as of the victims thus enslaved,  
 Of thirstless and unhungering immortality,  
 Whose living is to give its joy to all;  
 Hungering and thirsting only to this end,  
 That all who earnestly desire may live,  
 And perfect the all-being of our God;  
 In Truth and Light, immortal as his love.

Not knowing this, together they are fallen,  
 Body and soul; the girdling zone which fenced  
 His grosser flame from the quick, quenchless ray  
 Of living sunlight, the reflex benign  
 Of all-preserving Truth, immutable as just,  
 In Equity sustaining, kindling all to life.  
 But these the coverer would destroy, devour,  
 And make a prey; taxing all life for living of a day.  
 Therefore his fall as parasite, iniquitous, unjust,  
 Destroying life that he may live and rule  
 Abaddon and Apollyon, dead alike  
 In Hebrew and in Greek, wrathful and murderous,  
 Embracing to devour all living good:  
 To feed their deadly lusts, fulfilling in itself,  
 On its own body, the high, sure decree  
 Of living Truth, "as he hath done so do to him,"  
 Of his own sacrificial felon hand,  
 Destroyed and outcast, captive, vagabond,  
 A sturdy beggar with proud Hormah's fire,  
 And Delphi's sacred rage, oracular,  
 Demanding aid—a hearing—sustenance:  
 Waving the symbols, broken in the moon,  
 And stayed in the abyss, upon whose forward wave  
 Unconsciously they move the froth and surf,  
 Refuse, and ranker scum of planetary life,  
 Boastful and high; impatient and defiant of the wrong  
 Their wrongs have brought upon their heads,

And praying for the life they sacrificed  
 In famed Thermopylæ and on Calvary's height;  
 Our Godlike, dread humanity! to rise again,  
 And save; and make itself their prey  
 Once more forever. It riseth not again,  
 Save as the bush and spring they foul and burn  
 From its own ashes and the conquering heart,  
 The rock and trodden dust, meek worshipers  
 And waiters upon God, laborers for life,  
 Unmurmuring of their fall, unquestioning,  
 And seeking only that their life may be  
 As their own handiwork, peaceful and just and good,  
 Patient and loving, giving joy to life,  
 The gift of God, the measureless reward  
 Of him who giveth rest, and watcheth o'er  
 Their sleep and darkness with a sleepless care,  
 To make the promised resurrection good,  
 So highly certified, so fairly proved;  
 In sun, and star, and planet, with the herb  
 And tree we cultivate; in this fair paradise,  
 Our living Rock, by wicked hands deflowered,  
 And drenched with blood of hell; that devils may devour  
 And prey upon the flesh of their own life, aye with the blood.  
 Spurning the gift of God in the earth's fruits,  
 And with their sacrificial wars and death  
 Perpetuating hell on earth; proud hypocrites!  
 For love of God, and heaven, and peace, and good:  
 The love of him whose high decree ordains  
 That everything produce, and can produce alone,  
 After its kind: heaven, peace, and good;  
 Good, peace, and heaven: the war of hell,  
 And blood, and death; war, death, and hell,  
 And blood; even to their horses' bridles, till the proud,  
 Able to spurn no more, shall fall themselves,

The helpless, passive prey of blood, their own,  
Last deluge of all woe; when God's pure crystal life  
In us shall rise victorious as of old  
In peace and joy; no more driven out, oppressed.  
Of driveling Hypocrite or errant Right,  
Lordship of sac or belly, heat or cold,  
Hunger or thirst, the weariness of hope deferred,  
The strife or sleep of death in chaos lost,  
Babel, Rome, Sodom, or Hierusalem,  
Mastery of Egypt, tithe of Median priest, or Tax  
Of Ammon's power, in king or oligarch,  
In warring Philistine, tribe, brotherhood,  
Or Nation of the earth; but in their stead  
God's law, engraven in the hearts of all,—  
Fair Equity our guide, for King and lord,  
Her Right, "THE LORD, OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS," for-  
evermore.

Thus, when the last proud wave, the crested head  
Of blank obstruction, fell before the shock  
And Crystal power of heaven, its fire and smoke,  
Froth, scum, and vapors, scattered and subdued  
By cloud and tempest, hail, and lightning's stroke,  
Reverberating to the mortal heart  
Of all corruption, death, and passing change,  
Purging the earth of dull metallic rust,  
And sweetening all its life to Mercy's reign.  
'Twas meet that here there should arise once more  
The mockery of his mad presentment of this soul,  
This mortal feverish blood, fume of an hour,  
Its Right, inheritance, possession, primogeniture;  
The murderous power of violence, life, and death,  
Where yet its savage and oppressive force  
Unknowing cultivation buried and immured  
In cave and den, begets but to corrupt,

Holds outcast to enslave, debase, destroy,  
 The hapless issue of its monstrous forms !  
 Which from the deep arose winged to escape,  
 And o'er the steppes pursued with fierce resolve,  
 Clenched fist and foot, set teeth, and eye of fire,  
 Fled and defied pursuit, tameless and free,  
 In horse and ass, by gentler forces tamed.  
 'Twas meet the ghostly shadows of his power,  
 In men and nations, here should first proclaim  
 Its impious, nay, to every principle  
 And saving power of life, to God's high law,  
 The principles of life, upholding all,  
 Their faultless constitution, to all good,  
 And hold the earth a desert, to proclaim  
 Its lineage and its end, devoured and passed away,  
 In guilt and blood, the utter impotence of helplessness  
 Save to corrupt and to destroy all life,  
 And in its stead, plant the abominable Upas shade  
 Of desolation, ruin's curse and doom.  
 'Twas meet when fell the cincture of his strength  
 Forever from his loins, uncovering  
 The body, not his own, on which he fed,—  
 His nakedness, remorseless lust of power,  
 In every form of mad Leviathan rage,  
 Unloosed and rampant to devour, insensate and insatiable,  
 Till Mercy's sufferance was withdrawn, and Hate,  
 Burning with Hecate fury, loosed her fires  
 With bitter imprecations on all life, her foe,  
 Devoted to destruction, death, and hell,  
 With pious pomp of sacrificial flame,  
 Which our awakened hosts fanned to such rage  
 She fled from her own shadow, and now holds  
 Her humbler state under the ghostly chastening of the  
 Moon,

Her broken Censer, whose high tottering zone  
Relentlessly of our obedient hosts thrust back,  
And broken to compel and give God's light  
Free access to the broad Equator's range,  
And, liberating the encircling deep, proclaim  
Mercy triumphant and her reign assured  
O'er all our rock-ribbed ball, which now completes  
Within itself the order of the heavens,—  
A sexual reign insured, of Truth and Life,  
Justice and Judgment, Equity and Right.  
These stretching o'er the central Continent  
Where yet a virgin soil and life unblanched  
Of the foul leprosy of lust and fear,  
The curse and blessing of a lordly power,  
Subjecting all to vanity and toil,  
Prevails, uncultivated, buried deep  
In thorny ignorance,—a tangled, trusting life  
Of untaught superstition, like the soil,  
Buried and lost, and poisoned with the trail  
Of dark malaria and miasma's breath,  
Of pestilent and creeping thing, of brutal force,  
Corrupting to enslave and to devour,—  
The idle traffic of a sensual lust  
To prostitute, destroy, and subject all  
To beastly and more loathsome reptile power,  
The belly and the fang, of mastery destroyed,  
Of its own vengeful impotence of force.

All these were yet unknown ; but woman, led  
With high maternal instinct, dainty and informed  
In all her appetites, choosing her mate  
With modest and retiring dignity, and leading forth  
His willing steps to some secure retreat,  
Where passive life spreads round in ample store  
Her chosen fruits ; as in the sphere of Equity alone,

The paradise of God Eternal in the heavens,  
There she would train, her loving simple helpmeet to  
prepare

Shelter and rest under embowering shade,  
And teach his ready hand to lop with care  
All ruder and inhospitable things, which thrust aside  
Or fruit, or flower, or the soft sylvan spear  
Of matted grass, which carpeted with care  
Her modest, chaste, luxuriant, and first home.  
Thus consecrated to a faithful love,  
And loyal worship of our God and life,  
Entrusted to her care, not the indulgence loose  
Of sensual desire, but noble and inspired  
With Godlike expectation of new life, plastic and loved,  
To train and raise, to the enjoyment of this blest abode,  
The mirrored paradise she left above,  
Unknowing, as yet, a change ; and when it came  
Ah, how exultant was their simple joy !  
How the fond mother pressed it to her breast,  
And the rapt father, restless, went and came  
With crystal waters and the choicest fruits  
To cheer and to sustain ! And when it slept,  
Pillowed secure upon its leafy couch, and she  
Stole forth, more free, to breathe the atmosphere,  
To mark the progress of fresh bud and flower,  
Of all whose life, coming with his, more dear,  
To kiss their opening petals, and inhale,  
With their rich fragrance, a fuller joy  
And deeper sense of blessing, mutual love ;  
And quietly moving where her helpful mate  
Industriously employed his quickening hand  
To clear entanglement and lop away  
The idle, straggling tendril which came forth  
Without a promise of fair fruit or flower,

Or shade or useful purpose, to give claim  
To the enjoyment of a wasteful life,  
Idolatrous, profane, a selfish thing,  
Not giving nor receiving joy of aught  
Save its own being ;—beast improvident,  
And living only to devour the good ;  
A soulless Ethiope with open eyes,  
But without heart to love or to sustain,  
The common joy, dependent on the common good of all.

Thus Sheba's godlike queen first meekly trained,  
Her yet obedient son on Teman's chosen glades ;  
Now Africa ; where, in affright, the mother cowers  
Before his murderous or enslaving force ;  
Yielding her life, unto his brutal lusts  
Until the land from base neglect is made  
A thorny desert and a wilderness ;  
Of burning sand and pestilent disease  
A sink of ignorance, fell mirage and death ;  
The shadow of her crime, in bondage held,  
Against all Truth and life, first here sustained ;  
Those other continents sheltering soulless things,  
Or things all given to soul, the circling blood,  
The belly and the brain their panic gods  
Their lives degraded by their sottish lords  
Who war and claim both life and land their own,  
Herding and holding all to feed their lust,  
As cattle of the field ; to master and debase  
Bowed by oppression into senseless beasts.  
The wild ass and the horse, the restless fugitives ;  
Of endless labor and enslaving wrong,  
Impetuous and determined to be free:  
Of instinct led, not understanding life ;  
But simply serving appetite, desire  
Of craving want, impatience of restraint,

Impulsive pleasure, maddening impotence  
 That brutalizes all to bow and feed ;  
 To rend and to devour in murderous war !  
 The slaves improvident of pressing need  
 Of willfulness and panic dread of force ;  
 The startled fawn fleet as the winged wind  
 Of her own shadow constantly pursued,  
 The panting prey of the swift-footed hound  
 And prowling wolf, who whet their fangs for blood,  
 The venison of life ; the savage food  
 Of leonine and feline tribes that roam  
 Fiercely secure, each with its stripe and spot  
 After its kind ; the hunters of the wild :  
 Such are the twigs and leaves of branching death  
 The animated forms of dull material sense,  
 The slaves of mortal waste, dwindling away  
 To hare and coney, lurking vermin hordes ;  
 All outlawed things on swarming insects fed,  
 More perfect and more happy for their hour,  
 With birds of every wing ; the foul and ravenous,  
 The soaring eagle and the kite and owl,  
 Solemn and gravely mousing in the night,  
 Wisdom's winged shadow, noiseless and full-fledged  
 Pouncing upon its prey : the racing ostrich  
 Careless of its young ; and every struggling form  
 Of life unprincipled, insociable ; seeking release  
 From duty or from fear ; the fugitives  
 Of instincts cursed of dread, condemned of guilt :  
 Gregarious or pursued of thirst of blood,  
 The errant purpose, wandering desire,  
 Enslaving souls of disembodied life,  
 To all impartial Justice gives full range ;  
 To approve or to condemn as good or evil rules ;  
 As Lust and Indolence in fear consume ;



Or self-sustaining power, in Equity and Right,  
Upholds ; all accusation to outlive ; judged, justified,  
Before the living and the dead :—all life ;  
Standing secure, in the Integrity,  
Of Christ and God, Humanity and Love :  
Invincible ; Immortal ! not of self-will sustained ;  
But saving principle of life and good,  
Omnipotent in Justice, Equity,  
Truth, Right ; eternal as the heavens are pure :  
Immaculate, uncolored as the light,  
The body of its life, patent to all.  
With these the outcast and the vagabond  
Of Human kind, in time sought lordly right  
To hunt and to devour, with savage rage,  
And cruel atoning hate, after its kind,  
Producing hate in all ; seeking to justify its thirst of blood ;  
Perversely turning from the appointed food,  
Strengthening, refreshing fruit of herb and tree  
For feverish flesh diseased and half consumed  
Already in the oven of this death  
Of animal desire, and more than brutal lust ;  
And all corrupted of this hell-born thirst  
Of violence, the life of its own life ;  
Blood ; craving and inflamed, consuming blood !  
The treacherous and ensanguine soul of death,  
Not life ; but the mad rage of conscious guilt,  
The bitter deadly hate, of venomous hypocrisy no more  
concealed ;  
Polluting and profaning, damning all :  
The body and the soul, whose living sympathies,  
Subdued the dead metallic heart, and belched  
Its seething molten vomit on the void ;  
The gold and silver, and the brass and tin,  
And purified the Rock and breathing firmament

With Mercy's cleansing life, profaned again  
 By vengeance ; brutalized, of all obstructive force,  
 The impotence, of a proscriptive right, self-will,  
 Unequal law ; all wrong and wickedness ;  
 The shadow of the rage of that fierce strife,  
 Which "rolled together as a scroll" the sphere,  
 Of Equity in heaven and wrapped her life ;  
 In those closed volumes of obstructed light,  
 Which fill the enlarged domain of Judgment's rule  
 With waiting penal life ; the witness and the Judge  
 Of this mad hour of sacrifice and blood ;  
 That dreams, and mimics its high wrongs and mocks,  
 With imbecile idolatry, the strife they loathe ;  
 And pray and plead for its appointed end :  
 The self-destruction of devouring hate,  
 According to the sentence of his word,  
 When Mercy first prevailed with Judgment to redeem  
 The last sad sufferer who may seek return ;  
 And thus, closing the volume of this strife give o'er  
 The reprobate to die, by their own deed :  
 With oaths and cursing, blasphemous imprecations they  
 shall die

Banded together in enduring hate  
 And deadly rage of vengeance, kind against kind,  
 As now among the nations of the earth  
 Until but one is left ; and he, oh, judgment just !  
 The maniac spectre of this life in death,  
 Pursuing and pursued, rending the hair,  
 All that of life is left to him, with shriek and groan  
 And hideous laughter, yells of mocking rage,  
 The wild recitative of wrong on wrong,  
 Unconscious suffering of dead life for aye ;  
 The depth of misery, weight of crushing guilt,  
 Itself a shadow ; shadowy all, a dream !

Driveling illusion, as invention's rack  
Nerving its nerveless soul to vast designs,  
Of insane violence, reconstructive wrong ;  
Forever and forever ; wrong, lifeless, damned, wrong !  
Aiming point-blank at right, to miss again ;  
And, with a rush and howl of bitter mockery,  
Floating away forever, muttering wrong ;  
Raving and whispering, shouting, shrieking wrong !  
Gone mad ! wrong, wrong ; forever wrong.  
Falling away through all its vagrant range  
Rousing and rushing to the charge ; to fall, all wrong :  
Wrong, wrong for aye ! hopeless, unmeasured wrong :  
A blazing comet floating on the void !  
Of its own bitterness consumed ;—fearing God's light :  
From which it flies but to return again,  
In mortal torment ever dying—dead—  
Suffering, insensible ; condemned of guilt ;  
Waking to suffer with remorse, the worm—  
Craving of hunger quenchless thirst for aye.

O, Thou just One and merciful as just,  
Good as Omnipotent, and true as good ;  
Simply adjudging that this wrong to prove  
Its utter impotence ;—go out the prey  
And victim of its shadow evermore.  
Knowing and thirsting for thy light and life  
Now unattainable ; to madness wrought,  
Frantic and shivering in suspense ; in sight of all  
Pursued of horrid hydrophobic dread,  
Writhing in every form of life: the frothing dog  
Snapping exhausted, disemboweling boar,  
Rushing and rending in his baited rage  
The lion, tiger, serpent, dragon, man ;  
Misunderstanding all, the fierce leviathan  
And relentless maw of mongrel warfare,

Bloodstained and horrible; belligerent sac,  
And nameless creeping thing; the drunken foul desires,  
Now cherished and indulged in happiness;  
That guileless misnomer of abuse and waste,  
Embodied now in our shocked loathing sight  
With grave and hell, and that more horrible,  
This maniac inanition full in view.

So now, as grounded crystals they have gone,  
Molten and calcined into lime, chalk, dust,  
And scaly ashes:—suffering flesh again,  
Sodden in its own blood, they shall go out  
Torn of the beaks of hungry birds of prey;  
Fed on the blue and purple of their life,  
Careless of texture or the weaver's skill  
As potter's dripping and unmoulded clay;  
Unknowing, loathing; cunning mechanism  
Of joint and tendon, ball or line and groove,  
Of pitched fount, of branching artery, and woof of veins,  
Or bowels unmoving of compassion more:  
The skill unwearied of impulsive life,  
With leverage of limb and toe and finger, hinged  
To ready action, quick informing sense;  
The restless feeler, drum and sparkling lens,  
Moving and guiding, arming every wish  
With wondrous wisdom and unfailing skill;  
Seeking to know the evil, shun the loathsomeness,  
To every sense of its corrupting touch,  
Its shriek, its writhing agony, its stench,  
To cast it out a dead dissolving thing,  
Food for the bird and worm, themselves as wondrous made,  
Destroyer and destroyed, weakest and simplest, last;  
"Their fire shall not be quenched, their worm shall never  
die,"

The hell he kindling sought, the hunger of desire

Gnawing unsatisfied in dreamy death,  
With violence rising to renew the strife,  
To bleed and struggle in the foul abyss,  
And seek in vain the shadow of obstruction evermore,  
Without a refuge or a hope of life;  
The living light their torment and their dread,  
Their day all night, their night all day,—a dream  
Of fire and blood, the flood and crash renewed  
Of the imponderous and unwieldy lump, the fear  
Of the swift ray which healing brings to all;  
To them the pointed, crimsoned spear of death,  
To wound; but to destroy, ah! nevermore:  
For, living to devour, God's life redeemed  
Where is their sacrifice? dead matter's boast!  
Behold, the covering of their lust even now,  
Thrown out as chaff, as vapor on the void;  
Ashes, the barren womb, the leech whose thirst  
The waters cannot quench; the weary worm  
Unsatisfied on earth; devouring fire  
The hungry lion roaring o'er the prey  
On which his strength depends; the comet's rage  
Their vanity and pride, rending its wealth of hair, its  
    nerveless life,  
The soulless nebulæ, our crystal winds,  
And searching light to Justice have restored,  
As fugitives from judgment; froth and scum  
Of chaos scattered wide, from that far outer shadow to the  
    moon;  
This planetary pomp; the paradise of fools,  
Ingenious to invent and to sustain  
A worthless show of life, baleful and blaze,  
By any by-play, traffic, cunning masonry,  
The towering robed pretense, the boastful skill  
Of pitiless sword-guarded nothingness,

Beggared for aye ; a tither, custom's fool ;  
 The lecherous ashes and belabored dust :  
 The silver purified and gold refined,  
 Dropped far beyond the hungry miser's grasp,  
 This living rock, our paradise restored,  
 Of weeping Mercy smiling through her tears ;  
 Fair Rachel, hitherto bereaved of all ;  
 Of husband, children, offering or increase,  
 The pillared grave and wilderness her home ;  
 Our righteousness yet buried in this waste,  
 And looking forth to Ephrath's prosperous reign,  
 From lowly Bethlehem, whence comes again  
 The Lord, our Right, in majesty divine !  
 To give that reflex of our crystal life  
 The glory and dominion evermore :  
 The throne itself our light ! a present God.

Thus Justice now divides infinitude  
 Beyond the living centre, Truth's abode,  
 Between the evil and the good to reign ;  
 Life, healing light, or death and darkness felt  
 Evil, destruction, guilt, iniquity,  
 Confusion, violence, and condemning doubt,  
 Each by his own inherent power to live  
 Buoyant in fearless action, joyous love,  
 Or sink in inanition, dead and dark, a worm.  
 In Equity alone is Right secure,  
 As life in light in heaven, transparent Truth,  
 So Right on earth, invincible, shall reign  
 In righteousness, immortal and omnipotent,  
 The Lord of all ; the everlasting Son !  
 In peace and truth and love, our heaven restored,  
 Who freely gives to all ; and giving all,  
 Hath still increase and never-failing store.  
 But he who giving nought hath nought to give

Save sacrificial blood, the murderous evidence  
Of whining impotence and lust of power,  
The robber's violence, the deflowerer's boast,  
The blind idolatry of savage want,  
The hunger of the worm that never dies !  
But forfeits birthright, beggar's right to live ;  
For the poor "mess," the "pottage" of a day,  
By violence wrested of another's hand,  
The venison of other forms of life,  
Quick as his own, with savage purpose fraught,  
And watchful to avenge a brother's wrong :  
Justly demanding blood for blood in equity  
And right supreme. The lamb and patient ox  
Are but embodied suffering,—labor giving life ;  
Souls of the meek, of God himself avenged.

Thus must they ever die who worship thus  
In blind idolatry, blaspheming wrong  
Of living sacrifice ! on death we live ;  
Ourselves its proper prey : the avenger's meed.  
Yet who dare thus enforce the sacrifice  
To save a soul already self-condemned,  
Thus doubly damned, to meet the living God !  
So at this hour, by Ganges' worshiped flood,  
Is suffering Asia a captive held  
Bleeding and dead, with vultures hovering round,  
And laboring Europe, in the throes of death,  
Bleeds and recoils from her own fatal stroke,  
While young America already binds  
Her suffering victims to the altar's horn,  
And boastful struggles in the sickening grasp  
Of the same mad idolatry of death  
And blank obstruction ; full, in wantonness,  
Defying heaven with every form of lust,  
Murder and legal rapine, wrong, iniquity :

She, too, proclaims the nation and gives law  
 To kindred tongues and peoples ; militant,  
 Trampling on equity and spurning life,  
 God's law and blessing, and shall die like them ;  
 Go down, living and quick, a victim to the pit !  
 The hell she legislates to life on earth :  
 Digs deep, with her own hand, unpitied and despised,  
 The by-word and the scorn of those she thus misleads,  
 The laboring poor, who seek alone to live ;  
 The equal and the just, the sons of God :  
 And now to be sustained by living power !  
 In whose high hand the crystal firmament  
 And stubborn rock are pliant to the touch  
 As innocence and childhood ; plastic as the clay ;  
 Impressive as the wax, submissive as the deep ;  
 Whose waters ever follow the incline,  
 And seek the lowliest place of service use.  
 Opening their eyes in death, and seeing now  
 The folly and the madness of their wrong,  
 They yield their life obedient to his call,  
 Who is the Lord in Equity and Right,  
 Humanity's great King ; now rising to restore  
 On earth our paradise and promised heaven ;  
 In chaos and in Babel lost in arrogance,  
 In selfishness of war, the blind imaginings  
 Of overweening pride exulting in  
 Forgiveness, saving help—selection of the fittest other  
     worlds  
 And this gross carcass—blessed forevermore ;  
 The belly and the sac, the sea, the pit ;  
 And bitterness of death that follow these—  
 All sacrificial and dependent life  
 On violence resting, and this murderous strife  
 Ceaseless, unjust, iniquitous, and wrong.



Defying principle in heaven and earth ;  
All life, all truth, all right, all love, all peace :  
The light of heaven the happiness of earth,  
In chaos and confusion ever lost ;  
A desolation and a curse for aye.  
Invading heaven with fire and earth with blood  
And leaving but the grave and mortal void :  
Flushing fresh continents with fields of blood,  
Mocking the Cainite and the Philistine,  
With a new lease of lordship and of strife  
Giving their mansions in the skies to death.  
Yet mocking heaven with prayers for life and rest.  
What rest ; what peace ; while hate and murder rule ?  
As in those suffering continents ; this Church and State ;  
These planetary spheres, with heart on fire of hell :  
Now to be quenched forever in its blood.  
Condemned in spirit ; soul and body dead ;  
Its Christ and God, a by-word, mockery !  
And oath of cursing—binding of the cord  
That holds their victims to their altars dead ;  
Their saving help, a license to all lust ;  
Fresh lease of power ; new insolence of blood :  
Confounding east and west, as Mars and moon confound  
Our planetary spheres ; compelling change and death.  
The end hath come—the ends are met again,  
In heaven and earth—nor east nor west remains,  
All ease, all rest, all Peace, Truth, Right is lost.  
Our expectation and our hope is dead :  
Nor Equity, nor Mercy, more remain,  
Their cry is heard ; the beast is judged, condemned !  
The heavens now rule again, God's Justice reigns.

As on that eve of fatal pause in heaven  
When duty upon expectation leaned,  
And speculation held high carnival ;

And proud Invention ruled, and discontent ;  
 An idle spectre on the void that waits,  
 The Sathan of our sphere, pretentious, grand ;  
 With mischief, father of old Hades and Night ;  
 Of chaos and confusion, endless strife :  
 The devil of the pit, whose smoke he breathes,  
 Kindling destruction with its tongues of flame ;  
 His shadow desolation, fear, and death.

As when the trailing serpent, license of desire,  
 Played hypocrite, in despite, whispering doubt :  
 Betrayed God's life in Eve ; and in the man  
 Withheld his knowledge and consented to  
 The touch profane that prostituted life,  
 And gave a murderous birth to earth, her heritage ;  
 Inaugurating those six days of blood,  
 This fatal, week of butchery, sacrifice,  
 That closeth as in Mars on this third day  
 In strife and wrong ; exhaustion, misery, death :  
 Outcasting of the proud, of falsehood, wrath.  
 Avenging of the fowls and birds of prey,  
 They have fowled and hunted to the death till now ;  
 That they may eat the flesh of kings, the great,  
 The mighty of the earth ; yea great and small,  
 Of horses and their riders, bond and free, of all  
 Consenting to devour their flesh and blood,  
 The beast they cover is now taken, slain ;  
 With the false prophet ; man of miracles :  
 While Sathan, discontent, is bound again ;  
 And the familiar hosts he hath led so long  
 Are slain too—quartered without touch of steel.

As with the Syrian ; boasting in his pride,  
 He came to lay his dust on Israel's strength.  
 The priesthood kindling what the foe would spare.  
 When thy beleaguered walls, Jerusalem, fell ;

That with their living they might be consumed ;  
Upon their altars, with their temple fall.  
And seal their worship and its power in blood  
From the first hour from Egypt following them.

Like him, who by the same decree constrained,  
A captive waits the Jubilee of death !  
He hath proclaimed to half the unconquered world ;  
Under the seven-hilled cities domes condemned,  
Himself to die with cursing !—As a curse ;  
Sacred,—a sacrifice to appease the manes  
Of myriad victims on the altars slain  
Like sheep and cattle, though in human form,  
Involved, too, in this passover of guilt,  
Whose fire is quenched forever, with his breath ;  
And Calvary's vengeance upon Rome made good,  
Without a touch of human hand or power ;  
The Infallible ; even in her hour of triumph, fallen.  
Gone out to wed Mars to his waiting bride !  
And thus unlock, at last, the gates of heaven.

As in those suffering continents which pour  
Their life from old to new, from new to old ;  
In futile expectation of a change,  
The heart alone can give ; until again  
The ocean of this quickening atmosphere  
That floods earth's rolling ball with fervent light ;  
A sea of fire ! her baptism renew ;  
And so divide the spoil with subtile thought,  
And labor have its own ; the just reward  
Of patient waiting and meek industry ;  
Untiring as God's life, in all her toil.  
And the unsuffering rock thus purged of wrong  
Inuring of fierce strife and stains of blood  
The soul of death ; devouring fire hell ;  
With brained invention and a stubborn hate

That burns against the truth of God and heaven.  
 Until her lightnings touch the crucible,  
 In which corruption and mortality  
 The fury and the guilt that poured our sphere,  
 A liquid mass upon the hungry void  
 And with intenser heat resolve again  
 Our crystal souls confounded now in death  
 And lay the golden ways of heaven anew  
 From those metal spheres prepared in sight  
 In chaos mingled with the living mould  
 To obstruct the vengeance of God's life and light,  
 And hold these to this sottish lordship's sway.  
 Obstruction now subdued, his boastful lie  
 Thrown dead upon the void in vapor lost ;  
 Now in the light of Truth our bodies fused  
 Into one simple element shall rise  
 And led of Justice in the path of Right  
 The Equity of Righteousness and peace  
 Move in the Golden radiance of the spheres  
 The silvery sheen of our immortal birth  
 Tempering again the light of Truth to Love  
 The free glad ecstasy of God's pure life  
 Without obstruction moving now in all  
 Duty and Love and Equity and Right ;  
 Our leaders evermore to peace and good,  
 Engraved in every heart ; read, known of all  
 In these same sunbeams of Immortal Truth  
 Reflected from the Justice of the heavens ;  
 Between us and the void where Judgment reigns,  
 As in the wilderness of Sin and death ;  
 The bush of Sinai and of Horeb's heights,  
 Establishing God's Right the Eternal Son ;  
 Our high Humanity, between them evermore  
 "The Lord our 'Righteousness'" in heaven and earth

As before Ararat and Lebanon's heights  
By Euphrates and Jordan's wasted streams  
Now cleansed and full for aye against the floods  
Of Misery and Waste, the Red Sea's tide  
That now shall join them nevermore again.  
The blood of ruin ; pillared fire and cloud  
Have passed away, away too and the Dead Sea  
The inverted pyramid of Sodom's state  
Gomorrah's curse ; Admah, Zeboim's doom ;  
Lot's wife resolved again ! shall be released,  
And Jordan's waters lave Jerusalem  
From Lebanon direct a living flood,  
No more restrained in turbulent Galilee  
A stagnant pool, of fitful tempests tossed :  
In maniac mockery of despotic rage ;  
Now liberated given to the void,  
The bottomless abyss to toss at will,  
Forever harmless and for aye alone ;  
Far from the living rock of hell and death,  
The light of life : all that can more alarm ;  
A disembodied shade of Judgment held  
Without the range of Justice it ignored :  
Conviction of the Truth it buried here,  
Involved in shadows, and the sheltering Rock  
No more a hell, the cenotaph of death ;  
But, quick, resolving grave the gate of life  
Even now in bloom like Paradise again.  
Scanning the stars with quiet and passive gaze  
From myriad waiting hearts rejoiced to live  
Nor fearing for the seed they fold in death,  
To wait the coming morn, the voice of Spring :  
Eternal bloom assured, with conscious rest,  
As in the heavens they fill their happy day ;  
The duty of the hour, the call of love :

Forever present and forever good.

No selfish evil nor confounding wrong

Disturbs their sweet repose, the joy of life ;

Nought can restrain nor envy's self could blame.

How blessed in the repose and confidence

This turbulent sacrificial blood destroys,

With life and blessing : a condemned soul ;

Thrown justly on the void to prove its lot

Approve God's life by this experience taught

Or die forever ; rest as with the dead :

Herd with wolves and vultures sleeping with the worm

To wake again to want ; to be devoured, or die,

Feed death and hell, the grave forevermore.

We fix our eye upon the living Sun

Of God's eternal truth and seek its light

Careless of suffering ; fearless of this death

The test of high endurance now reduced

To a sad sigh, a sweet regret, a pause ;

Till the hour strikes again to nerve anew,

For higher conquest and for nobler aim

Than battling with this fear,—the shadow of this death ;

Nor, while it yet remains, seeking repose—

Rest, Respite ;—But, as at first of all,

Truth gave her light unto this mortal lamp ;

Mercy her soul to hell,—and woman gave,

Approved thus the daughter of God's life,

On earth her daughter to the added son ;

Who called him lord : the husband of her house,

And as her Son on Calvary died to lead ;

So we shall live, of Justice stayed to move

The maimed and dying, lame and blind before

The rear-guard of his host ; and, woe to him ;

Who sinks beneath our stroke, or shrinks from suffering,

'Tis death and hell ; His soul's eternal shame.

Guilt, dotage, misery ; the undying worm !  
For all is now revealed, recorded high  
In the pure crystal rock, as in the heavens  
And hearts of all with earth's uncovered fonts  
By the cruel stylus of experience graved ;  
That " He may run who reads ;" and give his aid  
To blank obstruction's final overthrow ;  
The tyrant's doom : and brief shall be his rage ;  
When the swift winds shall gather from afar  
Their hidden vultures " to thē spoil of Kings,"  
Of " Captains" and the " Mighty" of the earth  
That they may eat their flesh as we have seen ;  
With flesh of horses and of them that sit on them,  
The riders of God's life: the flesh of bond and free,  
Of small and great ; for flesh shall be no more.  
The sac and belly with the beast go out ;  
And the false prophet—with the infernal rage  
Of lust and violence ; the destroyer's Right !  
To prostitute, devour God's conquering life  
With open eyes in sight of sun and stars,  
No more allowed but visibly condemned  
Led forth to Judgment and the void, his bourne,  
The home of spectres—soulless serpents' trails  
With wandering comets worthless vapory shades  
Harmless as death and restless as the deep  
Which seeks escape from idleness and waste,  
The bitterness, corruption of decay.

Behold our atmosphere, " the sea of glass  
Mingled with fire," in which we live and move,  
Where putrid flesh is dried and petrified.  
The sac and belly hath no place for life,  
Beyond this little ball ; to which the moon,  
That echoes back death's last expiring groan,  
A ghostly parasite still fondly clings !

Waiting the dregs of ocean and the ghosts  
 Of giddy and licentious worshipers ;  
 Of shadows, like herself, of guilt and fear ;  
 To bear them to their sire when go she must :  
 When on the fifth appointed morn again ;—  
 For that high day of rest, by death profaned ;  
 Our Right condemned as wrong ; life forfeited,  
 Whose evening saw our sphere in ruin massed,  
 Hath not been numbered in our week ; the first  
 But in its stead the seventh all-hallowed day  
 Which saw heaven's rest again restored to earth ;  
 Lost Mars an outcast and the unwedded moon,  
 A disappointed shadow on the void ;  
 A birth untimely lost ; the dregs of shame.  
 So, neither hath the first, fifth day of life  
 To man been counted as his natal morn  
 When earthquake rocked him on the fruitful sides  
 Of the high-coned volcano, and he kept ;  
 First Levite of the earth, with jealous care,  
 His female herd and favorite tree from all ;  
 Even his own offspring, yet unknowing aught,  
 Of moral rectitude, of Equity,  
 Of purity or love ; of beastly instincts led,  
 On these invading ridges of the north ;  
 Fresh from the abyss ; of saving providence  
 And high maternal care ; preserved to light.  
 When this recurring day, the fourth, which saw  
 Her sweat of fire convulse and haste the throes  
 Of earth's last parturition, dawn in sight of all ;  
 When " morning stars," and all " the Sons of God,"  
 Cherub and Seraphim, our waiting hosts  
 At last triumphant ; shout again for joy ;  
 Exultant, pulsing to the farthest sphere :  
 And strike once more with power for light, life, home,



Eternal in the heavens; when Judgment momentarily  
yields again

Our right to purge and heal the spheres of life ;  
And wedded earth, her daughters to reclaim,  
Shall change positions with repentant Mars ;  
And waiting moon and wistful asteroids  
No more be seen as outcasts from the heavens :  
But each and all the seven, now satisfied,  
Enfranchising their life shall quick unfold  
Their wedded honors ; the war-god condensed ;  
Now burning to undo this iron age,  
And molten, falling back within the range  
Of the metallic twain circling within—  
Around the bridal path of life and light ;  
To earth and sun the coming day reveals  
Of promised restoration, bliss renewed,  
In presence of our God ; the Living Truth ;  
And wedding vestals lead the white-robed bride,  
To heaven's pure light restored ; the investiture  
Of her Eternal Right, the Lord of all ;  
In the foundation of this chaos slain  
As upon Calvary shadowed in the strife  
Of base contending priesthoods jealous of their life  
And living ; to their sacrificial altars bound,  
The Lamb of God ; His Mercy's Royal Son !  
To Righteousness restored and Truth and Light.  
His Father's throne eternal in the heavens  
With earth redeeming Equity his bride ;  
Her paradise renewed between the spheres  
Of Truth and Justice ; and the supper spread  
Which calls her buried sleepers back to life,  
The white-horsed rider's final triumph—Home !  
The prodigal's return, the woman's seed,  
Our Rightful Lord to God's right hand advanced,

Through Isaac, Jacob, Benjamin, THE CHRIST ;  
 Whose crystal body lights the eternal spheres.  
 All things made new. The heavens again renewed,  
 As followed by the outer three proceed  
 Our planetary hosts, their round fulfilled ;  
 Their stars released, their jubilee made good ;  
 To fill their circuit of another day  
 Whose eve was dark with Judgment but its dawn  
 The light of union and Immortal Life  
 The eternal morn of Love forever young  
 Home joys and happiness aye sweet and new.

Thus fire proved planets and the waiting hosts,  
 Whose crystal reflex gives us life and light  
 Attempered to the body of our spheres ;  
 For his gross wrong and cruel iniquity  
 Choosing themselves to pass, be purified,  
 In the alembic of God's love and power ;  
 In Justice and in Judgment to approve  
 Their lapsing Right, Invention's power for good  
 Till every speculum and moving grain  
 Of all the dread circumference of their range  
 Shall for itself be tried, and answering clear,  
 Freely approve the principles of life ;  
 Her simple constitution and the law  
 Of Truth for Light, of Equity for Right ;  
 Justice for Judgment ; each in their own sphere,  
 And all as one, Omnipotent as good !  
 Sustaining Life as God ; the good of all.  
 For what are worlds without the living soul ?  
 Or spheres without their quick inhabitants ?  
 All moving to one purpose, Life, Life, Life,  
 Life ; living good ; in the three spheres the same,  
 But differing in degree as purity gives light ;  
 Light, strength, endurance, immortality,  
 Perfect equilibrium, enduring strength.

## CHAPTER IV.

### ECONOMY AND PROGRESS OF THE SEPARATION OF MATTER AND LIFE IN EQUITY.

STUBBORN metallic heat at length subdued  
And cast away the baleful zones that bound  
And shadowed all her life from living light.  
Now earth's glad Cherubim in peace prepare  
The impressive feast in blade and flower and fruit,  
Sustaining all their living as a proof  
Before the Judge of the returning sense of good  
And blessing, Active life and Right.

Our Rock remains ; and purged again of fire,  
Prepared and purified, fulfills his course.  
Triumphant in endurance, Sun and Star  
And eager planet keeping watch and ward  
O'er his impassive and unyielding life,  
Loving in death and active in the grave.  
The last, the naked Mars fallen from his asteroids,  
Unhoused once more, condensed he seeks return  
Earthward again to woo his sister spouse.  
Formed of the floating débris of our frame,  
The slack and ashes, the refuse of hell,  
Which choked the arch devourer's burning rage ;  
He waits the separation of his bride,  
The dead suspended moon, his subtler soul,  
That sought escape, but taken in the act,  
Cooled of the laving tide to which she clung,  
And fallen into the pit her life hath sought,  
The donjon of the void she aspired to fill,

A chain of Infamy, cruel, cutting to the heart  
 Of the all-suffering ball she would divide,  
 Now broken, cast away, forsaken, dead,  
 Deserted of her spouse for whom she wrought,  
 She looms alone in treason and in guilt,  
 The vampire of the night a clinging parasite,  
 A foul blood-sucker, whose capacious maw  
 Sought as a zone to close o'er all our dead,  
 And lingers o'er their last full cup of woe;  
 Now dashed from her smooth lips a broken bowl,  
 Whose rugged empty jaws still suck the deep,  
 Diverted from its channels a dead sea,  
 Holding dissolved the savor of our blood,  
 The sol-fa of our life—Herself Lot's wife embalmed,  
 A barren womb, unmothered, craving still.  
 Under the cincture of whose lofty zone  
 Mercy's sweet soul was salted into brine !  
 And now released an Ocean southward spreads,  
 Covering a hemisphere of pounded forms,  
 Gathered from the circumference, gathering still,  
 Whose day we yet await to glad the earth  
 When, kindled of her lord, she hath passed away  
 With all her own and his proud worshipers,  
 Who yet disturb the Earth, refusing peace,  
 In field and firmament, their guilty souls  
 Pursuing Mercy's life even in the cloud  
 Whose kindling crystals hurl its grosser fire  
 With stroke of lightning and the thunder's roar  
 Back molten to the pit, from whence they rise ;  
 Then with a rush, released, glad drench the ground  
 And, percolating, seek their own again,  
 And wash and bear away in crowds their slain.  
 Thus, gradually released, they rescue all  
 Obstruction's captives to their own high test

Of purifying light of truth and love.  
Yet under shadow of the ghostly Moon,  
Who, thirsting, waits with fruitless bellied change  
Till all are purified and dregs alone  
Remain to her ; the portion of her life,  
The soulless dead all emptied in her lap.  
The goddess of the nations then shall change,—  
Aye, change indeed ; position, being, hue,  
And blushing brass embrace her brazen lord  
And wedded find their place ; the phantom home  
Of their brief day-dream of devouring joy,  
Now sobered into stern resolve of death :  
Impassive being ; dead metallic doom,  
Reft evermore of action, thought, or hope ;  
No more, flaunting in borrowed garments, queen of night,  
Nor naked and divorced, and red with burning shame,  
Seeking return to hell, a quickener now no more,  
Nor refuge from the quick resolving light,  
For jossman, fetish of desire or fear.  
Inconstant shadows, whimsical caprice,  
And monstrous misconception fills their brain,  
And scares the night with horror, riot of unseemly dread,  
And desperate terror, terribly expressed,  
Dark brooding expectations, sleepless, troubled dreams  
Exhausting as no labor ever can,  
All rushing into mad, devouring forms  
Of lordship, cowardice, mad uncertainty,  
And feverish lapse of reason, sense of aught.

So, gliding forth, the ravenous devourer seeks his prey,  
And darkness is made hideous with strange sounds  
Of starving appetite, of rage and fear,  
Suffering, resistance in all rushing shapes  
Of warring life, flooding the shoals of death  
With eager rage of blood, and clash and crash

Of mauling rent inertia, preying and a prey  
 Outcast and naked, wounded and pursued  
 Of hunger and of thirst and brutal lust,  
 All unrestrained ; their desperate wants  
 Fierce and insatiate, arm and enslave the sense  
 To miser need and gross satiety  
 In every form of tusk and beak and claw  
 And murderous thing with which invention fills  
 The craving maw and sac unsatisfied  
 As the insolvent grave, whose hollow trench  
 Ne'er wipes its lips ; for which destruction sacks  
 The field and flood the ground and rock in vain.  
 It calls for more, more, more, forever more,  
 Till all dissolved, the sore of death itself,  
 And swelling pomp of matter is consumed ;  
 The void prevails and Justice is appeased,  
 And blank obstruction on leached ashes fed  
 And pounded dust ; what once was crystal joy,  
 Shattered and wrought into a liquid paste,  
 Gives up the quest of life and yields the ghost  
 To flesh and blood ; the froth of chaos and the pit  
 Which now, takes up the search with maniac rage  
 And fiendish torture, whetting invention and intelligence  
 To prostitute, to force, debase, subdue  
 The unseen laughing imp to death,—the chain  
 Of sottish sense and the grim powers of hell ;  
 Whose vampires now, reduced from bloated carcass to the  
     form  
 Of spider, scorpion, fabled cockatrice,  
 And every form of reptile, insect, brute ;  
 Still ply their trade upon the living germ,  
 That irrepressible ! mocks all their rage,  
 And, in the ant and bee, holds to the eye  
 Of the poor pudding-head ; the hairy scalp

Of nerveless brained invention, all the power  
Obstructive force bequeaths to it of life,  
Self-sustenance, and war with death for aye :  
Helpless, unconquering, and yet conquerors still,  
Through this same germ of life that is not ours ;  
No son of man hath yet awaked to prove,  
Save for a moment, like the pause of strife  
When wrestling with disease ; ere the last breath  
Exhausted, ebbs away, and but a corse remains.

So with this glimpse of quick intelligence  
After the strife of chaos, fire of hell ;  
War with this lordship of the moving dead ;  
That crowd the earth's convexity between  
The light of heaven and vapors of the pit.  
Less wise, less brave, than is the ant or bee ;  
Each potent warrior plays the hypocrite,  
And deprecates the power he burns to wield ;  
Until the shock of battle bids it rage ;  
And labor, cultivation, falls before  
Selfish idolatry and brazen wrong ;  
The patient and the true, the meek and just,  
Before the lordling, like high Lucifer !  
Who cannot even his own soul sustain,  
But taxeth, titheth all for pottage, help :  
That he may play death's head a little hour  
And pass away the shadow of a dream :  
A name or thing that can do nought but curse  
His offspring and the purpose of his life.  
Not even the honey of the queenly bee,  
Which gives her followers a taste of good ;  
No principle of life that rules supreme,  
And with unfailing truth appears to crown  
Appointed labor with its just reward ;  
Of life and song ; and the avenging sting

That wounds indeed the robber, but is death  
 To the inflicter, who would fence his life  
 With more than is its due ; provision for the day.  
 No good is his, the violence he prefers  
 And evil he pursues, doth follow him ;  
 And while he looks on the clear heaven, he knows  
 He hath gone astray and serveth vanity,  
 Vexation is his lot, and disappointment, death.  
 He dare ask none to follow, but proclaims  
 The sum of all obedience, living fear,  
 The fear of God, and walking by his word.  
 First cultivate the earth ; subdue and live  
 Upon its fruits in Eden's garden'd bliss :  
 The foretaste here of heaven's exalted joys  
 In the high sphere of Equity and Right.  
 There eat not of that tree of mingled fruit,  
 The knowledge of the good and evil here,  
 Nor with polluted touch profane the tree of life  
 By violence, lust ; to bring forth murder, strife.

The first command despised, and man reduced  
 By violence to devour his flesh and blood ;  
 For living, and for life to murder his own kind.  
 The word was given, Eat not thy flesh with blood,  
 It is thy life : and whoso sheddeth blood of man on earth,  
 By man shall his own blood be shed, to avenge  
 The promise of God's life to all who breathe.  
 For in his image, by the seal of blood,  
 Life-giver, by this promise, man doth live.

How mad the sting, then, of the avenging lie  
 Toward the fruit of labor, which is life  
 To him who giveth, with him that partakes,  
 And knoweth not yet the robbery of his wrong ;  
 That labor is his life : not meat and drink ;  
 Which, without labor, feeds disease and death ;



Thus by endurance doth the liver live,  
While monkeys chatter, dogs devour and die.  
Such is the glimpse which in the pause of strife  
In this mad war of blood, the man is taught to prove  
The sober good of life that he may choose  
To live like Abel, giving of his life,  
The promise of the giver to redeem ;  
Or die like Cain, a murderer ! go out,  
Expelled upon the void forevermore :  
Where is no living and he feareth life,  
Abhorreth light and good ! his nevermore.  
So died the Cain of Adam ; seed of wrong :  
So dies the Levite at his altar slain ;  
By senseless ignorance, of his own hand :  
Gone out accursed forever from the earth.

We forecast thus ; the purpose of this hour  
That men with open eyes may read and pause  
In pity and in dread ; from this infernal strife !  
And choose deliberately, or life or death ;  
For this the heavens now wait ; for this brief glimpse  
Of baffled reason, quick intelligence :  
Forerunner of obedience, life and love.  
The choice recorded with to-morrow's sun,  
The separation is begun ; and closed  
This brief arrest of judgment evermore.  
For Mercy satisfied to Justice yields  
The palm of Right ; sustaining Equity :  
In righteousness and peace, and giving wrong and guilt  
To the swift punishment of Judgment still  
Once and for aye. For Mercy's crystal life  
Recoils with horror from this mortal strife  
Of dragon, reptile, in the hungry void ;  
Of beast and brute on earth, fish, insect, worm,  
And the winged fowl, all ravenous as the pit ;

As from the spectacle of death in heaven :  
 A full third part thrown out upon the deep,  
 And the broad sphere of Equity avoid.  
 Nor will reclaim, for aught, that from the abyss,  
 Like brained invention to mislead may rise  
 A moment to restrain heaven's judgment now.  
 But let the Just now, in the light of Truth,  
 Guard well their proper sphere, and keep God's equity  
 From all assault of violence, brazen hate,  
 Imperious wrong, and vile hypocrisy :  
 Or vagabond inventions, dull mechanic rage,  
 That by destroying seeks to relegate,  
 The lordship of our right to chaos, death :  
 And live by sacrifice of life and good.

Should the foul leper's murderous desire,  
 The dog, gorilla, over these prevail ?  
 Should apes proclaim the license of their lust,  
 And doubtful adders, without hand or foot,  
 Or sense to seek salvation, crawling in slime,  
 Of impudent hypocrisy, say, "God doth know"  
 That base indulgence, license of desire  
 The prostitution of his saving life ;  
 Is Wisdom, opening of the eyes and power ?—  
 Yes ; brave Invention ; father of all lies :  
 Liar and panderer in a double sense ;  
 It is thy wish but far from being wise :—  
 It will fulfill thy purpose, damn thy soul  
 That lives by condemnation of the dead ;  
 Open the eyes of confidence and love,  
 To evil and the good they have thrown away  
 And hold them slaves, like thee, of fear and death ;  
 The heat of hell transformed to bitter hate  
 Of lying cunning and of helplessness  
 The impotence of ignorance, indolence of lust

And make them murderers to save their souls  
Enslaved like these and worthless, captive, lost ;  
Unsouled and dead : given to eternal death  
Confusion and the void, the grave and hell ;  
Hell now no more but slimy as the pit.  
Like thy foul trailing carcass, eyed and tongued of death ;  
The evil of thy boast, thou rankest with the good ;  
Of which no doubt it is the opposite ;  
Like the existence in its every form,  
Of hazing planet and malarial waste  
Of flying creeping thing ; fish, bird, beast, reptile, brute ;  
All hungry as the void, mouthed armed of death ;  
All poor inventions the antipodes,—  
The vile reverse of Truth and Right, Peace, Good :  
The strangling and obstruction of all souls ;  
That will not be abased to lust—like thine,—  
Soulless, abhorred and outcast evermore.  
Of all the vapory shadows of the void  
Most vaporous empty ; of thine own despised ;  
Who in the pause of strife in wantonness,  
Licentious waste the fruits of all thy toil  
And turn to rend the giver—robber—bane ;  
Destruction, ruin, dissolution, loss !  
Invention is thy name ; devourer and destroyer, fire of  
hell thou art  
Apollyon, and Abaddon, Sathan, King of Hades ;  
Serpent, deceiver, liar, falsehood's self :  
A blank, a void,—without the hiss or aspirate of death,  
Darkness thy covering, night and doom thy veil,  
O Guilt ; what in thy depths can name this spurious thing ?  
Or indicate his boastful nothingness ; pride, shame !  
In falsehood, failure, the Infallible.  
His own grow up to be devoured or die  
Of simple inanition ; all their masonry ;

Their guardianship of fire, sword, death, the pit ;  
 Orders, insignia of their shadowy power  
 Blazonry of star, crown, cincture, chivalric mockery  
 Of their mad work now blazoned on the void ;  
 Boastful, emphatic, nothingness ; the dream  
 Of the now kirtled moon's ungirdling zone ;  
 Angled and doomed upon the waste a lie—  
 Changing, unchanged, and waiting for her mate  
 To take his ghosts away with her from thence  
 Where light and truth so dangerously prevail :  
 And resurrection waits the increate.  
 Dawn is advanced to-day, and power with God ;  
 His living good before them is revealed.  
 Maternal impulse over all hath sway,  
 And his own offspring will devour her lord,  
 Already outcast of his vestal life,—his spouse  
 Loosed, fallen, too ; a bawd whose life is change  
 Mawkish and bronzed with colors not her own ;  
 See mooned Saturn, younger Jupiter  
 Yet belted in his vapors to remain  
 Still shadowed like the nations of the earth,  
 Fallen, falling ; till to greatness they arise ;  
 And one o'ershadows all ; like his proud zone  
 Exhausting all, till power of law prevail  
 O'er principle and life ; and man's idolatry  
 The pride of lordship, mastery, masters all ;  
 Unstalled within their limits in his plan  
 Not yet matured ; Invention must be free,  
 From where the misty Herschel's shade, dimly revealed,  
 Roams without bound save his own gravity ;  
 Coeval with the sun, unto belligerent Mars  
 But yesterday expelled and mooning still  
 In foreign regions ; by the asteroids  
 Allured from his lewd bride ; who waits, well to repay

With bitterness of disappointed love  
Of wasted expectation, hope deferred  
Of chastened, unchaste life, and welcome his return.

Thus flesh and blood will mimic in its rage,  
Proud to repeat the history of our woe  
Recorded in the spheres; whose starry host  
And planetary system preach in vain  
To buried nations; whose fierce leaders flame—  
And scorch all Industry their little day;  
Spreading their desolations o'er the earth  
And fall, with their fair Ephrath full in view.  
Untempered mortar and the friable loam  
Of dust and ashes for the scions left  
Instinctively behind, to rise and to repeat.  
The same unvaried tale; put forth the same  
Hollow and sapless stem and spreading branch and leaf,  
The Upas of all life, to blight the earth  
Unstirred of light; all, all reflection lost,  
Uncrystalled, antichrist, unhallowed dust,  
Yet passive yielding to the swelling tear  
Of Mercy's suffering, unrequited life;  
The pearly dews of heaven, the offering  
Of soul and body as a sacrifice  
Sullied, changed, transformed, to the impassive fibre,  
Leaf and flower and fruits, that nourish and beautify  
The grosser life of flesh and feverish blood  
Burning with wrath of hell, imputed to its gods  
Against the habit and the deed inspired  
Of its own lusts, desires and wickedness;  
That bring death home to us, upon the brink  
Of the devouring pit and loathsome grave  
Give an expiring glimpse of light and life  
Immortal in the skies; the blank abode  
Of dreamy planets and dim twinkling stars,

Unconscious of the glories thus inspired ;  
 But waiting, waiting, waiting, their release  
 With an intenser longing, no restraint  
 Of death or hell's obstruction can restrain,—  
 From bursting into life ; inflaming all  
 With eager light ; to save the living and repel the dead ;  
 The crystal sea mingled with blood of mercy's life re-  
 deemed,

Thus and forever from the crucible, of hate and fear ;  
 The "fiery furnace" and the "lion's den,"  
 Of his Imperial torment who would lord  
 God's life, into a godless dread of impotence ;  
 Permitted for a space to darken all,  
 With spectral shadows from the void, its home ;  
 The bottomless abyss, its lifeless restless sphere :  
 Hungering and thirsting evermore—unslaked ;  
 In sight of all the fullness of his power,  
 Who fills all space, whose clothing is the light  
 That separates them in terror of their wrong ;  
 Forever separates from the blest abodes  
 Of Truth and Love, of Equity and Right,  
 Of Justice and of Judgment's broad domain ;  
 The gulf which soon divides forevermore  
 The living and the dead, whose dwelling is with fear ;  
 There refuge space, room for the high pursuit  
 Of fleeting happiness, the hopeless ghost  
 Hath lost in blank despair ; forever lost,  
 A shadow and of right pursued no more :  
 Its blessed abodes a horror ; life and sparkling joy ;  
 A howling and a curse ; God's life hath triumphed,  
 And Almighty power, its secret unrevealed, omnipotent,  
 Ruleth supreme in heaven and in the void ;  
 His dream of power is past, he asks no more.

He saw arise, from hell and from the grave,

The green-robed earth, to whose fond yearning hearts,  
Our crystal life gives light and sense of life,  
The living Christ kindling in every soul  
The impulse of obedience and pure love  
The joy of Immortality, of boundless bliss  
Blessing in every deed, so swift and sure  
The angel bearer from life's fount of praise,  
Brings grateful incense feeding as it flows  
The pulse of endless joy ; for praise is all our living,  
Life and love ; to give and to receive  
God's praise, and the replying echo of our life,  
Grateful, obedient, nestling in his love  
Whose high assurance gives us wings of power,  
Endurance, fortitude ; at duty's call  
Answering with all the soul, his myriads guard from loss  
As fearless and as faithful every one.  
And when he saw them kindling in the light  
And burn a fiercer hell to purify,  
Their life from death and hurl obstruction hence ;  
He fled and fortified himself no more,  
With fire and vapor seeking to enslave.  
But choosing for himself the reptile's form  
That puts not forth a hand or foot to save  
Or suffer maiming, seeks by subtlety  
To maim and to subdue and brand all life  
With curse and license of his willful power  
To enslave, corrupt, abuse and vilify  
To leprous existence, and the harlot rage  
Of dog and huntsman, of the lecherous grove  
Which gave the solemn ape with foul grimace  
And savage instinct to reprove our lust  
And, speechless, by sure signs proclaim our shame  
As beastly prostitutes, in brute indulgence lost,  
And license of his prostituting power ;

Who dared debase the woman and profane  
 The tree of life ; and boasts his treachery,  
 The triumph of his devilish spite infallible  
 In prostituting, brutalizing life  
 Again to leprous waste of flesh and blood  
 Debasement of the dog and ape, and venom spite  
 Of asp and adder's murderous reptile brood.  
 And seeks to license brothels and confirm  
 This wrong on her who gives him life and love,  
 His mother, sister, daughter, wife and friend,  
 The helpmeet of his life ; without whose hand  
 He is a worm again, a creeping thing  
 Thrown out upon the dunghill, to the grave—  
 And, as when covering, the channeled deep  
 Where Mercy's life is freely given to purify  
 And cleanse this leprous blood of man and beast  
 This broth of hell, these nursing reptile forms  
 And dragons of the deep of chaos born  
 And seeking to the pit to feed their monstrous hate  
 As under the moon's strumpet zone which then  
 Darkened, obscured ; aye, buried from the light  
 And shaded to corrupt as did the grove,  
 In after-time, as the gorilla proves—  
 So now the crystal hearts of those we love  
 And with heaven's lightnings will sustain on high,  
 Shall kindling crush the viper and cast out  
 The reptile brood of letters once for all ;  
 Corrupted and corrupters. Yet 'tis well,  
 And the Almighty's purpose that the curse  
 Should work its worst, and be repeated in,  
 All forms of vaporous and empty things  
 Poured out and palsied on the void to heal—  
 Cool down its fetid breath and fierce desire  
 Of blood, blood, blood ; the heart's blood of the earth.



As from our crystal spheres cast out, and now  
In this same day of record helplessness  
Among the nations, till the dead shall wake,  
And every soul shall know the bitter end  
Once and forever: Nor tempt again God's life forevermore.

Therefore we sleep while raves the carnival,  
And riot hath its course and senseless dust  
Stirred in the feverish blood of frenzied lust  
Struts lording it o'er death, in borrowed plumes  
Of bird and fowl; and covering of the beast  
Whose flesh it hath devoured to fan the flame  
Of ravenous brute desire; the fire of hell  
Rekindled upon earth; and with the horrid shapes  
Of their lewd day-dreams blazoning the breast;  
Whose heart is lost in sottish revelry,—  
Fitly in forms of dragon, satyr, fawn,  
And rampant brute; the ancient heraldry  
Of chaos and the pit; now narrowed to a grave,  
Where the dull leaden eye, embalmed, is laid away  
In pyramid and lordly cenotaph, to gloat no more  
On straining muscle and fierce mounting blood  
That apes destruction and courts all excess:  
And draped in trappings of its dead will woo,  
With winning smile and guileless, fond caress  
Aye, in the form of woman! Cozening  
The stalwart murderer to its virgin breast,  
Nor spurns the scheming knave, however vile,  
But give their seed fair nurture with their life;  
Yea, for the grave they widely thus prepare  
With open eyes and reckless purpose clear.  
Then cry to heaven against the ruffian brood  
And justify oppression to restrain, coerce,  
And goad to madness; and let loose their rage  
And legally sustained judge and condemn by law,

By murder rule in fear and murdered fall :  
 Their law made by and for their murderers.

So rose and fell our planetary spheres  
 Before the starry hosts, that watch the night ;  
 So rise and fall the nations whose full tide,  
 Of reckless murder and infernal strife ;  
 Under the mooning shadow of their law,  
 Hath strewed the shores of time with mortal wrack,  
 The ruins of young hope, of all held high  
 In human aspiration, thus thrust down to hell :  
 And loud-mouthed fame hath vaunted of the deed  
 As Godlike !—and history, sedately sits her down,  
 To chronicle the mark with glowing phrase,  
 As worthy of ambition's wildest dream :  
 The landmark of all time and glory of the age !  
 And hand it down immortal, for a breath ;  
 Which drawn into a sigh will pass away,  
 And dull oblivion's finger all efface ;  
 Until the judgment of that better day,  
 The shadows of whose eve already glow !  
 Melting in lambient flame the mountains of the west,  
 With utterance as of life. Yet here as in the heavens,  
 The errants are a few, heated and proud and vain ;  
 That struggle o'er the carcass of our Right,  
 Hasting the dissolution of their dreams ;  
 And seething in corruption ! fall the prey  
 Of dull successive schemers that uphold  
 The planetary host which looms aloft ;  
 The talk and expectation of the spheres  
 Of social ephemera ; ducks political  
 That quack and lift their eyes toward the clouds,  
 Each with its circlet of high purposed thought,  
 Falling away by turns, into a moon  
 Whose life exhausts all genealogies,

Vocabularies of terms, and yet ; the thing is one ;  
Suspended, helpless, a poor empty crypt,  
Whose store is bitter ashes ; that suspended waits,  
A ghostly shadow, for the coming shades.  
That crowding seek like refuge from all change ;  
And trembling in a like uncertainty  
Await, with a well-grounded fear the expected end :  
And hopeless fall away the shadows of a shade,  
A nebulous vapor, a poor crazy mop  
Of floating hair streaming upon the void !  
A comet evermore ; a hapless, troubled ghost,  
The vapor of an hour, no more dissolved ;  
Returning only to be outcast still—  
Its chart and compass lost, its sea without a shore.

But lo : the waiting, wistful, crowd at length,  
Our wisdom's glorious band ; who hating strife  
And powerless to redeem, have kept their life  
From all pollution ; all question of this triumph of God's  
light

Against " the accursed thing ;" and circling aloft  
With constant labor filled the livelong day  
And, uncontaminate, held their own of life ;  
Now garlanded, rejoice, and joining hands  
Exultant fill again the living sphere  
Of outraged Equity ; a galaxy of light, once more, for  
aye.

Their life their law ; the Heart their head and all.

But this strange passage of belligerent guilt ;  
This living death, this moving hell and grave,  
Preying upon itself and burning to devour,  
Even from the womb ; nay, in the womb itself,  
The unnatural harlot's womb ; the pit, the void,  
Conceiving to consume ; with loathing hate,  
Cold shivering inanition ; grim mortality,

Dying to live and living but to die,  
 In agony of torture ; dread, all dread ;  
 Too dread to be endured, too helpless to escape  
 This piteous maniac, raving lunacy.  
 Desperate, Satanic, devilish, in its spite  
 Of hungry disappointment, craving thirst,  
 A mockery of invention, unimaginable ;  
 Existence that's not life ; undying death,  
 Baseless idolatry, no image can portray,  
 And shunning God and good ;  
 Incapable of peace, yet seeking happiness ;  
 And full of visionary bliss, to come  
 By stealth and violence ; with a pomp of grace !  
 Self-immolation ; life redeemed of death ;  
 Aught but the living truth, the lie brought home !  
 Ah, this is guilt ; the very sting of death ;  
 Whose writhings and evasions, now revealed,  
 Have first to be embodied in our sight ;  
 The racer matched, the fox pursued to ground  
 His brush the trophy ; the poor comet's tail,  
 With wild hollo ! So tossed upon the void.

And now the earth purged of the fire, of death  
 And purified in ashes of the brood, the swollen gross  
 brood

Of its rank venomous and absorbing blood ;  
 In the full flush of its devouring rage  
 "In dragon, hydra, and chimera dire,"  
 All that inventive hate, or vain imagination could conceive

Of grim and horrible, and cruel, to express  
 Its mortal purpose ; to constrain from life  
 The secret of its being and its power.  
 And failing blindly to perceive or touch  
 Aught of the Invisible, omnipotent, divine,

The pure and good of heaven, to compel  
Its quick obedience, subtile ministry  
Enslaved to cater for infernal power !  
The sac of chaos and the craving void  
Of hungry desolation yawning to receive  
And roll forever in its toothless maw,  
The quickening sense of life, active intelligence,  
Transforming power, creating and dissolving at its will  
The practiced light, the knowledge of all law ;  
Law, do we say ? Not la ! but principle ;  
One single purpose, high and pure and good,  
Of leading all to life and peace and truth ;  
Of which God's lights the exponent to our sight,  
The motion that awakes all sense of joy ;  
And with emotion swells the living heart  
To pulse and to expand with balanced force  
The essence of all being : quick, pure thought ;  
That watcheth to inspire with willing love,  
And swift obedience of the leading power  
Of God and good, of light and joy and peace.  
Things that are not in the belly, sac,—but God,  
The good, supreme ! omnipotent to save :  
The Lord, Jehovah ! the All-moving One,  
Our witness and our judge ; whose touch is life,  
Whose absence or restraint in us is death.  
The brutal force which makes our right all wrong,  
False in conception and iniquitous ;  
In ways and means oppressive and unjust ;  
In winning and compelling, leading, restraining wrong ;  
Its will the power of hell, its touch obstruction, death ;  
Consent, corruption ; intercourse, pollution and the grave ;  
Wasting, consuming all in deadly change,  
Of vapor and of mould, of pulseless dust.  
The bloated carcass not a handful now

For covering to the worms it feeds and fed,  
 Even in the freshness and the bloom of youth,  
 The hey-day of its pride and pomp of power.  
 How gross and monstrous thus the hybrid life,  
 First answering to the sunlight's quickening ray,  
 Through clouds and smoke of dull metallic heat,  
 Of vapors rolling high, concentrating,  
 Condensed beneath the moon's yet circling zone,  
 That brooded o'er the waters dark and foul,  
 Whose moving forms more monstrous still and fell,  
 Heaving their ponderous bulk or waving far,  
 Their length of floating sac ; all armed and fed  
 Of greedy sucker forceps, leverage of jaw,  
 Or other cunning or more cruel device ;  
 With open throat, blind, raging to devour ;  
 Breeding and feeding as the spawn of guilt  
 The excrement of lust ; till mercy, loathing, bade  
 The fire devour, and sweep them from the earth,  
 Polluted and profaned of its own life,  
 Under the girdling darkness of her shade,  
 Now hailed as leader of the starry host  
 And queen of heaven ! last ghostly daughter of the foul  
     abyss,  
 The seething pit of walled obstruction, masonry of hell,  
 The fortress of corruption, guilt, and shame,  
 Whose shadow is the night, the moon, the grave,  
 Blackness and vapor the destroying waste,  
 Devouring desolation of the void ;  
 Last refuge of undying hate, iniquity and wrong.  
 Egypt, Philistia, Syria's Amramic lord,  
 Of Lebanon rejected, on Moriah, slain for aye ;  
 Demanding sacrifice, himself reproved ;  
 And taken by the horns of his own power,  
 Condemned a sacrifice for Isaac's life

That Sarah's joyful laughter might prevail ;  
Rebecca have her day, and Rachel weep,  
Like Mercy o'er her children, slain to save  
A residue from death : who fearless gave their life  
In the first heat of conflict to restrain  
The mad devourer's rage ; nor yet in hell would yield,  
But closing round, held the usurper to his burning throne,  
Till belched upon the void. The rock their cenotaph,  
And Mercy's tears their healing, consolation, life, and good,  
And now released, her waters shall prevail,  
Shall cleanse their crystal life with ashes and with blood,  
And to the south returned, store all their bitterness against  
that day,

When passing to their judgment Mars and moon  
Shall be united, and the earth, restored  
To her lost sphere, shall welcome and embrace  
Her waiting vestals ; and a bride prepared,  
And, baptized now of living light, lead on  
To chambers of the sun to meet her Lord !  
Our living right, our righteousness, our life ;  
And all shall be restored as in the eve  
Of that great jubilee which saw his fall,  
Who gave his life to death to prove a lie :  
Betrayed of the deceiver's shadow from the void,  
Who shall return alone to his own place,  
And leave our bands without a missing soul !  
In bitterness to burn his life away,  
Undying, die forever and a day ;  
Oh ; death and hell ! in sight of all that live,  
A warning and a curse which all will heed,  
And thus confirm, his deep damnation now and evermore :  
And victory assured the high reward  
Of watchful sun and stars, in the glad heavens ;  
And rising generations of earth's sons

No treachery could bind, no cruelty subdue,  
 To kiss the rod of an oppressing hate,  
 False as corrupt, and brazen as unjust,  
 The golden calf, the mastery of lust,  
 And dull Satanic rage, the fire of hell,  
 Belched from the cordon of our bleeding hearts :  
 Regenerated ? No ; but healed to life ;  
 A world redeemed to light, our heaven restored ;  
 The reign of Equity established sure,  
 In truth and justice, in her happy sphere :  
 Resting between, upheld, blameless and pure,  
 Of these in life and death, as Lord and God ;  
 Their Justice in her judgment to redeem  
 All errant right ; with knowledge of the past  
 Embodied record, the result of proof  
 And barring further trials, once for aye :  
 Holding the lot, of good or evil, visible to all,  
 Without the sufferance or suffering  
 Of heaven and hell, of fire and swelling flood,  
 Of sun and waiting star, planet and earth,  
 Of Lebanon and Ararat, Damascus, Shinar's plain,  
 Babel and Nineveh, Sodom and Beth-el, Bethlehem,  
 Syria and Egypt, Babylon and Rome,  
 The Ethiop and Elam's favored sons ;  
 The wisdom of the East and commerce of the West,  
 Or Northern turbulence and South's repose,  
 Reduplicated and religioned here  
 To weariness and surfeit of pretence,  
 Manhood discounted till no fractions left  
 To stay the lust of priestly arrogance,  
 In sword and mitre, papal kingly sway.  
 Unkinged, disrobed before our God we stand,  
 His willing ministers in truth and right,  
 In passive high submission, confidence of power ;



To wait his judgment whose high sure reward  
"Is well done good and faithful ;" work and wait  
Reward in death is near ; in Judgment now,  
Waiting upon the threshold, till the cup,  
Of this iniquity is filled once more ;  
And brimming to their death, whose fall is hell,  
And heaven restored on earth ; the paradise of God  
From fear of death redeemed ; and labor's bondage,  
To the happier task, of keeping and subduing passive life,  
Whose fruits prepared, our proper sustenance, till death  
shall be no more.

Thus on its sentient Elements thrown back,  
Enduring while their principles prevail,  
Our solar system moves among the stars  
A living Planisphere instructing all,  
In all of life, its clients can perceive or seek to know  
Or knowing comprehend : for knowledge too is vain  
Not understood, an idle pedantry ;  
Beyond our reach, or power of usefulness,  
An empty dream ; as baseless as the power,  
Of nations, kings and rulers of the earth,  
On which their life depends ; and therefore as approved,  
Is, and can only be, erroneous and condemned :  
A flood of misconception, flattery of selves  
Idolatry that nurseth the blind rage  
Of ruin, death and hell ; from which the grave  
Again redeems our life ; a living crystal germ  
Reason Invention cast upon the void  
As useless when intelligence is clear  
And truth prevails with living Right and Good :  
All else consumed, save observation and reflective powers ;  
The eye and ear to bring his purpose near  
And hold it to the heart as God in all,  
Which, with our trust in God and confidence

The inspiring light that guides and is our aim,  
 Is all we need, to make our ministry, the frailest known,  
 Omnipotent, resistless as his love !  
 Pounding the gold to dust ; holding the silver, dross  
 And refuse in his sight ; the iron and the steel,  
 A rust and sore, the leprosy of death corrupting all,  
 And saved by labor from the grave it digs  
 And teaches to consume no more on earth .  
 Whose purpose is salvation, hearing, sight ;  
 While those metallic orbs are dead prepared  
 For flooring, sufferance. — And what are these,  
 Those outer planets cast upon the void ?—  
 The vapor of a dream that sought to mingle all :  
 Bring evil out of good, inspire the soul  
 Of Rest and peace with life's activity  
 And make endurance vile ; like priesthoods here,  
 So are these laid aside to lay those floors  
 And be absorbed from sight ; while these quiet stars  
 Which have escaped their touch circled and sphered  
 In tens and sevens, in fives, and threes, and ones,  
 Wait their appointed place and duty every one  
 As helping or alone they paused and held their own  
 Against the mad release which gave the solvent power  
 Of these would-be companions ; thus resolved  
 And glittering in their death ; metallic sprites  
 They can no more, unlettered and unnumbered as they  
     are  
 And out of place, as disembodied souls ;  
 (Like Jethro in the wilderness of Sin)  
 To solve the riddle of the sphinx adored  
 Of Egypt's reptile dust ; which Pharaoh trained in man  
     to sweat  
 Ptolemy to bleed ; and all have trampled in their lust of  
     power

Yet unavenged ; but we, who wait on him who knows the  
hour,

To drink its inspiration and reflect its aim,  
Shall all avenge and bid fair Sheba's queen her life renew  
And change the Ethiope's skin her soul hath loathed  
For the fine linen and unwavering eye  
The mirror of her life, which trained her northern lord  
And from high Lebanon and Ararat taught  
His restless soul to know both peace and good ;  
And schooled of Equity, of Justice bound,  
In mercy and in judgment, to control  
And circumcise his life, to equal chastity, to love and Right.  
But not to Righteousness as yet redeemed :  
Nay ; scorning and rejecting it and her !  
For Pharaoh's houseless daughter, the sad choice  
Of willing Bath-sheba's too lustful son.

The hour-glass, emptied, is upturned once more  
The north again prevails, and the cold night :  
Now the free waters bilging from their course  
Are spread in seas and oceans, lave no more  
The living Rock, but leave it high and bald  
In fruitless ridges ; water-logged the earth,  
Moves on another centre and the deep  
Seething and vast polluted in its course  
Brings forth its monstrous forms from stagnant depths,  
And as the altered equipoise prevails  
Its weighted waters, healing now no more,  
Alter their course and silent stealing up  
In various channels from the dipping poles  
Against the forward rotatory strain  
Of her impetuous course, to bind again  
With liquid belt, the high circumference  
Then breaking fall away, not now on either hand,  
A surface current spreading to the poles,

And, constant eddying round, rise to fulfill  
 The purpose of their life ; to water and subdue  
 The wide convexity of the ribbed rock ;  
 To permeate and unbind its sealed life  
 And spread it out, to the quick influence of the living light ;  
 To cleanse and bid it rise again and soar  
 A pure transparent atmosphere, and feed  
 The duller life, of the impervious rock  
 To fructify and nourish, eye and ear of earth  
 Insensible as yet, and lead the scheming head,  
 To see and know his purpose ; understand,  
 His great design and give it utterance high ;  
 From heart to crystal heart, that all may see and know  
 Their error and their fall ; their utter helplessness and lack  
 of Right ;

Save what the Right itself awards in Righteousness,  
 And know this braining of the crystal soul  
 Is blank obstruction, chaos, death and hell.  
 The straight and narrow way is truth and right ;  
 The time and purpose one, Eternity and good,  
 An equal balance then must poise our life  
 And ward it from destruction ; that it wait  
 Secure upon the purpose of his law and move  
 By the quick inspiration of the need,  
 His call makes sure, who balanceth and thus sustaineth all,  
 By prompt obedience, loving ministry,  
 Of all in all ; pure, good and true as just ;  
 Well balanced, high above all selfishness,  
 The groveling of the pit, in perfect equity ;  
 That, as the impulse of the living light,  
 The finger of his life, but toucheth to approve,  
 A watchful swift obedience willing, full  
 May sound his praise and give aloud to all  
 The watchword of our life ; we hear and wait,

Our Father, on thy bidding ; with our life,  
Thy Lordly gift, our God we worship thee !  
Command ! we know thee and shall all obey :  
Obedience is our life. How then refuse ; and die,  
By our own disobedience, yet complain ?  
Blaspheme and curse Thee as the cause :  
Good Lord ! from such ingratitude, such senselessness,  
Thou wilt sustain the wise and true we know ;  
And now, that all may understand, Thou givest  
Our flagrant Right Inventive power of force  
Of skill and cunning, not hypocrisy ;  
To spurn, but not abuse thy life, and seek  
The just reward of his own deeds and live  
As these his life sustain or waste for him  
The substance on which all depends for power ;  
And so, go forth an outcast on the void,  
A senseless thing as thus abusing sense :  
A flaring comet, the pale hairy scalp  
Of wisdom brained to vapor, nothingness ;  
To float forever ; ensign of the proud  
The vanity of impotence, which cannot save  
Even its own soul, but must be served to live  
And have its tithes and offerings, its usury and its dues,  
That it may strut and growl in lion's hide  
Or plume itself in feathers of the fowl  
The foolish Ostrich that gives all to show  
The vapor of its fears and vanity,  
A silly bird, the first of beasts to die,  
The cause of its own nakedness and fear.  
Behold your banner high ones of the earth  
And know we are his servants ; who inspires sustains  
And leads unwearied with unerring love  
To peace and good here, and forevermore  
To life and light immortal in the heavens :

And with his life will save our every soul,  
 From death and judgment, even as now from hell;  
 And dare the evil one to do his worst,  
 In pandering soul and body to his lust:  
 The foul destroyer of all life and good,  
 To save his carcass give all else again,  
 To sacrificial violence for the weary "Mess  
 Of pottage" that without labor, in the grasp of death!  
 Redeems his murderous life and blood condemned,  
 A little day, an hour: from pit and void,  
 His handiwork! the desolator's home.

Shall we not rather without pleading give  
 Our life for life as did our Crystal hosts,  
 In the high heavens; as did the suffering Christ,  
 On Calvary again, in the accursed hour  
 Of wrong's impotent triumph, that proud Rome  
 Might have her day of revel, murder, blood:  
 In every form of cunning, butchery, waste!  
 And stand as now, the spectacle she is  
 Of planetary power, of arrogance on earth  
 As in the heavens condemned! and separated  
 A warning and a curse; with room enough  
 Between us and the void, in senseless war  
 To all eternity; for taxes blood,—her own:  
 With Cicero's invention, Cæsar's power,  
 Mark Antony and Cleopatra's love;  
 The sottish whoredom of her purple pride!  
 To spread their triumphs on the mortal waste—  
 The plain of Shinar where old Babel stands,  
 Forever and this day, in bitter mockery.  
 Yes; Jesus is the Christ; we move and live,  
 The sons of Mercy and of Love; our Right!  
 Immortal in the sphere of Equity,  
 Eternal in the heavens, to bury these away:

And here, on earth, Omnipotent to save !  
The purpose and the end of healing life ;  
Now wasted in the deep all stagnant and accursed ;  
To prove his monstrous wrong in sight of all :  
As soon, before this sun, in Babel, Rome, Jerusalem,  
The planetary spheres, among the tombs of earth,  
The resilience of Ararat, of Atlas, Lebanon,  
And saved from Misriam's depths, a warning evermore :  
Yea ; let his deeds to condemnation hold  
A soul accursed to his own altar bound !  
Beneath the flooring of the eternal spheres ;  
The separation of the quick and dead.

We bid him once again, Behold his place ;  
Go, and repent, return ! or, if he dare assail,  
Strike, and strike home ; no legal murder more ;  
No inquisition nor assassin's stroke  
Can stay a moment the eternal doom  
The heavens record and now at length fulfill ;  
In sight of all ! will war, 'tis all that's left, prevail at last ?  
Will wholesale murder triumph or avert  
A moment or iota, of the stroke  
That comes like destiny—yea ! is its mark,  
Calm, sure, and still, without a sigh or sound :  
A stroke of terror, or a shriek of guilt.  
No maundering Pilate, nor a priest of hell :  
No blind, cruel, hypocrite ! whose sentence is,  
" 'Tis necessary one should die for all,"  
And gives the shepherd and his flock to death ;  
Can now avail to bring one moment's pause.  
Where are his people and his lying soul  
To-day, forever ? And his templed pride !  
Where is proud Rome whose serfs accept his word ?  
Lost : gone forever. Let him strike, strike home—  
Subdue the sunbeam ; bind the lightning's shaft ;

Restore old chaos and eternal night  
 If ever such there was save on the void ;  
 Inventions dark, mechanical domain,  
 And quench the fire of hell, the waste of death ;  
 He now can feed no more with tax, tithe, sacrifice !  
 Or greatly give his soul—the one for all.  
 Let papal vigilance pious Eneas crown  
 Or be itself a Christ—save its own soul ;  
 From Simeon's tribe and Peter's murderous breath :  
 The suction of the millstone of this doom :  
 Lest now the Christ permit the following,  
 Of maniac rage that dwells among the tombs,  
 On earth and in the heavens ; waits the avenging cry  
 'Tis done : thy day hath come, be well avenged !  
 And when our hands by violence are loosed  
 We do as Rome hath done and bury root and branch,  
 Body and soul the accursed race in blood  
 Aye ; " heap up dust " the bodies of our slain,  
 And take the loathed carcass of his care  
 In its own stronghold, impotence of lust,  
 And rabid fear of death ; a living grave :  
 But his own offspring buries well the knave.

Thus shall the desolation of the fourth—  
 The appointed day, which heard the sons of God  
 Shout o'er the earth redeemed to light again  
 Rejoice once more o'er its inhabitants  
 Restored to Truth and Right—their light and life :  
 The thrice-repeated end of mortal strife ;  
 In fire, in water and the smoke of blood :  
 In Noah and in Christ ; and now, the Just.  
 All eyes are opened to a saving power  
 And reckless of a life that cannot save  
 Even its own soul from death : the strife of hell,  
 Polluted and given o'er to leprous guilt :



Strike home for the high prize of Immortality  
By sacrificing all: all; all, to death:  
Give back to the devourer, whence they came,  
Lust, cold, and hunger, want of all he brings;  
To enslave, corrupt; to torture and oppress,  
Our flesh and blood with their consuming greed;  
And be again emancipated, purged,  
From all pollution and excess; guilt, fear:  
Thus purified, prepare to move once more  
Each, in the living light, a perfect crystal soul;  
Reflecting back his image, life, and light to all,  
In purity and truth, in righteousness and peace,  
Through the eternal ages without change;  
In happy interchange of joy and love;  
A constant flow, refreshing, ever new,  
Of life and good in Justice, Equity;  
Each charged in his own life with power divine,  
A part of God's Omniscience, who thus moves in all  
Omnipotent to save, inspire, uphold,  
By the high intercourse of life and light;  
His own infinitude! and share with all  
His Immortality the pure result  
Of perfect Truth and Love; Right, Righteousness, and  
Peace.

Such is the purpose of His Mercy's life;  
To cleanse, to heal, to save, to raise her dead,  
And o'er the blooming south and chilling north alike  
The rays divine of heavenly light were spread.  
But mooning greed of sacrificial power,  
On the circumference interposed between;  
And to the burning heart cut down her grooves,  
And martial fire devoured the fruit of all;  
And swept the earth, clear to the living rock:  
And emptied the sad heart and left a void,

That separated the parts: and when he fell away,  
 Borne of the Vestals to their blest abode;  
 Between the living and the dead to clothe—  
 Be covering to the craving of desire,  
 And hide the shame of nakedness and want;  
 Polluted by the lust of his devouring rage  
 The infamy of guilt; the fear of death:  
 Therefore the separation and return  
 Of Mars the maniac of the hurrying hosts  
 Of planetary being, tossed of want  
 And now returning naked to his house  
 And injured bride; who brings a healing dower:  
 Relieving earth to balance, heal her life.

Therefore the changing of the channeled depths,  
 From east and west to north and southward tread  
 Bridging the chasm of the burning heat,  
 Emptied forever of its perilous load:  
 Breaking between the poles and verging north and east  
 Toward the polar depths from which he fell;  
 And leaving the far Pacific a void,  
 A basin for the deep, whose coral life  
 Gathered from the circumference builds again,  
 From salted depths laid to the centre bare;  
 Her cavernous abodes; invaded still,  
 By molten incandescence, dull metallic fire;  
 That works in sympathy with the red Mars,  
 His groomsmen, waiting on his jilted bride;  
 Till the o'erheated vagrant's fond return:  
 To bear her hence away to his own place;  
 With all the monsters of the swelling deep,  
 The sediment of hell and chaos left.  
 To ease the earth and let her quietly wait  
 Her vestal covering, in the heat sublime  
 Of the metallic spheres that floor the heavens;

Again for the abode of life of sun and star,  
Cherub and seraphim who seek repose ;  
From the intenser charge of heavenly Truth,  
The sphere of Throned Omnipotence on high :  
Whose glory is the light of heaven and earth,  
Actual, sublime, beneficence of good ;  
Immortal and inspiring all with life,  
The equal balance of Eternal Right.

Well pleased the living hand and heart approved  
The challenge of destruction from the deep—  
And saw its murderers plow the watery main  
Of Mercy's healing life, with ponderous bulk  
And flash of phosphorescent light ablaze  
All raging to devour, begin the strife of blood  
That since hath raved from hell to the pure heavens,  
Whose lightnings hold in check for us their power.  
Till all released we pave the golden ways  
Of Equity's loved sphere with burnished light ;  
Of dead metallic power again subdued,  
To gold refined, and the tried silvery sheen  
That fringeth all our paradise on high.

Therefore the fall of spurious Right at first,  
This body of our death ; inventive power,  
Mechanic masonry ; a sore cut off,  
The bleeding sore of blank obstructive hate,  
Existing to destroy. Therefore this separation, want, and  
guilt,  
This chaos and the void, death, hell, the grave ;  
This mortal isolation from all good !  
These wise pure stars, that could not help nor save ;  
Those outcast planets, whose endurance failed—  
The seething deep, those chains of living rock ;  
Whose passive life to stern resistance sealed,  
Unsuffering, unsubdued, unheeding waits :

Falling to rise, and broken to be healed,  
 Made perfect in submission to abuse.  
 Breathing in fragrance, blossoming in love,  
 To every touch of sunlight, as in heaven  
 It gave its crystal life freely for God and good :  
 Unquestioning of his will or power to save  
 Regardless of all else, nor seeking aught,  
 Save present duty and a healing love ;  
 Perfect and perfecting as his own life,  
 Nor varying in degree ; but stripped of all  
 Evil association dark and foul  
 And tired of its own being ; holding fast  
 To Right with might as in the blaze of heaven,  
 To the integrity of spotless Truth,  
 The essence of his light ; the living soul,  
 First integer of life, high, pure, and good ;  
 Abating nought of principle, Truth, Justice, Love,  
 Of Equity nor Mercy ; Righteousness ; the healing power,  
 Of soothing, sweet, affection ; confidence,—  
 Or in the brothel, or upon the sides  
 Of the infernal pit, suffers and braves  
 The death of hell, the torture of the damned ;  
 In heat and cold still breathing, blossoming,  
 In love, pure love ; in sunlight and in shade ;  
 In storm and tempest, hail and lightning-flash,  
 Moving obedient to the heavenly voice  
 Which stirs resistless in the crystal heart,  
 Of rain-drop, flower, and star ; and speaks for aye  
 Omnipotent, in the good deed ; the healing all proclaims.

And now, on this fifth eve, the earth, this passive life,  
 Fevered and scorched of fire ; bows down insensible  
 As in the throes of death ! And belching forth  
 Its vomit on the void ; then, rising slow,  
 Without a pause in its impetuous course ;

While the unsettled moon clings in alarm,  
To the far wistful waters of the waste ;  
Sweet Mercy's bitter soul ; from which she claims,  
Her atmosphere and life, to fill her day.

These, now released, ascend, as we have seen ;  
South and northwestward, rising from the poles ;  
Rounding the eastern continent, channeling the north ;  
Seeking the broad circumference as of old ;  
Meeting and mingling there, falling away  
On either hand and crowded from the east,  
Spreading still westward, north and to the south,  
Meeting and clashing to the surface thrown ;  
Breaking and bearing eastward to the poles,  
Ridging and leveled to an equal round  
From centre to circumference ; underneath  
Hugging its channels, plowing to the west,  
Searching the Crannies of the rock and fell,  
Smoothing abrasions, healing the deep wound,  
Filling the fall, absolving the lone height,  
Rising in clouds of vapor to the hills,  
Sweeping their tribute to the waiting vales,  
Baptizing, washing, winning, soothing all  
To the relentings of her gentler life—  
The God, the woman's, Mercy's suffering soul ;  
Rending with storm and tempest earthquake's power,  
Bidding the lightnings play, flooding the brooks  
And washing to the deep to heal their souls,  
Tried of the fire, disfigured, grim in death ;  
As broken, pounded débris, warring hosts,  
Guiltless resisting evil through this death,  
This mortal strife and force of elements  
Against the principles of heaven and life,  
God's life,—the one, the three, the five, the seven ;  
Three principal, two serving, two results :

Life, Truth, and Right, Justice and Equity ;  
 Light in the heavens, enduring Peace on earth,  
 Mercy and Judgment in the Abyss, with Love,  
 Celestial Love in all, the living moving heart ;  
 The seven and ten Arabic signs complete  
 Of Elam sanctioned, Israel adored ;  
 In Aram lost, in Salem found again,—  
 Thence followed to Sinai, tabernacled there ;  
 In Amram buried, overlaid, disrobed ;  
 In Horeb and in Pisgah. In the brotherhood  
 Of Hebron turned aside, and in Jerusalem  
 Upon Moriah's secondary height ; the threshing floor  
 Of Ornan, in the mount, of Jebusites ;  
 The vilest of the tribes, that Canaan's heights condemned  
 And held to sure destruction,—mockery of God's life,  
 Holding as lame and blind the poor of earth,  
 Riches their god, enslavers of mankind.

These Luz condemned and Bethel hath outlived,  
 Bethlehem o'erthrown, and Mercy still prevails ;  
 In Ephrath and from Lebanon's fragrant heights,  
 Crystaled in snow-flakes, covering to subdue  
 Those barren ridges lifted high beyond  
 Her more prevailing influence in the vales  
 Of Jezreel and of Sharon, where the rose and vine  
 Bloom and refresh and cheer the thirsty soul.  
 Nor here alone her influence is felt,  
 Housing the frozen rocks toward the poles,  
 Sleeping secure, congealed in mimic Crags,  
 Through the long darkness of the winter's reign,  
 Unfearing shimmering of the reddening rays  
 Of the retiring Sun or ghostly Moon,  
 Whose reign seems here confirmed again on earth,  
 Holding the Night the father of despair,  
 And she the ghostly shade of all that was

The heaven of God, the hell through which she hath  
passed,

In which Life suffers now intenser pain  
From open-eyed assault ; contempt of men,  
She hath saved and saves, yet doth she not complain,  
But yielding to the sunlight and the warmer floods  
As yields this crested wave of centripetal force,  
Forming our daily tide, unto the moon,  
Whose high inverted basin sucks the wave  
To give her ghosts a breathing atmosphere,—  
A taste of blessing and a distant hope  
Of yet aspiring to a place in heaven ;  
The lowliest, most retired, most hidden there ;  
'Neath the foundations where the stones of fire  
Impassive shine nor will upbraid their lot,  
Which sated lust doth now assure as good ;  
For all is peace and truth,—rest, right assured,  
And ghostly visions of a borrowed light  
Of phosphorescence or the fat of kings,  
Candle or hissing spear, whose lurid glare  
Is like the pit, a mockery of the dead.  
All spurious lordship is shut out from thence,  
The taxing and the tithing of God's life,  
That vile dependence which degrades the soul  
To arrogance of lust and devilish hate,  
Shall rule and sting no more to frantic rage ;  
But die the death of all not vital in itself  
And self-sustaining ; like this daily tide,  
Fulfilling its high purpose, gathering up  
The broken fragments of the healing rock,  
The pounded dust and ashes of a sphere  
Of goodly life abased of this cruel death,  
And giving it new being by the change  
Of its condition ever thus renewed,

With sleepless care and without waste or pain.  
 'Tis the same Mercy we were wont to serve,  
 Feasting upon her presence, love, and truth,  
 Sweeping her channels, hugging the loved ball,  
 Holding it sphered around to hide and save  
 The base ingratitude this spheroid wards  
 And guards from instant death.  
 Death? No, a loathsome and devouring life,  
 More vile and horrible than aught in hell,  
 Which thus she quarries, thus she shall efface,  
 Abrading, towering pride, healing where shattered cleft,  
 To hold its sphere in perfect balance—life,  
 With constant healing power of soul and sense,  
 Water and atmosphere, which trieth all.  
 From the Equator ushering in the spring  
 Waking with tidings of returning light  
 Of warmth and motion and release of life ;  
 Melting, exulting, swelling, sweeping all,  
 Lifting its rainbowed masses on its breast  
 With clinging rocks, crowding away, released  
 To the high jubilee of the summer time,  
 Under the zenith and in temperate zones ;  
 Where the prevailing day chaseth the night  
 And blank obstruction's shadow is not felt ;  
 Nor influence of the moon, where sun and stars  
 Prevail in purer, self-sustaining light,  
 To cheer all conquering life in field and flood,  
 With touch and tidings of a great release,  
 The coming of the resurrection morn to all :  
 Sweeping the dead of earth, into the deep,  
 Waking the living to rejoice their day,  
 And blossom filling the lit atmosphere  
 With odorous life in all lights, colors dressed.  
 And bearing fruit ; to feed the living and inspire the dead,



Who wait their season to revive the year ;  
And in their turn, so far again prepare  
The highway of the Lord, our God, who comes  
With clouds of heaven, in his assuring word.  
The breathings of his life that quickeneth all ;  
Speaking from heart to heart, till in the form  
Of highest life, the garment of the heavens,  
The free embodied light he shall appear  
Unknown to all : and leaving all to approve  
Their proper life, and live or be condemned  
To outer darkness ; when he thus appears  
Unable to reflect or share this light,  
By their own truthless impotence destroyed ;  
Not waiting wisely on his life and time,  
Nor guided by his right, but their own will  
Misled to selfishness, perverse and blind,  
Backward, obstructive, of obscuring hate,  
Destroying and destroyed as now we see ;  
Outcast forever. What hath self to do  
With His abounding life who lives Himself for all ?

Now purged at length of that proud leprous soul,  
Devouring to consume, whose flame aspires to heaven ;  
Lapping, with its loud tongue, at Mercy's flood,  
And leaping to expire, as from the touch  
Of pointed death, that striketh at the heart,  
Like the impotent adder but to lay  
Its venomous head under her living heel.  
But now, too, broken, limping in its gait.  
The stubborn rock, collapsed, rolls on its course  
Unbalanced, water-logged ; still, for a time,  
Under the baleful influence of the moon  
Whose seething lust, in Shinar, Sodom's plain,  
Egypt and Rome must have their shadowy day  
To inform the living soul of death, not life ;

Yet lurking in the inverted pyramids,  
 The saline pillars of the seething deep:  
 Whose mingled waters in subjection held  
 By lunar influence and the rock's disease,  
 Yet pitted with syphilis—eaten still of rust,  
 Falling away as leprous, decomposed,  
 Crowd out the dead sea and the slimy brood  
 Of fatness and of waste, loathed of his Mercy's life  
 And sinking in the pit to fill the deep,  
 The sad memorial of Lot's weeping wife,  
 The piteous rage of blood uncircumcised  
 To chastity of life; to cleanness of desire;  
 The purging of the soul from sensuality,  
 That addeth son, to dead rebellious son,  
 And wearieth life, with daughters multiplied  
 From one, her shame of Truth, to three and five,  
 And seven, and ten; the foolish with the wise  
 That overrun the earth, with falsehood, infamy;  
 With Brute desire, armed cruelty, and wrong,  
 Giant Iniquity, insolence of force  
 O'ermastery of oppression, violence, and hate  
 With all unrighteousness; the ferment of corruption that  
     now stirs

The stagnant waters raging to devour,  
 With arrowy, slimy forms of bellied life  
 And open mouth, the very gate of death,  
 Crowding the deep, until her unarmed brood  
 Takes wings to escape the terror of its rage,  
 In all the channels of her healing life,  
 Their scaly armor flashing from the wave,  
 As darting on their prey they sacrifice to live.

For now the world prepared of Mercy's soul,  
 The healing waters, to sustain her blind  
 Preserved of salt; the bitterness of death,

From wasting leprosy and wrath of hell ;  
And swaddling the earth with cooling bands  
That bind her continents, fill up her depths :  
While over all the crystal atmosphere,  
Breath of God's light for inspiration, strength,  
For hearing, sight ; to feed intelligence  
With understanding of his life and love  
That rests upon his self-sustaining Truth  
And builds in Righteousness, abhorring death  
And desolation, sacrifice and wrong,  
And raising now the dead of errant Right,  
Bids them behold the ruin he hath wrought,  
By blinding selfishness and tyrant will,  
And plans without foundation, fighting life,  
That seeks but to redeem from slavery and death,  
With momentary power and cruel success,  
That damns him to the pit, forever self-condemned,  
Confounded, mad ; to chaos, death, and hell,  
Confusion and obstruction, the devouring fire,  
Kindled of his own force, and leading back  
To the consuming grave, their only rest  
Where dead Imperial matters living prey :  
Finds momentary respite, without change of heart,  
But rising to repeat the thrice-told tale  
Of life devouring life, of sacrifice and blood ;  
Of tithe and offering to the blind and lame,  
And sturdy beggar who will kill and steal  
That he may breathe his day, a living lie,  
Already, to the teeth, condemned to death—  
Eternal death, with but a pause for strife :  
Again by murder to condemn the soul ;  
Thus damned forever by the monstrous deed  
Destroying help ; nature's expiring cry :  
To kill or to forbear, alike to die.

Yet, if we will, we may by quiet forbearance change  
 This curse into a blessing, evil into good,  
 By knowledge and the well-assured fear  
 Of hopeless condemnation, visible to all  
 From henceforth evermore in heaven and earth, the void.  
 Now in the fruit of herb and tree, the substitute  
 For blood of crystal life, already thrown  
 A stage behind, to give us pause to see,  
 To know and understand, be well assured :  
 And understanding to proclaim aloud,  
 By this forbearance we would live not die ;  
 Seek peace and good and shun this strife of blood.  
 Nor steal to live, nor tithing teach to rob,  
 Defending robbery, murder ; murdering be condemned,  
 Outcast, with open eyes, destroyed of our own hand,  
 This Godless blasphemy of sensual life,  
 Material good maintained ! In prison-house of death ;  
 Begging and murdering for its sateless lust.  
 In heaven and earth, in hell and in the void ;  
 By witness of the unsuffering maniac's rage  
 Condemned forever ; yea, and in itself  
 The very hell we seek to shun with dread.  
 A ghostly wanderer in the sight of all,  
 The nebulous phantom of the power of ill,  
 A spectacle—the body of this death !—  
 With none to fear or worship evermore.  
 So falls our right, the lordship of an hour ;  
 The pomp of Kings, Imperial impotence,  
 This blind Idolatry, eternal shame !  
 The horror of man's Idol Lamech taught  
 To his reproving Son ; and since the flood  
 Resisted to the death on land and sea.  
 Lord God ! let this prevail according to thy word,  
 And buried be all arrogance of power

All lordship of this earth's infernal lord,  
Who ruleth by the sword death, hell, the grave,—  
The lie of Lucifer now well reprov'd  
By his accursed deed, the blazon of his name,  
Father of hell ! destroyer and accursed,  
Of his own hand the victim evermore.

Our Crystal life in Chaos saw its fall !  
As Right in hell found death ; obstruction in the rock,  
A living grave ; so now from Babylon  
The Prophet hath proclaimed in words that burn  
With loathing of the soul, the sacrificer's doom,  
To eat his bread defiled with "dung of man,"  
His own corruption !—whence proceeds the flesh,  
The body of this death, the evidence  
Of violence, blank obstruction, wrong, dead force,  
Corruption, waste, seduction, rottenness,  
All waste, all ruin, falsehood, loss for aye !  
In mad perversity and savage thirst of blood,  
Sustained against all principle, all knowledge, sense,  
A fat and dainty, dull, devouring sot,  
Backward inclined and taken in his guilt,  
Rejecting Mercy holding to his death,—  
A thing impossible, he knows full well,—  
Till from the womb the mother hath devoured  
Her suckling ! Day by day Death with his dead  
Confronteth life until the last poor soul  
Stands still, the glare of frenzy in his eye,  
A moment in suspense, and with a cry  
Then leaps into the grave to save himself  
From torture of the void. Yet this is still called life !  
And men in wantonness will shut their eyes  
And steel their hearts to hold it to this pass ;  
And Mars and Moon now wait—wait well prepared—  
Not for the victims of these burdened souls,

The weary and oppressed, but for themselves and theirs;  
 The kings and lawgivers, the liars, thieves,  
 Who lead but to betray infallibly to death,  
 The death of their own souls, who soon with open eyes  
 Must take the fatal leap and perish from the earth  
 In terror of God's light, compelled to prove  
 The fruit of their own deeds, with none to help,  
 And die of sheer affright, the mighty and the great!—  
 Seeking to serve the meek who know them not;  
 Go out pursued, of their own mad inventions, hopeless  
 of return.

Thus far hath the permissive word been passed,  
 And now, the pregnant waters settling on their lees,  
 "God said, Let them bring forth abundantly  
 The moving creature that hath life," to prove  
 This dire catastrophe even to the end;  
 "And fowl that they may fly above the earth,  
 Even in the open firmament of heaven,"  
 And find escape impossible; and thence descend,  
 Returning to the grave confess that all must die.  
 On the same day they have dared to disobey,  
 Profaned with violence or the touch of lust,  
 The "tree of life;" and thus approved the evil in their  
 souls,

Now called to answer for the deed accursed,  
 For all remaineth yet unchanged, God's rest,  
 Unbroken to this hour, when all now see and hear,  
 And are thus called to witness and to Judge;  
 Aye, and go out, condemned of their own souls!  
 For thus is his omnipotence approved,  
 Himself condemning none who seek to see his face,—  
 That baptism of light which trieth all,  
 To final judgment of the quick and dead.  
 Thus God, by Mercy's life to their desire,

“Created” every creature, living thing,  
Boastful, devouring, of Leviathan strength,  
“That moveth *in the deep or atmosphere*,  
Which the *expectant* waters *now* brought forth  
Abundantly, after their kind ; and every winged fowl”  
Which seeks escape from the devourer’s rage  
To heap its filth upon the rock and die  
In sunlight of God’s peace ; on garbage fed,  
The refuse of the deep, until it taste  
The fruits of passive life and learn the song  
Of all the living, who shall thus rejoice  
Forever in his sight before his throne,  
Even as the bird, without which paradise  
Itself were dead, which builds and feeds and sings  
Careless of all, save its own birdling brood ;  
It feeds upon the evil parasite and worm,  
The helpless and dependent brood of death,  
And lives to give its life to joy and praise.  
These also have their purpose, “after their kind,”  
To teach the living, understanding soul  
The way of life ; to know whence cometh Truth and  
peace and love,  
“And God saw it was good,” and blessed them there ;  
Yea, every passive suffering soul, as stars,  
That wait his coming, holding their own lives  
Harmless of Evil, in this fearful day  
Of His avenging judgment, life on life,  
That all may know his Right and live again  
Forever in his presence ; mortal but secure  
Of Immortality by the Omnipotence  
Of Truth and love God worships in the just,  
Serveth and will sustain even with his life  
As now before our eyes here in the pit,  
Where he sustaineth till our souls awake

Beholding Wrong ! foreshortened on the void,  
A madness and a curse, " the maniac of the tombs ! "

Therefore, God blessed them all, gave life to every one  
The evil with the good, the lame and blind, and said,  
" Be fruitful, multiply, and fill with death  
The waters in the seas, " stayed to corrupt,  
Obstructed in their purpose, that your every thought  
May be thus clothed upon and all may see  
Your purpose one : your living to devour,  
With lust to feed your lust, and hold God's life  
In slavery and in death ; oppressed, obstructed, dead !  
Give it to desolation and the void, the curse  
Of hell ; thus living face to face with death  
And all the damned of old, forever thus outcast,  
For temporizing wrong ; for wrath, the rage of fire !  
This whole destroying brood ; the Lucifer of heaven,  
That knows nor good nor evil, life nor death,  
And lives but to devour,—to feed and fall  
Before decay and waste, corruption, rottenness ;  
A parasite's life whose reign is death ;  
Consumption and the grave, upon whose germs these  
live,

Bring down with tooth and nail, even for their life,  
In fury and in wrath, to save the little soul  
By its own rife invention ; brained, accursed  
And given to destruction, desolation, waste,  
As a destroyer to the empty home,  
Prepared of its own hand for its domain ;  
And so permitted as our choice ; given free,  
Without a tithe of custom or reward  
Of worship. What hath life to do with death ?  
The rotten carcass upon which we feed,  
In lamb and calf, in fruit and flower and seed,  
Ourselves the living prey : we are fed upon,



Of the one body of this living death,  
Of our unsuffering Equity, who gives us life,  
Which we refuse for death, and hence our choice  
To die forever ! Now, her life God saves,  
Delivers from our sac and maw, henceforth forevermore.  
The purpose of our being, blood, this soul ;  
The fire of hell subdued to suffering ;  
An hour, a day, a week, a year, a time,  
To abuse, corrupt, till all shall see and know  
The things we are, the murderers of an hour,  
Who feed upon, but cannot tame nor stain.

And therefore are we free to manifest,  
Enslave, rule, cheat, not mould nor thwart  
His Mercy's life that feedeth all the same,  
Nor will succumb to violence nor insult :  
To death and hell subdued. " And let the fowl,'  
The silly, foolish thing that fluttereth, seeking wings,  
To escape your impotence, " be multiplied  
Upon the earth ;" expand its vision and more clearly  
see

The purpose and the end our forbearance approves  
And know how swiftly, sure our crystal life,  
Shall be avenged of the accursed heat,  
Whose hateful rage and disappointed guilt  
Hath given its souls to the devouring fire  
That it might live embodied in this dust,  
These ashes, froth, and vapor, given it  
To melting and inaction, sleep, unrest,  
Repose to it as death,—this troubled dream,  
From which it wakes again as with the rush  
Of Tempest, the fierce " joy of broken chains, the liberty  
of light."

But that it doth abuse it to vile ends ;  
To bruise for sac and belly, give its blood

Free course, to seethe in its corruption, rot  
 Its every germ of death, to quickening life  
 And let its maniac harmless sense go free ;  
 Released at length—to freedom of the void :  
 Revealed the ghost it is, the phantom of a shade,  
 With ample range and perfect liberty ;  
 Without this nightmare, horror of its blood,  
 To image and invent, work out its dream,  
 In blissful ignorance ; saved evermore,  
 By startling superstition, panic dread,  
 From contact with aught life, the living God inspires  
 To understanding action, the pure bliss  
 Of blessing all with an immortal joy  
 The self-sustaining glory of the Christ,  
 Pure crystal life, which gives release to light  
 Refulgent beauty of transparent truth ;  
 Reflected, multiplied, warmed to sweet love,  
 The ecstatic pulsing of ethereal bliss,  
 Passing through all unchanged ; nay, magnified,  
 Intensified, exalting, boundless spread ;  
 Changing its body to go out assured  
 And ever welcome to its new abode  
 Rejoicing to reflect God's life for aye.

Thus doth the silent purpose of the night  
 Ever precede, the auroral light of morn  
 The revelation of eternal love  
 Reflected in the sunlight from the void  
 The far effulgence of the Immutable  
 Thrown back with crystal affluence on our spheres :  
 And numbering our days of active right,  
 Self-preservation, energy divine ;  
 Against the shadow of corporeal death :  
 The lumbering of the stubborn rock which wakes  
 To sweet relentings 'neath the warmth and light

That kindles to review, not to devour !  
Like the infernal fire which steels their heart.  
And thus, successively, hath the fourth day  
Of Truth and Justice, Equity and Right,  
Passed the completed work of Mercy's hand  
To fall in judgment of the fire and flood ;  
Spurned of the sot's invention and repelled  
Of the blind rage of hate and strife accursed.

Ah : Lucifer ! when these dead balls were spread,  
Filling the spheres of heaven with crystal light  
And all was day before thee. Son of morn !  
Hadst thou but seen the shadows of the night  
Which these successive days have o'er us spread  
In every phase of ruin, horror, death !  
Whose cunning to devour prolongs its shade ;  
We had ne'er beheld this grandeur of thy woe ;  
Material impotence and mortal force,  
Crushing to heal, consuming to uphold !  
This fate, confusion, triumph of the dead ;  
Chaos and hell, the pit and deep we dread ;  
Which calls for light, orders renewing power,  
The separation of the quick and dead ;  
The molten soul and vapors of the night ;  
These fallen within, those heaved beyond our sphere  
Of belted zone and satellite sustained ;  
While the rock-hearted earth, beleagured of the moon,  
The paradise of fools ; which hazing waits  
To gather up and light her with her own,  
Fulfills again her day till fitful Mars  
Stripped of his stolen vestals shall return  
To bear away his bride within our sphere  
His proper place where the pale moon shall change  
His redder glare to a more chastened hue ;  
And as our life awakes in fish, beast, man,

Matured again to quick intelligence  
 The image of its God in Adam, Noah, Christ !  
 To living Truth, high Justice, Judgment of the Just ;  
 In equity restoring light to life :  
 With peace and blessing, to prepare the way  
 Of glad return through judgment to the heavens  
 The living presence of the First and Last,  
 The Truth of Justice, living light of God.

Thus did the thrice-appointed full fourth day  
 Proclaim the kindling of our atmosphere  
 The purpose of the Eternal word fulfilled  
 In light and breath and living bloom renewed  
 In our lost Eden, life and flower and fruit ;  
 To wake again the crystal soul once more  
 To Immortality ! that livelong day  
 Which knows no shadow, night nor dread of change,  
 But holding equal life for aye secure :  
 Knowing nor eve, nor morn, where all is praise ;  
 Youth, age, nor blessing, where the amazing bliss  
 Of constant change with loud hosannahs laud  
 Increased perfection in the straight, sure path  
 Of duty well fulfilled ; of life sustained,  
 Stainless and truly balanced to all good.  
 Without one thought of change, desire, reward,  
 Or pledge of living ; dream of sacrifice,  
 Of guilt, or fear, the afrites of the void !  
 With sac or belly plowing in the deep,  
 Or with a scream ; winged for the outer sphere  
 The broad domain of Justice where the Cherubim  
 And flaming sword keep constant watch and ward :  
 With heaven's swift lightnings to avenge all wrong,  
 That now at length our week may be fulfilled,  
 The work of every day accomplished well ;  
 And closed at length thy sad, relentless round

Of failure, disappointment and remorse,  
The fire of hell that burns in heart and soul  
Consuming life and Good; converting love to hate;  
Shutting out God and happiness for death.  
"As when the eve and morn were the fifth day,"  
Fifth of the eight; but, failing, counted first  
Now in the second stage of the long round, the twelve;  
The double week of labor to embrace  
Our well-beloved, our Rachel's waiting life;  
Yet pillared on far Ephrath desert-bordering Right  
Until our coral life at length redeemed,  
From the devouring deep, the Sea gives place to sight  
When God, arising, shall speak out once more;  
And all again is changed; all, all made "new."

The deep now peopled of devouring life  
With strength of jaw for lordship; while the weak,  
Arming their tribes for war, or in fecundity;  
Their crowding millions, fortified their kind:  
And herb and tree reclothe the mouldering rock  
With brighter green, and yield their peaceful fruits  
Without as yet a keeper to subdue  
The grosser forms and let the good appear  
To wake a kindlier life; God said,  
"Let earth, after its kind, bring forth  
The living creature, cattle, creeping thing  
And beast," the feeder of the gross desire,  
The bellied life-devourer, of the pit;  
"After his kind;" nor be thou wroth with these.  
Behold; their seed shall rise and will avenge  
Upon their heads this cruelty and wrong.  
"And so it was." God made, thus bade his life  
Embody to desire, clothe to their wish;  
Arming with tooth and claw, with hoof and horn  
The belly and brained purpose. Let me be;

As the consuming beast, after his kind  
 The form of his desire ; and cattle, calling out  
 To all intelligence, the eye of sense,  
 In sunlight of the heavens, the purpose of their life  
 To graze the field, a warning to the sad  
 Or sottish lust insensible as death,  
 In all material forms of earthly mould ;  
 The frame alone their care, the hungry sac  
 Guiding desire, unknowing life or good  
 That filleth not the maw, feedeth the fiery blood  
 The hell-born soul which giveth life to death  
 That man may see and know its round accursed  
 Of sensuality, consuming rage, brute force ;  
 The prostitute's cunning, butcher's skill :  
 A murderer throughout, a sacrificial lord,  
 The Lucifer of heaven, the Satan of the deep ;  
 In all his various forms of hopelessness,  
 Preying but to live and living but to die :  
 Be murdered and devoured of grave and hell :  
 A retribution just and clear as light,  
 The body of God's life, the sunlight of our day.

Such is the lesson of the greedy brood  
 That graze and battle for the better lot,  
 According to desire and crowd the field :  
 And everything that creepeth, *seeking life*,  
 Upon the earth, after its kind : and so it was and is  
 By habit—formed in all as he saw good ;  
 Thus constituting all by impulse of the soul  
 In individual life each for himself  
 The witness and the judge of his own cause  
 In body and estate ; the leper dies of lust,  
 The brute by his own violence is subdued ;  
 The cunning die by craft, their skill of hand ;  
 Invention, Ingenuity falls dead ;

Before the instinct of the principle  
Of Truth and Equity which giveth life  
That satisfies desire and gives the power  
Of like producing like, both to the good,  
And evil, to the wish ! which shadows us.  
With body and impression to desire,  
We are clothed upon with hand of skill, not force,  
The appliances of lust, iniquity ;  
Yet violence still prevails and is our boast  
And shall go on with mad inventive rage,  
Until war murder war, and base hypocrisy  
Shall crucify the hypocrite and knave,  
Till his own cruelty shall repel the cruel  
His lie deceive the liar, the thief lose his soul  
And every one that falleth, fall cut down  
Of his own implements, by force of which  
He fain would live a parasite, a sot ;  
Without the purifying sweat of brow,  
The tilling of the soil, or healthful skill ;  
Which keeps our Eden from the theft of force  
In weed and sucker : and instructs the heart  
In every lie of wrong that man may see and shun  
This maniac self-destruction which devours,  
The living with the dead ; by open sacrifice,  
Of drumhead-judgment, and the legal fence  
Of legislative force, the Idolatry of power  
And impotence of lust and helplessness ;  
The curse which causeth sweat, which makes and holds  
The earth, a desolation like the void,  
The pit now yawning to receive their souls  
To bottomless descent, the darkness which they love  
Who thus enslave and prostitute the soul ;  
Deprave and make it vile ; a brutal thing,  
And give them ample room and verge enough

Full lines for new invention, reconstructive force  
 Or higher law, their fertile brain may frame  
 Till every glory of our ancient Rome  
 Shall pale before the waste their shadow seeks to fill !  
 For the one great panacea ; will of all  
 Baal worship of the crowd, who ba and bawl,  
 Distracted of their own inventive force,  
 And calling chaos from the deep again.  
 A perfect universe supplanting heaven ;  
 Life, good, death, evil ; all shall be proscribed  
 Together in the lapse of old Silenus ; lost,  
 Buried from their Godless sight ; forevermore  
 Gone to God's sabbatarian rest, unbroken now,  
 Leaving the world to man for the pursuit  
 Of happiness, of revelry and waste ; to kill,  
 Rob, steal, abuse ; set up his gods ! the blocks  
 Of his idolatry ; millstones made to grind ;  
 To legislate, to dictate, rule for him ;  
 By desolation, terror, want, sword, death :  
 And teach him that submission now refused  
 To equity and right, the love of God ;  
 By force and fear of hell : all left his kind of Good :  
 A law, a wall for their destroying power,  
 To lean against and save them from the void :  
 Their place when they go hence, and heaven to them is o'er  
 The balance of God's light, eternal day.

Foreseeing this, and knowing his condemned  
 Can no more stand before the crystal life  
 Of Justice in the heavens, the Almighty now restrains  
 The fiercer wrath of his just Seraphim  
 Who, by their pity of the suffering mass,  
 In hell and in the deep, now counsel peace,  
 A high forbearance and redeeming love.

Therefore the "Elohim" said, The living witnesses



For God in every sphere, as in the heavens,  
Where Truth and Justice, Equity and Right  
Eternal reign ; so here embodied now,  
In man and woman, prisoners of hope,  
Mercy with Judgment, in her subject life,  
Control the hour supreme, as God and Lord ;  
And hold the woman subject to the man,  
Our life to death ; till Right restored again  
And Mercy's work complete in Equity,  
Justice shall rule for us, and give the rein  
To her high Judgment in those seraphim  
Whose searching light reflected from the sun  
Is yet our all of life ; and we, ours, us,  
The fallen in the battle shock of death,  
The sufferers in this dark and long arrest  
Of judgment in the heavens, must suffer still ;  
Aye, suffer ! till our life again approved  
Shall be restored, and striking home consume  
Till all is purified ; and giving back  
To Justice the swift lightning of her sword,  
To peace and truth restored seek light and love  
In mansions of the blessed, above all wrong,  
In the loved healing sphere of Equity and Right,  
Eternal in the heavens, our jubilee returned.

'Twas thus, in our impatience, with the prize,  
Our fair inviting home, already in our sight,  
God in his mercy said, " Let us make man,"  
This cunning mechanic, though maimed and blind,  
So laboring for his life, " after our image ;"  
Let him hear and see the hideousness of death :  
Pause for a moment over grave and hell,  
And know the end of sottish ignorance,  
This mad polluting rage ; and like Ourselves,  
May he not Mercy hear ? let pity move his soul,

Let purity, integrity inspire :  
 And by obedience purify his life,  
 And in obedience live? with justice we forbear,  
 And let his kind dominion have o'er all ;  
 Over the fish that see but to devour,  
 By instinct of this death are blind and dead ;  
 Over the fowls that weary to escape !  
 The foolish fearful things that fly away  
 From impotence of lust, and must return  
 From our high atmosphere to feed with these  
 On garbage and on death. Over the "cattle"  
 Of the belly-god, whose life is but to live ;  
 Their living all the labor of their day :  
 Gross and insensible, and like the bird,  
 The slaves of panic dread ; yea, "over all the earth,"  
 The body of this death which clothes their life,  
 And every creeping thing that holds its breath  
 By the sad momentary sense of dread,  
 The sole experience of its little day,  
 Which makes the flesh creep, and the shuddering heart  
 Recoil upon itself and die ; even as a touch,  
 Hath crushed the life of all this pounded mass  
 • Into a dream of fear, a living death !  
 The crystal heart can never, never know :  
 With what they are familiar let them deal,  
 Be healed and live : we cannot touch their life  
 Save to destroy ; and by destroying be abused like these,  
 The fallen things we loathe ! once pure and clean  
 As our own crystal souls, and ready to reflect  
 His light, our life and joy ; which now they seek  
 And labor to secure, in darkness and in pain :  
 And by the fall of him we followed as our Right  
 Thus outcast. Therefore our Mercy's life in tears  
 Is melted to this sea, softening our light

To their bruised life, the painful apprehension of their fear ;  
That they may see and live, nor perish thus  
Forever self-devoured : already in that cloud,  
See, our divided life, healed to return,  
Descend in pearly dew to touch the heart !  
In Mercy let us shield, and save our dead,  
Nor add again to misery, desolation, death.

So "God created," raised "the man" from earth,  
"In his own *dual* image," to behold  
Dead matter as it is ; our boastful lord,  
A loathing and a curse, a terror helpless tossed  
Naked upon the void ! a broken mass  
Of festering sores, remorseless as the grave :  
Giving his glad life, gladly sustained  
The livelong day, enduring as his love,  
In old association, simple ministry,  
The evidence of love, of purity, and truth,  
By which alone his life is all sustained :  
All to sustain and quicken into life,  
From the pure throne of light to that far nebulous star  
Yet trembling in its ashes ; being purified  
Beyond the range of judgment in the sphere  
Of living justice in the mortal void.  
"In God's own image" from the flames he raised,  
Incremated, embodied with new life  
In every change of sphere, till all restored  
In equity, the eternal Son shall stand for aye  
Before his Father's throne in truth revealed ;  
His high humanity approved of all :  
Meantime to prove and seal his life in love  
As male and female, Mercy's life adored !  
They rose before him face to face with death,  
She to give seed as of his soul impressed,  
Ensamples of the purpose of his life in death,

Whether gone down in truth and right secure,  
 Or of desire misled ; impartial held  
 To witness of their deeds in judgment here below  
 Nor good nor bad save as their lives approve :  
 For her there is no judgment ; suffering here,  
 Giving her life of love to improve instruct the fallen  
 And to return them, so approved, to live  
 And life sustain, as willing ministers ;  
 Or say, It is a labor ! and so die  
 Unworthy of all blessing, sympathy.

God blessed them in his life to see and hear,  
 And understand his purpose ; and so train  
 Their life to live before him, in his sight ;  
 Who is all eye, all ear, intelligence,  
 Seeing and hearing, understanding all :  
 To approve or to condemn, and let it die ;  
 Fulfill its little hour of judgment and decay,  
 God bade them to "be fruitful, multiply,"  
 Replenish this fair earth ; all that to arrogance,  
 The insolence of force, of right is left ;  
 Of the pure paradise of God in heaven,  
 Where his eternal Right in Equity,  
 "THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS," forever tries  
 All life in the repose of peace and truth  
 To approve it just in action ; balanced high  
 In equal truth and love, and forward to lead on  
 In the straight path of duty, life and light.  
 And the earth thus in righteousness again  
 Replenished and subdued ; thus purified  
 Of all malaria and miasmatic life  
 Of weed and sucker, prostitutes of strength,  
 And the highway of Mercy's waters cleansed,  
 The channels of the deep in every land  
 Straightened, exalted ; that her life may flow

In all the earth ! A purifier sweet and true and good,  
Purging all gouts of blood, and healing all,  
And thus to have dominion, without sea ;  
Over the fish and fowl, all blind and fearful life  
In sea and atmosphere, the hearing element ;  
Exalted for reproof of higher life,  
The lightning stroke that grappleth with this death  
And hurls it to the pit, all eye and sense ;  
Instead of the dull jaw of blood devouring sac,  
Yea, over all : even every living thing  
That moveth on the earth ; for Mercy's life  
Inspireth, quickeneth, and upholdeth all  
The subject life of God ; given to approve  
And try the animal ; all sottish power :  
If it dare waste, to wasting to condemn ;  
But if it use with care, judging abuse  
Of lust devouring life, pollution, and the grave ;  
Saving its soul, keeping its crystal life  
Unstained and pure ; reflecting his pure light  
That loathes all blood as rank corruption's war.  
And gives its flesh, as froth, a sacrifice  
As fat upon its altar ; symbol of its heart  
In heaven and earth, in sun and star that wait  
To see the end of planetary pomp  
In the crazed moon that here would be the head  
And leader of the soul of Mercy's life,  
With dreams of high invention and of change  
In the unchangeable, the Truth of God :  
Immortal and Omnipotent unknowing change,  
Unsoiled of death, unterrified of hell :  
This little fretting sore, we call our life.  
And God the giver of all good now spoke  
To hearing, seeing, understanding flesh,  
Whose cenotaph's the tomb, the dry, consuming grave,

And said, "Behold, as in the paradise from which of  
Right

Consuming, ye are fallen to be consumed  
When weary of this violence, which sustains  
The body of this death, ye would rest and live,  
Be raised again from hell, confusion, shame;  
To see and understand, the principles of life,  
And live or die as seemeth good to all;  
For death shall yet destroy, the grave consume,  
And the void wait for all, till all approve,  
And seek the separation of their life,  
To evil or the good; the war of death—  
Lasting destruction or enduring peace,  
The light and truth of love. Therefore, we bid, behold:  
Behold we have given you for your sustenance,  
And your instruction in the way of life,  
The herb that beareth seed, as ye now do,  
Even for the grave, the face of all the earth,  
Which lives upon the tomb; feeds, clothes this death of  
shame.

And every tree, in which there is a fruit  
Yielding the seed of tree; an overshadower,  
To you it shall be for your meat; the nourishment  
Of peace by which ye live: for war is death.  
To every beast that moveth on the earth,  
To every fowl of air and creeping thing  
That living would maintain its life and know  
Fruition of desire. We give the choice  
Of the green herb for meat, with power to mould  
The vital organs which identify  
The purpose of its being; whether peaceful, pure,  
Or given to violence and destructive rage,  
That ye may know and exercise on these  
The judgment of the dead, and learn to live,

Or, self-condemned, die when the just appear  
To claim our care and give the pledged release  
From dull material want of beast and creeping thing,  
And brute, that from the grove, the covering of lust,  
Accepting sacrifice, shall lift the head  
To rend and to devour a part and die,  
Accursed of all the living ; as from strife of war,  
The arch-destroyer giving death for life,  
Hath plunged in fire of guilt our saving sphere,  
Refusing to be taught to live or die ;  
Accept Our peace, the joy, the bliss of Love,  
Or rage forever in the bonds of death.

Thus is the choice of all forever free  
According to desire in man and beast,  
Until the frame condemn the living soul  
To its own death : so are they born to die.  
But male and female, our "Elohim" stand  
The witnesses of God : beholders of his life  
In understanding and the power to be  
His very image ; just, and good, and true :  
In Equity and Right, the incarnate principles  
Of His integrity in flesh and blood,  
The body of this death ; the ensanguine soul  
Hath given him to prove, and learn henceforth to spare :  
That purified from evil in this outer sphere  
Of Justice and of Judgment where the light  
Of the empyrean throne reflected from its heights,  
Doth kindle in our firmament this war of death,  
Where cold mortality eternal reigns ;  
And in his dead domain would bind for aye,  
The body soul and spirit at our life,  
But for the kindling light of which we breathe,  
That wakes the dead to life, and gives the sense  
Of hearing, sight, and touch, to feel and see and know,

Doth quench the pit and kindle in our souls  
 The baptism of fire that builds the pit ;  
 Of water in the flood of suffering Mercy's life ;  
 Of blood, the burning soul of man on earth.  
 Spilt unavenged of Priesthoods ! and to hear,  
 The infernal sound of strife, the boastful lie,  
 That justifies their deed, till now on high appears  
 The baptism of Truth whose living fires  
 The spirit and the life, and light of heaven.  
 The woman hath prevailed, the man is born,  
 His son redeemed to husbandry is given,  
 Confessing the insensate wrong of death :  
 The degradation of God's life in all ;  
 Save the beloved one, our living Good !  
 The suffering Saviour of our mortal life  
 To immortality ! the love of God.

And God saw everything that he had made,  
 The obedience and the teaching of his life,  
 In living rock, in water, atmosphere ;  
 In beast and creeping thing and soul of man  
 As yet not brutalized by sight of war and blood,  
 The blood of his own kind ; a war against his soul !  
 To spill it as the life of Mercy's spilt,  
 To quench the insatiate thirst of pit and grave !  
 Unquenchable, the vapor of the void !  
 And lo, 'twas good : Her promise well fulfilled  
 The dead restored ; the maniac soul released.  
 And eve and morn were the sixth day of death.  
 Our murdered Right, with Justice in the void ;  
 Of Equity on earth, of Truth revealed  
 In Mercy's waters ; Judgment in the blood ;  
 Embodying in our sight a week of proof ;  
 Now all again fulfilled in every form ;  
 The evil and the good ; in strife and peace.



And once again, as in the armed pause  
Of Israel's strife, the question is brought home  
Of peace in Jehu? The unrighteous judge,  
And forward executioner of force; blind force!  
The simple, damning, willful, law of death!  
Not judgment but brute instinct of the lump  
Of bestial being warring with God's life;  
To subject it to lust; controlling sense  
Through impotence of choice, to issues blind and dead,  
A fitting executioner to whose doom,  
Thou dread Jehovah! we now say, Amen.  
Yea let the curse of his own deed pursue  
And overtake; and break and pound to dust,  
And take his captives captive every one.  
What is this "God of Battles;" let him speak?  
And cut and gash his worshipers no more;  
To madden our humanity and make it pass  
In panic dread forever through his fire,  
Our God, let there be Truth and peace once more on  
earth;  
A breathing time for judgment and for good.

## CHAPTER V.

EMBODIMENT OF INVENTION, RECONSTRUCTION, DESTRUCTION, AS  
A LIVING SOUL FOR JUDGMENT IN THE LIGHT OF HEAVEN.

THUS far the resurrection now complete,  
Clothed in the armor of their own desire,  
In Equity they stand before high heaven  
Absolved in Justice from the higher tests  
Of God's pure crystal life: The rush of death,  
Corruption and the grave our saving help  
From the excess of lust, debasement, wrong ;  
Iniquity, oppression of our kind :  
Conquering the bitterness of ashes, dust ;  
The inured and crumbling rock from which we rise.  
As from the deep, through Mercy's healing life,  
And touch' of light inspired to see and know,  
This life is death and holds us to the rack  
Broken, obscured, confounded, and misled,  
In blind obedience of an errant Right ;  
To wall and hedge, try rule, enslave God's life  
Given as our guide to purge us from this guilt :  
By saving help, self-sustenance, all good.  
And keeping watch, secure from bonds of hate ;  
In zone or circling sphere of leaden death,  
The warring vapors of his thoughts congealed  
Already on the void : a buried soul, all lost.  
To ward our life ; yea, evil as it is !  
With God's swift lightning armed, avenging might  
All to repel ; and hurl the unwary foe  
Dead, black, inertia of metallic guilt

And leaden vapors that obstruct the day ;  
Absorb her vital heat, back to the pit :  
His refuge for a time from searching light  
Our succor and example, view of heaven,  
God's living Truth embodied in the spheres ;  
Hope, inspiration of a higher good ;  
Than pleasure prey : spasmodic energy,  
Sating with violence the soul of death :  
The frate blood ! that flusheth at a touch,  
Or question of its life ; yet is all want !  
All impotence dependence ; a devouring fire.

Is it for this men live ? to feed and die ;  
Be fed upon in turn ; or understandingly  
To strengthen, purify, and crystallize  
The dull, insensate, heart ; so full of strife,  
So asinine in stubbornness of guilt,  
Insanity of head ; impulsive as the blood,  
Burning in loathed desire, polluted and obscene ;  
And holding them to death, strife, sacrifice to live !  
The cruelty of dependence, impotence of want !  
Their leprous bodies but a moving grave ;  
Mouthed raging to devour ; insensible of death !  
By which they live and are embodied thus  
Of strange abstractions ; stolen, incongruous, dead :  
Nor loathing such a life ; but seeking happiness :  
By its blind instincts ; puppy sense of need !  
The craving of desire that feeds to rest  
And rests to wake and feed again, and die  
Of weariness and want ; the strife of guilt ;  
This longing after death ; the worm that never dies  
A murderer, dependent, helpless, guilty, dead :  
Its life a living grave ! the fire of hell ;  
Consuming and unsatisfied we waste :  
Devouring and in fear of death for aye ;

That shadow on the void which none can touch,  
 For terror of his stroke a swift release from all ;  
 A casting out to want and nothingness  
 The feeding of invention proud desire :  
 Insensate hate ! that knows not life nor death ;  
 But rests between ; trembling before God's light ;  
 The equilibrium of good ; full measure of desire that chokes  
 its life.

Dissolves and satisfies and is its death :  
 Leaves nothing more to be desired of life.  
 Heals touch of dissolution, rust, and scald  
 Of quick and sure decay ; the sleep of death ;  
 That rests not in its own, but others' life.  
 A ghostly liberation that pursues  
 The shadow for the substance ; like the moon  
 Whose parasol their refuge is on high :  
 Given o'er to change that is but seeming all ;  
 The shadow of her guilt who seeketh change ;  
 At war within herself unknowing good :  
 The mockery of this evil evermore,  
 Thrown out upon the void in sight of all :  
 In trouble discontent ; a moving grave ;  
 The sport of change, a borrower for aye.

So men fulfill their week ; the sorry day  
 Of open-eyed aggression ; guilt's embrace :  
 That maketh laws, but knows no principle ;  
 No chief, no satisfying good in aught  
 And least of all in self ; poor blind idolater,  
 The block of his own worship : sense of ill !  
 The chilly void : mortality of need.  
 The day of revealed Judgment ; rest that he may know  
 The curse is craving of desire ; and seek instead.  
 The understanding action of God's life :  
 Which satisfied of good, in ways and means,

Is not the slave of any ; will not stoop  
Like water to be dammed and rot, in worthlessness ;  
By offering of salvation, urging help,  
Where want 's unknown and need is never felt ;  
In presence of God's light : Nor ranker blood  
That sweats and toils and murders all, to save !  
And smokes a putrid thing before high heaven,  
Itself unsatisfied, in want of all ;  
Not knowing life nor light : yet urging still  
Salvation, God's salvation ! what it wanteth most ;  
Dependent upon others, upon all :  
On anything but self, until the tyranny  
Is hateful imposition want of all !  
And that which would be saved itself a curse !  
Mere want and helplessness that needs must die :  
The curse of all ! who know not duty and yet dare feign  
love.

And make themselves the murderers they are—  
And first, of their own souls ; by offering  
Salvation which they neither have nor know ;  
By murdering of their kind to save their souls.  
'Tis true ! the animal is all condemned  
Body and soul—dead and destroyed of death ;  
Though saved from hell : yet, given to the grave :  
A Hell within itself, to be dissolved thus  
By simple rest—which it can never know—  
Nor once desire ; because it is its death  
As terrible as the dissolving light of heaven.  
Therefore the priestly, ever-restless cry,  
Jehu ! move on—Shew-bread ! make riches good !  
Though blood is still its life its only help !  
And its desire alone the evil thing :  
The serpent and deceiver of all life.  
Yet do they feed desire and spill the blood -

That gives them eyes to see and ears to hear  
The measure of the evil they endure :  
That they may know and shun it evermore.

Earth is our body ; water her sweet soul !  
Our Mercy's life, so clear, so pure and good ;  
Polluted, not debased—so incorruptible,  
Fearing no evil, shadow of no guilt,  
Following her duty, devious or direct,  
Or on the earth, or from her clouds released,  
Speeding and searching for the living good,  
With healing and with joy and singing as she goes,  
Or to the pit or to the salted deep,  
Undoubting of his help-preserving care ;  
Whose touch is lightning and whose hand is light ;  
The living body of Eternal Truth ;  
Woman her daughter and her trust the same ;  
Man's helpmeet, leader, giving life for death,  
For evil good, God's blessing for abuse.  
Thus mercy riseth from the deep to give  
To every touch of life its proper form,  
That it may live or die,—be self-condemned ;  
As now the animal, life-giving blood,  
Is being tried in man and beast on earth  
Dragon, fish, reptile, every moving thing.

The fire extinguished, débris swept away,  
The broken rock ridged into continents  
Is brought together from East, South, and North,  
The stable Himalaya, Asia named,  
Secure in its long rest, unmoved of strife.  
And North and westward Europe, whose far bounds  
Toward the North felt the expiring breath  
Of the lost soul of Chaos, buried Mars,  
Whom the earth's Vestals kindled of his heat,  
Bore with them out beyond her orbit, now

In smoke and ashes wrapped and charred refuse ;  
A coal quenched of the void, yet kept alive,  
And in confusion hurried from his sphere  
To be prepared and wait for his own bride,  
Who, clinging to her dower and mother's cheer,  
Floats, careless of the inebriate's wretched state,  
In nakedness exposed in sight of all ;  
In heaven and on the void his broad domain,  
Which his loved desolation holds supreme,  
With verge enough and ample room for Rome  
And her proud blood-stained moving worshipers,  
The infallibles of earth, priests of the sword and state.  
To these from the far South was Afric joined,  
Her Atlas in the strength of Right secure,  
Established against Lebanon in Righteousness,  
And drawing from the mountains of the moon  
Old Misraim's floods to quench the leprous heat  
Of the cold North, forward in lordly strife,  
Dull, sottish, proud, insensible of wrong :  
A rover of the deep which to the west still sends  
Her waste of waters, guarding the backward east,  
Renewing her rejected continents and isles  
For the aggressive sway of the Imperial power  
Of vagrant desolation, that of empire boasts,  
And heaps its ruins between east and west,  
A pirate buccaneer and restless brood,  
Who affect the purple and delight in blood,  
But leave no name nor lineage in their waste,—  
A seed accursed, abominable, vile,  
And cruel as vile, whose cups are skulls and flame ;  
Their race is short, their day already done ;  
They rest upon the eaves on either hand  
Sons of the void ! and to her wastes return,  
With Mars and Moon, whose intersols they form

In oceanic mists of moving thought  
Between the life of heaven and soul of earth,  
The brained invention of the skulls they love.

Thus fashioned and prepared for Equity, the Earth  
The hearing bodies of our passive dead,  
Maimed, broken, and the prey of fire and sword,  
And belly now for hell and raving lust,  
With Lebanon yet entire and Atlas in her strength,  
And further Ararat to guard the east,  
The seat of Justice, whence the Elamite  
Gave afterwards to Aram and the west  
Arabic numbers and the Babel sway  
Of symbol, letter, genealogy ;  
Aramic pride and Syrian lust of power  
To abstract the living soul from mortal forms  
And train men to depend on Right and Good,—  
The Lord and God of Equity's domain !  
In Earth and in her Eden's heavenly sphere,  
Which soon shall give the husband and the wife  
As symbol of the Godhead and its power  
To erring, mad invention for his guide ;  
And Adam, no more Lucifer to lead,  
In error and in shames involving round :  
The whirlpool of destruction "maelstrom's" diving  
force

Thus strews with wreck the bosom of the deep,  
And makes the suction of chaotic hate  
The mouth-piece of the void, the burial-ground  
Of men and gods, the starry hosts of night,  
Forever and a day—this hour of mortal strife.

Now in the shadow of the living rock  
Our waiting bodies not asleep, nor dead,  
But buried, yet alive, bruised, tried of fire,  
That may be broken, permeated, subdued,



Of Mercy's touch, of blessing and of love ;  
But will not yield to grim Satanic force,  
The wasting of corruption, stench of blood,  
In hell nor in the belly of its power,  
That swallows all to live, and vomits forth  
And eats again its refuse, dirt, and waste,  
Yet boasts of pride and lineage, David, Solomon,  
The Son of God,—we name no devil's brood,  
Aggressive and accursed ! And of those named  
What can the worshipers of such as these  
Know, estimate, admire, in David's forbearance,  
Integrity—in Solomon, the wise, who weighed,  
Not wished, for power, to know its just results,  
But his own balance lost and sacrificed,  
The love of David, purity of heart,  
To the black lust of hell and died condemned ?  
What know they of the Christ, the living Son,  
"The Lord our Righteousness," God's crystal life,  
Alive, approved to-day in heaven, on earth,  
In every heart that knows the integrity  
Of David's love, of Solomon's desire,  
Of Eber's burning wrath, of Elam taught,  
In clear Arabic numbers to count o'er  
The principles of life ; and Mercy, Equity ;  
Of Aram banished and the Son of Cush  
Hunted, proscribed from earth ; for Justice stood  
As God most high on Ararat enthroned ;  
Like Mercy upon Lebanon, till Damascus rose ;  
The Righteousness of Atlas then as now  
Unknown upon the earth since Noah's fall ;  
This woman's seed, they spurn and crucify !  
Her soul abused, polluted of the sots :  
Who boast them of their conquests, war and hate,  
Unknowing principle or power of life :

And going down, like Nations which they rule,  
Outcast forever ; with the beast their sire.

Therefore in lights and shadows of the rock  
The symbols of those things that cannot die  
Are thus prepared on earth ; and held before  
The eye and heart of man's rebellious blood,  
To wake him to a sense of life and love ;  
The beauty and the glory of the heavens :  
Their fabled Eden, Araby the blessed !  
And Atlas now at last restored for aye,  
To his true place and lineage ; bearer of the earth !  
Not on broad shoulders of this mortal mould  
By sacrifice of blood or strife of guilt :  
Or wasting labor of unequal strength,  
But as our Crystal life inspires the heart  
In true decisive numbers telling o'er  
The principles she loves, the Houri of the heavens !  
That wait upon all duty well fulfilled—  
To strengthen, purify, improve the heart—  
Not waste by wanton dalliance every power :  
And woe to him who is not here prepared  
To meet their chaste embrace in bowers of bliss !  
When passed the baptism of Seraphic fire  
Our Justice hath prepared in that clear sun !  
Reflection of the Immortal Truth of Heaven,  
We move again in Equity and Love ;  
With Lord and God ; our Righteousness and Life.  
What can the sword or lust of power do there ;  
The purple and the sacrifice of blood :  
Our mooning priesthoods build upon for life ?—  
What know they of Mahomed or his sway  
Yet ruling in our central hemisphere ?—  
Keeper of Ararat, Lebanon, Atlas lost :  
Salem, Sinai, Jordan's buried tide.—

Yea ; Bethel, Bethlehem and Hebron's strength ;  
Once given to Abram and Sarai's seed,  
Called Abraham and Sarah, wedded, buried there !  
Above Kings, Queens and lordship, throned high ;  
In Israel their seed ; with Rachel buried too,  
Bowed down before the Mammon of their love  
In sight of their fair Ephrath—not for aye—  
But for a little hour to try the dead,  
And damn their lordship to eternal fire !  
In fear of God's pure light forevermore :  
With nations perished ; perishing from earth.  
Earth ; they refuse to cultivate, but feed  
With blood of souls, who Righteous wait on God  
And seek in sweat of their own brows to live  
Redeeming life fallen with them from the heavens  
And resting on the rock of ages slain  
For their deliverance ; God's crystal life abased  
To cruel inaction ; suffering, breaking, blood :  
The stench and mildew of malarial damp  
Miasmatic forms returning to torment  
Devour the organs of returning sense  
That will not help to soothe their buried life  
But waste the bounties of its great reward.—  
Even life from death to all who hear and know—  
Who see, and sacrifice a sweet return :  
Of life for life in labor of their hands,  
Throughout this day of Judgment thus revealed ;  
Of rest, that we may know and understand  
God's life is not to be enslaved of aught  
On earth that's found or breathes, to inspire a soul  
Of gold nor silver, nor of flesh nor blood  
Of fire nor smoke of hell ; itself now quenched,  
Nor vapors of the deep that rise to save  
In sight of His pure light nor let man's blood

Be spilt to smoke and putrefy the heavens  
 With foul decay, mephitic vapors of metallic death  
 Hurl'd by avenging lightnings from the clouds,  
 Subdued to warn and prompt, the weary heart  
 With knowledge of release and succor near ;  
 The day of sufferance and confusion past.  
 The weary day, too, of the impatient word,  
 Of cherubim and seraphim, our crystal life  
 In sun and star that burn to be released  
 And purge the heavens of this long-festering sore ;  
 Lay down the golden ways of Equity,  
 And bid her silvery life once more be free ;  
 And rest secure within the gates of pearl  
 And jeweled walls of her own separate sphere  
 Eternal in the heavens : while the high seraphim ;  
 Now crowded in the sunlight of the love  
 Of God's all-searching Truth ; unchangeable in all,  
 Shall be released, each to his separate charge ;  
 And fill the sphere of Justice with their light :  
 Restraining cold mortality once more  
 Within his pulseless and obscure domain  
 To prey upon his dead and be himself their grave ;  
 Embalming and preserving his numb life,  
 In Comet and in Nebula venturing near ;  
 In the long stillness of the busy day,  
 Stretching between our jubilees ; when all,  
 Irradiated dress again their ranks anew,  
 And the illuminated heavens burst forth  
 In one long allelulia as they pass  
 Before the eternal throne ; and marshaled all,  
 Each hath his separate award and praise ;  
 And change of service as his life aspires  
 Or seeks repose in judgment : Refreshing  
 In the healing sphere, of Equity and Right

The Righteousness of heaven that saves, revives ;  
Or cooling and renewing of the heart  
Within the wide domain the lawless range  
Of higher Justice and a separate state  
Which giveth room to all and fills the void  
With horror and distraction, loss, all loss :  
Or, patient waiting and the sure return  
Of the expected change : when, all who will are free  
And called to join the ranks of his high ministry  
Whose office was, and is ; again shall be  
In leading to be blessed and blessing lead  
All life to Immortality : the joy  
The service of his throne who rules Omnipotent !  
Forestalls invention with his living Truth ;  
Gives reason to the drivelers of the void with fear  
And doubt to her far depths returns—our Satan damned—  
To dwell upon his doom, rejoiced to doubt.  
Thus leading and thus blessing one and all  
With knowledge and with power of light, life, Love ;  
Omniscient and supreme ; in this our noblest task  
To satisfy our souls, beyond reproach  
Or power of hesitation, trembling, doubt :—  
That all is understood, willed well and high  
For good ; truth, right, as absolute to all  
As to the Highest : God himself ; our God !  
Life-Giver ; all-Sustainer ; serving all !  
And knowing service, loves it for itself ;  
Leading wherever wish or power may go  
To seek increase, release of aught that's good :  
The bold undoubting, yet unsatisfied ;  
The meek rejoicing in their day fulfilled.  
But never at the sacrifice of aught,  
Or the obstruction of a way of life ;  
That lives not by aggression, parasitic force ;

Restraining strength to feed its impotence,  
With promise of a lie ; a life not self-sustained in heaven  
above ;

Or in the depths beneath ; where fire, war, death  
Have their abode ; without the power to save,  
Or live or die, save as a vapor breath ;  
Of folly or of fear ; the wish to live or die ;  
Without a purpose which is true and good,  
Will bear the scrutiny of earth and hell,  
The light and truth of heaven : the eye of God.  
What are the oaths and laws of men, when thus  
Confronted with eternal truth and right ?  
The things we thus condemn, the folly and the fear,  
The wish to live,—with power and purpose gone.  
Or such as cannot self-sustained hold fast  
The integrity of truth, the love of God ;  
The ecstasy of light ! but lives to die ;  
A living death,—the terror of the void :  
For whom the burial that it hath is all.

Thus in the void all healing find and peace,  
Like Hebrews in the wilderness of Sin ;  
Whose curse is desolation everywhere ;  
The wasting of the wish of Lucifer to live  
Feed his infernal fire in heaven or hell,  
In chaos or the void, or pit of earth ;  
By planetary law or waste of aught ;  
Even vapors, useful to sustain God's life.  
And like the leaders in the wilderness,  
His life atones for his misleading lie ;  
And he alone is sufferer : death and hell  
Yield up their dead ; all else again shall live :  
The mad misleader as is just shall die,  
Though million worlds sustain iniquity ;  
It cannot live : and wrong is dead, its doer damned for aye.

But they who self-sustained seek to approve  
God's life, against all odds of errant might,  
In comet, nebula, or fallen star,  
Their knowledge may convince of error, death :  
With equal care in the unwearied quest,  
Given of God's life to every problem, thought ;  
Till all is now resolved in heaven's pure light,  
Embodied truth hath searched to fix for aye  
Her own high test of life and living good :  
And tried the universe, as the misled have tried  
This little ball, to find its purpose, end,  
For good or evil proved ; and like those now,  
In the repelling or consent of all  
Find peace, assurance, perfect happiness,  
Content to wait nor touch the life of aught ;  
Aye, wait forever on the Lord our God :  
JEHOVAH ! the life-giving judge of all,  
Helping where they approve, nor fearing to condemn,  
Where evil is, the wrong that gives it birth :  
In the full sunlight of this central truth,  
Which makes alike, even to the eye and touch,  
The active light and passive rock its throne ;  
As duty calls and heaven or earth's our sphere ;  
Where Equity in Mercy, Judgment reigns ;  
Or Truth in Justice infinite abounds,  
Unknowing time and space, but everywhere  
In every change of time, all space the same,  
Unchangeable, fast fixed, eternal good.

For all must thus be satisfied ; nor seek the throne  
Till well assured of welcome for their life,  
And helpfulness and good even in the heavens,  
In the repose of all ; reflection of his light,  
Whose life is harmony, perpetual joy ;  
Glad Allelulia ! praise of truth and peace :

Whose constancy subdues the panic dread  
Of ignorance and guilt ; begets again  
A calm reliance or a frank embrace,  
And interchange of life in the integrity  
Of Equity and Truth and perfect Love,  
The good of all upon this troubled earth :  
This hearing, seeing, aching, trembling heart,  
Tossed, rent ; involved in fire, confusion, strife ;  
In perfect knowledge, perfect peace confirmed.

So in arrest of judgment now man stands  
Between the heavens and mortal void condemned  
Of falsehood and presumption : their results  
Blazoned before us in the sepulchres  
Of the full circling sphere of Equity,—  
Impassive matter being trained to life,—  
Locked in the embrace of death to save its souls  
From the destroying fire of wrong and hate,  
And thrown upon the void until its erring rage,  
Appeased, shall work conviction, and release  
And loose their mortal bands, and bid return,  
By sense of Justice, to the light of Truth,  
The peace of Equity, the love of Right,  
That worketh Righteousness, undoing wrong ;  
Restoring peace with life and liberty ;  
To unsphere and fill their orbit, as of old,  
In the clear light and crystal hope of heaven,  
With living good ; the soothing, healing power  
Of Equity and Truth, eternal Right,  
Active beneficence : God's life released  
From the wild whirl of mad obstruction rage ;  
Which yet is felt in sun and star, and binds  
Our solar system in its fearful round  
Of expurgation, conflict, suffering, death ;  
In every phase of terror and of force ;



Of cruelty, violence, dread, in fury tossed ;  
Met with resistless fury ; rage with rage,  
More terrible repelled ; till the destroyer and his paramour,  
Red hate and evil, in our Mars and moon,  
Unchurched and churned are cast upon the void :  
Their bans forbidden for a time and times,  
Until the beast and boastful lie revealed ;  
The eyes of all are opened, and earth's suffering life  
Shall plainly see the issue, and our God  
Is justified in Justice, Equity,  
The judgment of his Truth and Love for aye ;  
Before those waiting hosts thus taught to know ;  
In the embrace of death, the war of hell,  
Waste of corruption on the mortal void,  
The bottomless abyss, the grave of worlds,  
Of boastful systems of constructive right,  
What good and evil is, what life and death ;  
And his high purpose fully thus approved,  
Sustained of all the living and the dead,  
The selfishness of wrong, maniac inventive power ;  
In their self-condemnation made so plain,—  
The leprosy of guilt brought home so clear,  
“ That he may read who runs,” and find again,  
His proper refuge in his father's house ;  
Whose spirit gives him life and leads him still,  
Thus to defy devouring fire, the pit ;  
Till thus condemned or all of truth approved ;  
The sun shall lift him up to heaven's glad light  
Or the moon lead his way to Shinar's plain—  
The void of space ; beyond the reach of day :  
Aye ; further than her first collapse had scared  
The vapory Herschel in that hour of dread  
When wild Injustice sought to shield her life ;  
Before Iniquity in Saturn rose ;

To mock the heavens with zone and satellite,  
 As if the earth once more in her renewed  
 Would fix the burning heart of Mercy's life  
 Or be avenged in blood of his own wrong :  
 Or thundering Jupiter took up the lie  
 And would sustain the old cosmogony ;  
 With vile hypocrisy and the cruel hate,  
 Of Mars and moon whose rust and bitterness ;  
 Sought to profane earth's vestal life in death ;  
 Lay bare the bleeding rock, dissolve our heaven ;  
 And leave us naked shivering on the void,  
 Unsepulchred, without a cerement to shield  
 Our life from death, our bodies from the waste ;  
 Of heat and cold ; unfeathered fledglings raw,  
 In the remorseless maw of dull mortality,  
 That shivers at the thought of life in death :  
 And learns to fear the soulless sense of wrong ;  
 Of being thus attenuated framed to show,  
 The shadow of existence, vapory, dead :  
 Looming in state ; a ghostly brotherhood !  
 That wait the craft of earth to bear them hence,  
 And satisfy—a hungry craving for a touch of life ;  
 In or beyond the grave's refreshing shade ;  
 A drop of water—water !—it reflects  
 God's light so pitiless to empty things ;  
 And makes him curse his dream and vex his soul  
 Whose maniac life flies raving from the sight ;  
 And rabid now no more but driveling, mad :  
 Incoherent, insensible, impotent, crazed ;  
 But yet redeemed from vileness of the pit,  
 The foul and loathsome maw of hungry death,  
 The blood-gouts of destroying rage, the wreck  
 And carnage of the deep ; the tumult of confusion,  
 Babel of strife and hate—the fire of hell :

The impudence, the falsehood, empty boast  
Thus blazoned on the void in sight of heaven,  
Which its indignant and impatient hosts,  
A moment loosed would sweep at once beyond  
The shadow or reflection of God's life !  
Annihilate as vanisheth the spot,  
Of leprosy accursed from human flesh,  
By overspreading all with pale, cold death.  
A lifeless pall of vapor, incondensable,  
And hungry as the void, in the gray dawn  
When earth's encroaching shadows fly before God's sun,  
Sacless, unbelied, mawless evermore.

From eve of the fifth day, insatiate in the deep ;  
As first in chaos raged this errant life,  
Madly misled, perverted, turned to blood,  
The ensanguine hue of feverish desire :  
And frenzied disappointment ; violence, war ;  
Impotent dependence, sense of guilt :  
Assailing every moving thing that stirred  
And seeking to destroy all power of life  
That dared resist the frantic fear of death ;  
And panic dread, of wasting and destruction thus imposed ;  
All balance, sense of duty, power of love ;  
Forever cast away, in chaos lost—  
The hungry maw of death, fearing to die,  
Self-preservation and devouring want ;  
The good and evil ; fierce antagonists  
Supreme and desperate ; see it rise again,  
From the impassive deep ; that gave but life,  
A body, sight, to this blind rage of death :  
That feeling in itself, restored to sense ;  
It might die self-condemned, as self-devoured :  
Preying on its own body and a prey,  
Till from itself it fled ; armed, winged of dread

And spread corruption in the far terrene  
Of earth and atmosphere ; the firmament,  
Formed of heaven's life, in its destroying rage  
Hurled down into the pit ; and rising now  
To give it hearing, sight ; objective purpose  
And a just result ; and feel and know,  
Even in the light, it had despised, feared, fought,  
Sought to obscure, destroy, devour, make void,  
Its life impossible—eternal death.

So from the deep, too, it hath died away ;  
Sobered, confounded, as from chaos fell  
Its heated, kindled, darkening, warning force ;  
Metallic substance, groundwork of the heavens,  
Fused and confused, with the clear crystal soul,  
The body of God's life it had sustained,  
Held separate from the void, which now again,  
In their confusion, heat, hath swallowed all  
And held them mingled till heat cools to hate,  
Self-preservation, to deliberate war ;  
A momentary doubt, to terror, guilt,  
Shame and remorse ; avenging and resentful strife of  
blood.

Now in the morning of the first sixth day  
The week of weakness and exhausting rage  
Which gave the night its stars ; the hell of earth,  
Its planetary system ; separated,  
The gold and silver from the crystal fount  
The body of the heavens, in vapor lost,  
Dissolved, corrupted of insensate strife ;  
Resolved again in those far outer spheres  
And pausing in its mad career, in fear,  
Exhaustion, helplessness, passivity ;  
The dark extremes of guilt-consuming dread :  
Embodied in the deep and incremated rock,

The soul and body separated in death  
And each according to its purpose held  
Life-giving, life-receiving, life-sustaining power :  
The life itself invisible ; its ordering touch  
Unknown—yet seen in the instructive force  
Organization, of this bellied life ;  
Its diaphragm the symbol of the heavens ;  
Their vital form, sustaining purpose separated  
By the endurance of metallic strength :  
From the all-grasping deep, the bottomless abyss.  
Not by fierce war, but passive force repelled ;  
The skill of Life—the rule of Lord and God :  
Matter and spirit who thus make the void,  
The grand laboratory, the productive field  
Of motion, force ; creative energy  
Adaptive power, mechanic skill, all might ;  
All glory, beauty ; Love, and Joy, and Praise.  
Of the Immutable, all-conquering power,  
Of Truth and Right ; the omniscience and omnipotence  
Of the All-Father—God of heaven and earth :  
Enthroned in Life and Light and pillared thus on high !  
The soul and principle inspiring all  
According to their sphere and purposed end :  
Enlightening or sustaining all for good :  
Reunion of the soul and body, separated  
Of fire of hell, by living light of heaven.  
Healing of rest ; the vital energy  
Of Living waters ; Mercy's soul redeemed  
To crystal life : which laving, cooling all ;  
Caused to grow, by kindly sympathy ;  
The equal warmth of love ; not heat and violence  
Of mad mechanic force, constructive waste,  
Of death and hell ; Iniquity and wrong.

Therefore the wisdom of the serpent brood,

Above all others on the earth that move ;  
 Among the vile the vilest hypocrites ;  
 Most sensible, most deadly in their aim !  
 Concentrating all life upon themselves,  
 The first Idolaters that move and breathe !  
 Making alone their own existence sure,  
 By terror of destruction's fatal power ;  
 And as the heavens no arm put forth for strife,  
 No limb for motion, wing or oar for force ;  
 Nor hand for help ; dependent all in all :  
 Inspired of living good, that needs no hand,  
 But moves by the expansive vital power of Love :  
 So in the body of their cool desire,  
 Cunning and hate, they move unto this day  
 As living things among the things of earth ;  
 The first, last impulse of rebellious force,  
 Self-adulation and o'erweening pride :  
 Embodied as it rose to mimic life,  
 By cruel Idolatry and blind conceit !  
 Self-worship, of Hypocrisy and guilt :  
 Affecting to be harmless, gentle, good ;  
 Yet holding to the poisoned sting of death !  
 To save its own volition consciousness  
 Of bellied joy ; a carcass that yet dies :  
 Revealing clear, the secret of all guilt ;  
 So cunning, yet transparent as the day :  
 Loathsome and horrible as dreaded night ;  
 Hell, pit and grave, it bears within itself,  
 The venom of its vengeful impotence, cruel spite  
 Of disappointed violence, living death ;  
 The heartless, soulless thing, a rebel worm !  
 Type of embodied war in all its forms :  
 From chaos, Mars and moon ; to demigods of earth,—  
 Emperors, Kings, priesthoods ; all lawgiving powers

That seek to live by energy divine  
They know not to inspire : but would destroy  
And make all equal in the realm of shades,  
Cheerless domain of old mortality ;  
Of everlasting want : eternal night.  
The oath their sting ! the law, the poisoned fang,  
Of never-dying death ; their wars and lust sustain !  
Behold their influence ! mark the panic dread  
Which first inspired of groaning matter's throes,  
Broken upon the wheel ; 'mid bursting flame ;  
Laying the Herbage of its Forests waste.  
And now sustained by fear of monstrous bulk,  
Appliances of rude aggressive force,  
With which all life doth arm itself, to fly,  
Or to resist its brutal rage and death.  
The slavery it entails, oppression, sacrifice  
That winged the bird and hoofed the fawn, horse, ass ;  
Their clenching fists defying sufferance  
To escape the assaults, restraints of gloomy strife ;  
Now fencing all who trod the green terrene  
Escaping from the deep with horned and dental front.  
Determined retribution on the weak  
For the resistance of the pure and good,  
Their insolence can neither touch nor move,  
Peace-loving, dutiful ; who fed their life  
And cropped the ranker growth that hedged the rock  
Restraining all its grossness and disease.  
Till Mercy's daughter Sympathy inspires.  
For failing of the fallen power of life,  
By the conception of renewing help  
For the long day of dull dependence weariness of eld  
The loss of action, energy ; sustaining force,  
And quickening life committed to their care  
Renewing youth in sons and daughters born,

Conceived, inspired, of interchange of life ;  
 But held to labor and untrained to thought,  
 Preserving good, the sustenance of all  
 Subduing of the earth, restraint of rank desire  
 That feeds consumption and disease, the grave.  
 Healthful communion of more helpful souls,  
 Which spring from the embrace of mutual love.  
 The ingrate blood subdued and freshness pliant growth  
 Given to the hard-wrung muscles of the frame :  
 And peace and truth from kindred hopes and fears  
 The same pursuits and equal wants of all :  
 Now rising up, surveying heaven and earth,  
 And stepping forth into the higher atmosphere  
 Of healing light the quickener of the dead.  
 Soothing, inspiring, passive life to feel  
 Its active sympathy, restoring force,  
 And yield its strength and fruits as in the heavens  
 To saving good, the willing sacrifice,  
 Of health and strength to equal joy in all ;  
 The influence of heavenly love restored.  
 But to the lordly arrogance of bulk,  
 Possession of material good and power  
 Brute force as yet, such things are sacrificed,  
 And prostituted to a sottish lust  
 Which held its female herd to feed desire  
 With vengeful jealousy and growing hate  
 From its own flesh and blood and sent it forth  
 A vagabond to herd with beast and fowl.  
 Most fortunate, if with a youthful mate it could escape  
 And find a refuge and a tree of life  
 Beyond the range of their own herd and kind.

Metallic vapors and unwholesome damps  
 From stagnant waters now prevailing round :  
 Save where the internal fires still nursed their flame



And heaped their spreading cones or heaved the heated  
rock

Above the influence of flood or fire

And aid the sunlight with their grosser heat,

Wrathful activity to rage inflamed

And spreading oft upon the surface marred

All peaceful life ; passive in herb and tree

Or active in the moving frame inspired,

Of sight and sympathy to quick intelligence,

And led of inborn need the helplessness

Of all aggressive force, to ward and to provide

Against incessant want, and save its life,

Now multiplied and filling well the spots

Sacred to habitation, providence,

And cultivation of all helpful growth,

For mechanism gives no life to death ;

Or led of saving instinct to the choice

Of good against the evil, loathsome, tasteless things,

Or poisonous and destructive, sickening, wounding touch,

With sore and ache of foul and fell disease.

Thus are the shadowings of the war in heaven

Brought home to mortal life upon the earth,

Revolving in the void, resolving all,

And separating the good, which upon order waits

Its proper place with all. Its truthful purpose,

Living right, approved, and, having room,

All, all is good. Evil and war shall cease

And Rome shall be no more ; the strife of moving hate,

Aggressive force, that blindly seeks its own,

And having neither room nor right to live

Within the bounds of ordered heaven, and earth,

Must pass away forever ; search the void,

Make oath and law prevail, and tax and tithe,

The common wants of all where Justice reigns,

And holdeth sightless death a mooning ghost  
In sight of all ; and, thrown upon itself,  
A raving comet lost and fearing light  
That welcomes to the path of war and waste ;  
Therefore its prompt retreat and trailing, backward course  
Among our living spheres where sunlight rests.

But Mercy still prevails and quick intelligence,  
In subject suffering, fond maternal care,  
The essence, exposition, of God's life ;  
Themselves despised, debased, polluted, prostitutes  
Of dull maternal lordship, sottish lust,  
Oppressed to violence, to suffering death !  
Yet laboring still to lead a brutish lord  
To light and saving action, warmth and good :  
God's help ! which, giving life, restraineth all,  
And in the woman laboreth to instruct,  
Inspireth to aspire above the blade of grass,  
Even to the fruit and seed of herb and tree,  
And his own active form in every shape,  
According to desire ; learn how they grow,  
And give his choice a chance of equal good  
By training of his Son, an added lord  
Superior to all forms on earth that move.

For now the world, an Eden by her toil,  
Needs not the driving forth of Son nor soul,—  
Life with its living, but sustaineth all,  
Instructing while it blesseth with content,—  
Abundance of all good, and needeth but  
Subjection of the prurient and the vile,  
The base and cowardly, murderers of all life ;  
The weeds and parasites of field and flood,  
Who, festering, feed on all, even flesh and blood :  
Aye, thought, Intelligence, all power of good ;  
The order, active purpose of this frame ;

The form, construction, harmony of all,  
With its own grossness thus engrossing all,  
Corrupting to devour, strangling to live,  
Their touch pollution and their breath as death,  
A priesthood of corruption, rising up between,  
The living and the dead, the soul and body, ministers  
Of living, not of life, of foul desire,—  
Panderers, procurers, pimps, and hypocrites,  
Malarial and miasmatic, like the zones  
That held the earth to darkness, leprosy ;  
In Herschel, Saturn, Jupiter, the Moon,  
O'ershadowing Acolytes, passing still between  
Matter and spirit, throttling active good.  
Adulterers, debasers, butcherers of all forms,  
Enslavers of all action, every living soul.  
Life cast them forth as drones even from her dragon-  
brood,

Who knew her secret, without seal of blood,  
As do the ant and bee ; preservers of their progeny  
Among the winged and creeping things of earth,  
Even to this hour ; their forms of terror gone ;  
All kingly power, brute force, gives place to Industry.  
Therefore the Elamite to Abraham gave  
And to his seed the promise of the land,  
Possession of the earth again restored ;  
The sphere of Equity of good in heaven,  
Approved of Truth and Right, sustained of life,  
The living God forever in all space.

Intelligence, the image of his power,  
The understanding of the living word,  
Prevailing now with open eye and ear,  
Directs, as in the heavens, the saving course  
As yet of instinct found ; the force of habit, use,  
And glad instruction, Mercy's saving help,

Seeks to redeem her own from death, condemned,  
 To the Eternal round of feeding on the worm ;  
 Nay, filth and refuse of its helplessness !—  
 Moving to-day, to-morrow all dissolved :  
 To feel and feed again the sordid appetite  
 Of myriad priestly forms of loathsome sense ;  
 In creeping thing and the foul resilience  
 Of dragon, reptile broods ; bird, beast of earth,  
 From the poor worm, on dust and ashes fed,  
 To man, the feeder on his flesh and blood,—  
 The froth and stench redeemed from leprosy,  
 To give him sense of sight and sound a day,—  
 The loathsome hour of self-condemning guilt,  
 That to the Judge gives back this warring soul  
 The vestals have refused to clothe in heaven,  
 And the moon waits to bear to her own place,  
 With all this host of shadows, death, and hell.

From Atlas is their doom to Ararat,  
 Beyond high Lebanon given to Misraim's flood ;  
 Thence by the Euphrates to Shinar's plain,  
 Where the great tower the nations seek to raise,  
 Even to the heavens, had its foundations laid  
 In ruin—saved at last of the Infallible !  
 That wicked lie, which, spoken first in heaven,  
 Was quenched in hell, and hurled upon the void  
 In Mars and Moon, disconsolate and unhoused,  
 Waits but the union of its lust and wrong  
 In these rejected orbs and the proud, warring souls  
 Who make the earth a hell again too hot  
 For their poor, ignorant, rebellious brood.  
 Omnipotent at first ; infallible, yet fallen,  
 Ere the proud boast went forth to brand his soul  
 The Antichrist : at war with heaven's pure Word,  
 Eternal Truth, the Righteousness of God !

By Rome's religion reconstructed, lost.  
As was the quartered lot in Isaac found  
With laughter and rejoicing feasts of love ;  
Redeemed from Aram on Moriah's height,  
By sacrifice of what?—the symbol of his soul  
Who sought to intercept the promised seed ;  
And to his altar bound goes down for aye !  
Like Levi, when his guilt at length brought home,  
For the poor innocents of Egypt slain  
With Israel's host, a generation lost ;  
Of strife and want, the wilderness devoured.  
By his own hand on the same templed height  
Before his altar fallen,—where Salem fell,  
And peace was crucified and sealed to death,  
In God's own Son, the Righteousness of Truth,  
Who, like the woman, strove in death and suffering  
To save a seed condemned ; to lead and feed ;  
Opened their eyes and ears ; bade their lame walk,  
Their fearful to be strong, and raised their dead.  
Fair Rachel's dower of love and offspring slain,  
A house in Jacob twice divided Esau lost  
In Dan condemned and hazarded again,  
In Joseph lost once more of Nile's increase,  
In the rejection of his first-born Son :  
Man-ass-eh, named the unwilling offspring given  
Of Potipherah's daughter to his lust ;  
A sacrifice to On ! to save his life  
For burial of his bones in his own lot,  
Stout Shechem, the strong shoulders just increase ;  
As yet, deep buried in the obstructed vale  
Which separates Ebal from cruel Gerizzim,  
And proud Samaria in the promised land ;  
Held to the curse of la ! of Moses wrought,  
To shadow forth High Elam's help refused

From Sinai's flaming height, whose bush revealed  
 His saving power and strength, in weakness proved  
 A Saviour from destruction, law, and waste,  
 Invention, reconstruction's hated power :  
 The waste of blood in sacrificial strife,  
 Whose tabernacle, temple, is destroyed,  
 And passeth now away like Babel fallen,  
 And waiting Mars rejected of his choice,  
 And wedded to the moon the shadow of earth's guilt,  
 Whose waters yet an atmosphere supply,  
 Revealing all her nakedness and shame  
 As spectre of a world she would have zoned,  
 To pomp of change she shadows forth so well,  
 In Shinar's broad domain, the borders of the void,  
 A paradise of fools, the builders high  
 Of Babel, Hebron, On, Hierusalem ;  
 Blood-thirsty Rome, and prototypes on high  
 A Ruin, Desolation here and there ;  
 An ever-changing, changeless shade accursed.

Such are the symbols and the Word of Truth  
 Revealed and spoken in our hearing sight,  
 Through twice six thousand years, the time and times  
 Given to condemn the evil, choose the good ;  
 God's day of rest accomplished and the heavens  
 Prepared again to move to judgment, light.  
 As at the first the word was multiply,  
 Replenish, and subdue the earth to life ;  
 Not life to earth ! the body of this death.  
 So now it's " Prepare," yea, in the wilderness,  
 The Lord's appointed way,—the way of Equity,  
 Established Right, in righteousness revealed ;  
 Make straight, " a highway in the desert for our God."  
 Our saving help from first to last for aye ;  
 The Justice of the heavens sustaining Truth and Light ;

Whose Earth, the earings of his fallen dead,  
We thus still hold ; a desert, sacrifice !  
A Horeb sacred still to Hecate's brood,  
Who hold it blessed or cursed according to their word ;  
And bid war rage ; if God's life will not bow  
Unto their Image, as on Duras plain.

Such is the living Word through every change  
And involution of the circling spheres ;  
Stayed for a moment, planed and planeted ;  
That we may see while the soul works within,  
Its motion with its purpose and result :  
In the sphered heavens and the all-suffering earth,  
And choose advisedly or life or death,  
And justify the mercy of our God,  
Whose life through all hath now prepared the soul  
To live by fruits of Righteousness and Peace,  
By labor of its hands, and without sweat of brow,  
Or sacrifice of violence, blood that blood may breathe,  
And riot in the revelry of death ;  
Nor wait to train and to instruct the soul,  
It would subdue to evil not to good :  
Eternal death—not life—the living God.

Behold the sum of all Inventive Rage  
And Reconstructive hate, destroying la !  
Would here exalt alone—not principles  
Of Life and living Good, Truth, Right, and Love,  
Of Justice and of Equity upheld  
Against the powers of darkness and the void.  
And this made plain in heaven and in the deep,  
Where the devourer's rage hath had its full,  
And left but shadows, desolation, dread,  
Of souls escaped on foot and wing that seek  
Man's service and the peace he yet doth give,  
While feeding on the fruit of herb and tree ;

Ere yet the seed of Adam's treachery  
And Eve's submission to desire, let loose  
Red murder and the arrogance of hate to war,  
From Cain to Lamech, raising hell on earth !  
The Flood once more must quench, the light of heaven  
With fiercer fire, the lightning-flash subdue  
And leave nor rest, nor refuge, save the void  
The bottomless abyss ; eternal death ;  
They choose and would inflict reward and punishment ;  
Its choice made good to every soul that breathes.



## CHAPTER VI.

### EDEN, AND THE RISE OF HER "ÉLOHIM"—RIGHTEOUSNESS AND PEACE.

THE light of Truth, by word and work brought home ;  
Made patent to the sense of every soul :  
As in the heavens—the paradise of God.  
God ended all his work gave the heavens pause  
And called his dead to judgment on the eve  
Of the seventh day ; to this end sanctified  
Of Heaven and earth, Truth, Righteousness, and Life,  
In all approved ; and Falsehood, wrong, and death,  
In all condemned, and outcast evermore :  
Invention ; Reconstruction, la ! and lo !  
Of lordlings and lawgivers of the earth ;  
Of all Destroying, desolating power,  
Held an abomination in all space :  
Mechanic help and human skill approved,  
To tame excess, subdue disease and death ;  
In passive forms of quiet rejoicing life :  
Blooming and breathing to refresh, sustain,  
Instruct, inspire and soothe the living soul ;  
That needs the sweet repose of peaceful rest,  
From active duty, exercise of Life :  
In self-sustaining service of our God ;  
The Immortality of Truth and Light.

Thus "on the seventh" appointed, hallowed "day"  
God "ended all his work," with glad accord

Of sober truth in all : thus well prepared  
 For this Sabbathic rest ; in heaven, or earth ;  
 A day, a week, a year, without reproach  
 Inducement or restraint, of punishment or fear ;  
 But with abundance and release for all  
 Save Clamant want ; whose promptings build the frame  
 And give it purpose and vitality—that all may choose  
 Deliberate and forever. Therefore restraint  
 Of zeal or terror ; word or work of man ;  
 All he hath done to prove by human sufferance  
 The evil of the curse, God's Judgment hath condemned  
 From the beginning ; made enduring  
 By separation of metallic strength  
 And molten war of murderous souls inured  
 To dull infernal heat and shivering cold ;  
 Mortal extremes of mad infernal strife,  
 That makes a chaos of material things  
 In star and planet like the vapory void  
 Where rust reduceth all their power to dust  
 The leprosy of death ; as water permeates here  
 The living rock with energy divine !  
 That force, endurance, every power may know,  
 Its place and proper gauge is Righteousness :  
 In the Omnipotent Immortal round  
 Of order and of Love ; unchanging Truth  
 And Everlasting Right : that knows no change  
 Of time or place condition power ; enduring or alert,  
 But knowing all conditions and results  
 By quiet indulgence tameth every power  
 To the Omnipotence of Knowledge Right ;  
 The Immortality of Life and Love :  
 The good Supreme, Beneficent in all,  
 Equal and Just as in the Light of heaven  
 And fearless as before the Eternal Throne,

In darkness and  
As men and ang  
Give place to th  
Of Church and  
With their proud  
Nor sparing, ever  
Who seek her hea  
Gladdening, like  
The fever of the l  
The turmoil of its  
Its heinous traffic;  
Of iron despotism  
Iniquity; the wicke  
Awakening thirst of  
The violence of lust  
Which prostrate Ro  
Control no more; b  
With vapory planets,  
That borrow from the  
In kindling atmosphe  
Stale glories of the S  
Flaunted before the ey  
The terror and the pra  
That it may sacrifice it  
Its fearful life, to feed t  
Of brigands, lazzaroni;  
Who, on pretense of lav  
Of teaching, guiding, sa  
God's Justice, Equity, a  
A moment, and an hour  
Given to the stroke of fa  
No to well ordered fruit  
Measured by their results  
To tell upon the soul; the

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For life or death as was the impulse given :  
 Recoiling on itself with equal force  
 And striking home in the full glare of day ;  
 'There, on the void ; where outcast of the heavens,  
 But powerless to affect its balanced truth :  
 That all may see at length and learn to know  
 The chance of satiated lust to live :  
 The insensate sac and ever-craving maw  
 Are but the belly and the gate of hell  
 The base desire of selfishness ; eternal death :  
 The mad Idolatry of shame and guilt ;  
 A foul incest and sacrifice to waste,  
 The desolation of all living good :  
 On earth and in the heavens. Here in the wilderness,  
 Betraying truth to save a brazen lie  
 Prosperity on earth—life in the grave !  
 And crucifying still the Christ of God ;  
 Our patient, suffering, meek humanity :  
 The woman's seed.—The saviour of mankind.  
 The Sons of God, made subject to mortality  
 A little hour to save their dead from hell  
 From Chaós, waste, the grave the fruit of their own deeds ;  
 Eternal death—the war—the strife of blood ;  
 Of fire and water, heat and cold, congealed ;  
 Or tossed in vapors on the darkling waste ;  
 The hunger thirst and want that follows change.  
 The lying doubt ; condemned, to the abyss  
 Infernal discontent ; the fire of hell.  
 Strife of Confusion ; Everlasting death ;  
 Endless turmoil ; an evil in itself—  
 The evil ; that confounds all living good,  
 Defying order, growth or measured right ;  
 The light of Truth in heaven or peace on earth ;  
 But gives our Eden to disease and waste ;

Miasma and Malarias, fetid breath ;  
The poison of the reptile, sting of insect life  
Curse of the sword ; and the grave's waste in all :  
The howl of desolation's rabid rage ;  
In wind, voice, heart ; the surging of the deep.

The earth now hushed to this one sighing wail ;  
The sleeping sob of her long broken heart ;  
Now purged and being healed of all her strife ;  
Redeemed from Chaos and her youth renewed ;  
But not yet from the void, and yearly clothed upon  
Of Vernal vestals, with leaf, flower and fruit ;  
The organs of the dead, who seek to breathe  
And feel the breath of heaven, God's quickening light,  
Again upon the brow and in the heart :  
But yielding still to winter's eldritch howl.  
Robed in the snowy vestments of their love.  
Lest robbed of Action, surfeited of life,  
They weary of disease and die indeed :  
Thus passing life and death, with day and night,  
Darkness of hell and living light of heaven,  
Continually before the sight and sense ;  
Of warring and bewildered flesh and blood :  
The froth of all ; the frame and soul of man !  
Erring invention of Mechanic skill ;  
That dreams, and dreams, and dreams, but will not hear ;  
Nor open once its eyes to see the day :  
Though robbed of strength to war with the dread night  
And fretful and confounded preys on suffering,  
Like a sick child ; that will not, cannot rest ;  
Is tyrannous with all ! and passionate as of wrong.

And wrong it is ; and wrong it suffereth too :  
Offspring of sensuality ; blind, guilty, ignorance ;  
Begotten of foul lust : of vanity conceived  
Lordling of wantonness and wild conceit :

A brutal murderer of deliberate choice :  
 A desperate knave and puling hypocrite,  
 That whines at once o'er punishment of wrong  
 And justified in this, because of groundlessness  
 Excess, and in itself the cause, the evil root ;  
 Till sight of evil in itself is lost,  
 Inflicted without cause ; remorselessly urged on  
 Even to the last resort, beyond redress—  
 Hasting the round of everlasting death  
 That strikes two souls at once, the murdered and the  
     murderer.

The last the cruellest stroke—a fatal wound,  
 Endurance but exasperates : the pang of guilt !  
 A poisoned arrow buried to the wing :  
 That turns the blood into a festering sore,—  
 A fretting leprosy that wasteth all—  
 The soul and body ; sense, intelligence.  
 Thus is the child and man awakening to life  
 From suffering, death ; more sinned against, held, damned ;  
 Than sinning in this rage of guilt and shame.

Let the proud father pause, but for a thought ;  
 And the fond mother ask what she conceives  
 Of lordship and a home, and covering from light :  
 And why from light ; from living, healing Truth ?  
 For that she would bring forth to suffering—  
 The slavery of wrong, the fear of death ;  
 The toil and bondage of a hungry soul,  
 That preys upon itself : yea ; its own flesh and blood,  
 Even to and from its mother's lips and womb :  
 The calf, the lamb ; even her own offspring, sacrificed  
 To quench the thirst of a blind sense, condemned  
 Yea hurled from heaven and thrust even from the pit :  
 A leper and a dog—a murderer,  
 In the broad light of day before high heaven !

Is this the lordship she so worshipeth?  
This the conception Mercy gives her soul,  
As wealth of waters, to approve and cleanse?  
Without a pause of thought, question of Right—  
Or Righteousness ; because the frame is formed  
For such indulgence, such insensate guilt :  
And God hath formed it so ? Oh, monstrous lie !  
Bearing upon its front the blazon of its shame ;  
And proved by that which doth at once condemn :  
Its poor invention, cunning mechanism ;  
Made at what cost ; a makeshift at the best :  
Of murderous waste in shaping torturing form,  
By plummet, line ; by compass, angle, square ;  
And knoweth not, save by measure, what is Right :  
Yea, set but for an hour, the sport of accident.  
Is this the soul of Truth the light of heaven ?  
The blood God's life ! or purple of this death ?  
The fitful feverish soul of mortal strife,  
Whose stains, impeachment condemnation doom.  
What saith the eye that fires at the loathed hue ?  
The eye ;—Intelligence, which at a stroke  
Hath scattered chaos, balanced on the void  
A crowd of worlds ; the science of all sense ;  
Can neither number, nor as yet divine  
Their standing, purpose ; if for life or death ?  
Or by what latent power of growth or choice  
Sphered circling in the system of the heavens.  
Whether of yesterday, or ages framed :  
Created, uncreate ; kindled or mirrored there.

Six thousand years, repeated we have seen ;  
In fact and symbol till the senses ache,  
They have kept their watch and ward among the dead  
Their birth yet mimicked in the firmament,  
In the quick flash ; the kindling lightning's stroke

That from the cloud hurls the resolved ball ;  
 We call the thunderbolt of heaven, to earth :  
 Even as the earth from chaos was resolved  
 In the full blaze of her metallic strength  
 And launched upon the void where still she rolls  
 , Old and impoverished of all her strength  
 Of splendor now bereft, molten metallic bloom ;  
 The soul of death, with crystal life at war  
 Hissing and thundering in their mortal strife.  
 Thus helpless on the void, in bonds of death and hell  
 That too congealed in the cold icicle  
 But yielding to the touch of life and light  
 And loathing bands of death consuming fire.  
 Seeking to mercy's waters, light of love :  
 Of granite strength, disrobed, disarmed, before the enemy.  
 Nor caring more for refuge of his death :  
 Nor cold protecting justice in this war.  
 Brained, parted and divided heart and hold,  
 Body and spirit, sublimate and soul ;  
 Its parted elements in order laid  
 For use renewed, the resurrection morn :  
 When wearied Mercy shall to Judgment yield  
 And Justice shall assert her high domain.  
 Then blazon of metallic power shall cease  
 And molten gods drawn out upon the void  
 Shall floor the sphere of Equity in heaven  
 And Eden be restored, the paradise of God.  
 Behold yet on the firmament the mimic war  
 That baffles all their skill and forging might ;  
 The cunning and the power of leaden death :  
 And learn the meaning of meteoric flame ;  
 Whence and what alchemy and trick of chance  
 Hath formed and buried the strange fallen thing  
 That puzzles the poor living spectroscop



The eye of sense so miserably involved  
In midnight darkness reproduced to prove  
The quality of sunlight by the atmosphere  
It quickens into life to give the body breath  
Nerve, action, spirit and resolve the blood  
Into a living and life-giving soul:  
Reanimate the body of desire  
With something of the quickening power of heaven  
That in the kindred atmosphere of earth  
Recrystallized, is moved to living strength  
And voluntary action; lightning's power:  
The touch of Justice given to repel,  
The lurking shadows of the hideous night  
Of chaos and of death through which we have passed,  
The spectres of the grave, the insensate waste,  
Alluring parricide, inventive imagery  
Idolatry of selfishness and base desire  
The hell of hate,—the Hecate of the pit!  
That seeks to hold the incremated mass  
Forever in its power: now of the word and light,  
Thus recreated and so far redeemed;  
As once again to feel the pulse of Right,  
The Omnipotence of God and move with power  
Of instant order, retributive force!  
Instinct of Truth, the Justice of the heavens:  
Even in the sight of sense; restored transparency,  
The pillared shadow of this death reveals,  
Nightly upon the void; under the base  
Of the first pyramid the accident of guilt,  
Gave to the sight and taught to make a grave.

Yes! let both man and woman witnesses  
"Elohim" of our God! once, pause and name again  
The forms their beastly lordship hath brought forth;  
And know their guilt in seeking helpmeets still

In any form insensate lust can move  
 The idolatry of selfishness, a nation's law ;  
 Condition of a kind condemns to savage hate,  
 To butchery, oppression, War of blood  
 Or blood itself inspires with brained mechanic skill,  
 Destroying to pervert to usefulness  
 In the base purpose of its worthless aim ;  
 Conceit and fraud and arrogance uphold,  
 Ere they repeat the sealing of its life,  
 Put forth their hand into the central tree  
 Of knowledge, quickening power, redeeming good :  
 Impiously, before the avenging seraphim,  
 That from the sun reflecting Truth keep ward,  
 And with their lightnings arm their fellows here,  
 Who rising from this death now need their help,  
 The armor of their light instead of fire of hell :  
 Destroying power of the dull molten gods,  
 Men worship in the earth and give for living, life.

What fitness in this life for aught save death ?  
 It feeds an hour that all may see and shun ;  
 Well understand the purpose of the day  
 Is knowledge of this death, its aptitudes, and fear ;  
 The prostitution of all saving power,  
 In Bethel, Brothel, Hotel, every form,  
 Of priestly cunning, lying masonry ;  
 Its templed pits and decorated graves !  
 The involution of the loathsome mass  
 Whose dust they now in contempt brand as dirt ;  
 Yet feed upon and dung it willingly for life !  
 The living of a poor ensanguine soul,  
 Purpled to apoplexy, brained to blood  
 And wedded to eternal death ; made plain  
 In sealing of the blood—the marriage tie,  
 Of matter and the spirit of his life ;

In the "Elohim" of the living God !  
His witnesses on earth: the highest form  
Of animal existence—mortal help  
Sustained with pain, and labor, groans and strife,  
Enforced submission to metallic force,  
The gold and silver brass and tin and steel,  
That pave the ways its molten gods still lead,  
Graven with painful care and worshiped every hour ;  
In every deed, in all exchange of life.  
Its sustenance, its living ; death must live :  
God's life inspires, releases † but this death,  
Still holds to hell its pains and penalties,  
Its slavery and subjection, lordship of its power ;  
And swarming parasites, that seek to save,  
By fear of death—their miserable souls—  
Destroying all to live—and living, but to die ;  
Eternally—Hell is their portion and the harmless void ;  
The keys they keep the warders of the pit ;  
As long revealed by him they crucified ;  
And crucify to-day ; exalting high his cross  
On the closed record of his conquering love :  
His mercy's son, our Right: the King and Lord of all.  
Give metal to the dead metallic soul !  
Peace to its kind—ours is the living Rock  
That walls the pit with its own life for aye :  
And stands in Righteousness forever sure !  
And well assured this soul can never die :  
For Righteousness is strength, the power of God ;  
That fills the void with just such things as those  
Religion, la ! for Righteousness and Truth ;  
Which calls them whorish, beasts, the evil thing !  
The wilderness its dwelling, nations its living throne :  
As waters to the earth—its sustenance—  
So to the power of evil these give life :

The strife of blood—war of eternal death.  
Such was and is, the Revelation high  
Of Heaven's all crystal life ; the Christ of God,  
Of the beloved Disciple, Peace ! on earth,  
Proclaimed in every age all climes her law !  
Rejoicing shout, the allelulia ! of all praise and bliss,  
For which the " Elohim " here still, conquering lives :  
Even in the jaws of death and hell—the grave.

Shall God's abounding and triumphant life  
Be thus abused forever. Subject to those molten gods,  
Whose heat is blank obstruction ; leaden death :  
Through the eternal ages as here now ;  
Wasted, a pulseless thing upon the void  
In herb and tree abused, in flesh and blood  
Of shameless prostitution living guilt  
A leper evermore ! gorilla ; dog !  
Through Bethlehem's daughter, of her own desire !  
Oh ; not of her desire : Mercy, forgive !  
Our God ! Thy heavens record not this mad blasphemy :  
It is this brutal seal betrays her soul ;  
Her knowledge and her love of God's pure life !  
The fear of wrong in aught she gives to breathe  
The heavenly flame of his exultant light :  
So quick so vigilant against all guilt !  
The Je-, that moves the crystal soul of heaven  
To lead, instruct, and to condemn mankind  
As sots and slaves, the murdering mechanics  
They are in thought and deed, in purpose and desire  
Perceiving and conceiving, doing wrong  
Poor fishers ! rising from the womb of want  
The aching void : and dragging still the deep  
Unsalted and unseasoned sauce of death ;  
The turmoil of desire and frenzied guilt,  
For living and for life, throughout the night,

And livelong day : while others feast and live  
On the green herbage of the living earth,  
And bring away their baskets full of store.  
Speak but the word to woman : say she shall conceive  
The pure and good ; the lordship of the heavens :  
And lo ! His image shall before thee rise,  
Clothed as thou art ; but moving as a Son  
Of the Eternal ever-living One :  
With patience and of earnest truth inspired,  
To bow the heavens and make the earth attent.  
Yet, is she the paid prostitute of lust ?  
Avaunt ! thou Hell-hound : ere his scorching breath ;  
As lightning, touch and shrivel thy poor soul :  
Murderer, adulterer, at one wretched stroke,  
Polluter and defamer in a breath, a syllable  
The judgment just, the punishment in kind.

Nor shall he longer stoop, to stand condemned  
Held to eternal death by boasted power  
Of the poor shadowy idols of a day.  
Whose worthless souls can only live by theft  
And prostitution of all forms of help—  
All living principle to dogma, law ;  
The condemnation of devouring hate  
That it may feed its altars, sacrifice and live  
Still to devour, and call devouring life :  
Death and the pit, hell and the grave their heaven ;  
Confusion, strife and chaos, darkness, night ;  
Their paradise and wedding to destroy :  
Thus rest upon destruction ; all their promises,  
Futile and fleeting as the happiness  
Whose surfeit is this death ; a ghostly crown,  
False as their fears : upon their carcasses  
So proved in the high heavens, as now on earth  
Upon their battle-fields ; the blood-gouts of the grave ;

Yea ; in our death : This struggle of God's life  
 In man to break their bondage and be free.  
 Free from this taxing, tithing, murderous wrong,  
 That can no more be pooh, pooh, poohed away,  
 With solemn prattle and the accusing lie ;  
 Of idleness in life : As in old Egypt where the bellied  
     god

Claimed all their care : Jehu ! move on,  
 The earth is ours : work ; we must eat to live.  
 And feeding of this selfishness of lust,—  
 Idolatry of guilt, is civilizing power,  
 Progress ! profaning now in all the earth  
 His long sabbathic year, given to approve  
 The magic of invention, alchemy of death ;  
 Science of ghostly meteors ; falling stars ;  
 Astronomy of earth, the crucible  
 Of parasitic waste ; outcast of heaven  
 Thrown naked on the void ; the wilderness of Sin  
 The prototype of Sinai's curse of flame  
 When Israel there and in the land profaned,  
 Their day of high probation ; closed in blood ;  
 Egypt enslaved ; Canaan a desert still.  
 The people sold to traffic, Syrian pride ;  
 The mummary of a lie : their worship gold !  
 The flooring of the heavens, metallic dross  
 More senseless than the dust ; dead, dead, dead, dead.  
 Their molten gods still graven to supply  
 The calf and lamb of Egypt, Shechem's power :  
 Without a spark of life or saving wealth ;  
 Save as supplanter of all heavenly good.  
 The hire of murderers ; the robber's dole ;  
 His Equity and justice, Truth and Love,  
 The honor and the worship of his soul ;  
 The solid symbol of a living death,

That molten may be purified for aye,  
A gilding for the trappings of the dead :  
Endurance all its praise ; metallic strength  
The facile slave of skillful cunning, care ;  
Used to enslave, enchain, the living soul.  
Like fear before the mount where Elam's worshipers  
Bowed low before their God ! who from the bush proclaimed

The madness of all hiding from his power.  
His Justice, Judgment, searching as the flame,  
The blaze of Truth impenetrating all  
Jehovah's hiding, strength ; His glittering sword—  
The dazzling shield of dread Omnipotence !  
Immortal life ! the glory of the heavens :  
That searcheth to the heart for the fair pearl  
Of his eternal right, in every soul :  
A quiet endurance, purifying love.  
Jehovah, Judge, and King ; the leader of all life  
The Father of the Spirits of all flesh—the Just :  
Whom yet they had known alone as Syrian Lord  
Almighty in the earth ; the centre of their trust ;  
The Shepherd, Patriarch, head of all the race,  
Of whom alone,—peaceful possession and all right could  
come.

The fruit of Order, Industry, Obedience, Unity ;  
Division of all labor, tribe sustaining tribe.

And why this Sabbath—seventh day's rest ; while pause  
The order of the heavens : sun, moon, and stars ?  
A week—six days of ordered change : a month—  
The quarterings of the changes of the moon.  
A year—twelve months ; two weeks, with every day,  
Its work appointed and all well fulfilled ;  
Repeating o'er the mustering of the spheres :  
The separation of their kindred elements,

Of reconstructive force, confounded, marred ;  
In chaos mingled—evil with the good,  
Each to its place to mingle with its kind ;  
In one harmonious whole, as at the first,  
Whose balance is His light, the power of Truth :  
And sense of Right supreme in living strength.

Twelve Fathers, from the Lord to Lamech's son,  
Twelve Patriarchs, the nine of Nineveh,  
And three of Israel ; Sarah's brother, sons ;  
When Elam gave from Sinai's kindling height  
To son and daughter of the Midianite,  
And Israel's numbered, but divided tribes,  
From Leah, Rachel, Bilhah, Zilpah sprung ;  
With but one sister, Dinah, Shechem's bride ;  
The murderer of the race who sought her hand,  
By her cruel brothers slaughtered in their blood :  
Of their own Sire accursed ; of the Lord held,  
Unto their Altar for the first-born slain  
Of Egypt, in their passover of guilt.

Two thousand years the man and woman strove  
Ere to the wife's position she attained,  
Two thousand years he with his brother warred,  
To bitterness of death and waste of all,  
Till flesh and blood became their daily food ;  
For Lordship Noah held condemned on earth :  
Yet warred for to this hour, with the same dire results ;  
The waste of all to their own flesh and blood !  
The sacrifice and glory of their shame.

Two thousand years, the Patriarchal race,  
Their sons to circumcision held and gave  
Their daughters equal right of choice and love  
Till Miriam Hobab's suit refused and died  
With Aaron, in the wilderness of Sin.  
Two thousand years the son and daughter sought



To perfect life ; even to this final hour ;  
She by conception ; he by force and law :  
Her task accomplished now two thousand years ;  
His twice condemned in Midian and in Rome :  
So long doth Mercy wait upon his seed ;  
Condemned in Adam, Noah, Christ ; her son—  
The Elamite again ? Ah, then, forevermore,  
For Equity in him to Justice gives the rein  
And through Eternal Truth, Right shall prevail  
THE LORD, OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS, again for aye.

There, before Lebanon, where the north and south,  
The east and west, together met to prove  
The power of Equity the wealth of Love ;  
When Elam from dark Misriam's waters brought  
The son and daughter of his followers, the seed  
Of Eber and of Abraham, in their turn, to try  
The errant right and reconstructive power  
Which drove the father from his throne on earth ;  
And holds the nations to old Babel's reign  
Like Lucifer in chaos, giving earth and man,  
The sphere of Equity now waiting light,  
To fire and sword, destroying wrath of war :  
The abomination of the void and plain  
Of slimy Shinar and the mooning dream  
Of a tower reaching to the heavens ; as yet,  
The inverted pillar of tried Sodom's fate,  
In the dead sea ; the shadow of the earth,  
Herself the shade and dream of chaos ; dead,  
Divided on the void ; starred, planeted for use ;  
When sense of Right, the lord of Equity,  
Returns again to earth and Justice reigns :  
Cleaving the backward course of the Red Sea,  
And giving Jordan's waters free access  
Into the tidal wave that from the south and east

Seeks its old channels; and again to heal  
 Divisions in the earth and make them one  
 The Right and left—the father, mother—God:  
 Elohim of the Truth and Right of heaven;  
 With Life invisible, for aye, between;  
 Save, in the immaculate Light of conquering Love.  
 So shall the waters, Mercy's healing soul,  
 Again the high circumference fill on earth,  
 And give the shadow of their cloud by day,  
 While moving eastward to the healing sun,  
 And fiery pillared night shall cease to rule  
 On either plane of earth save as a shade,  
 Attenuated to a spectral haze,  
 And moon and stars be counted from the deep;  
 And planets, marshaled in their proper spheres,  
 Make way for the expanding earth, whose heart  
 Shall melt away; to hearing, sight, redeemed:  
 And Mercy's waters find their rest once more  
 In purifying Light and living Truth;  
 The Right of Righteousness, the Lord of all.

For this the heavens now wait: nor is the blood,  
 The soul of men and nations of the earth;  
 Mechanic force and reconstructive power,  
 Once thought of in the growth of heavenly Love:  
 Save as abusers, past and gone for aye;  
 Their purpose well fulfilled, as proof of guilt:  
 Their life absorbed—our crystal souls redeemed,  
 To Life and Light, before the Eternal Throne:  
 Sun, moon, and stars, and starring planets lost  
 Absorbed with these in heaven's pure crystal light,  
 Or cast as vapors, hazing on the void,  
 One soul one Spirit moving now in all—  
 God's Life, and Light, Eternal in the spheres;  
 Of Truth, of Right, of Justice in the heavens:

Our Equity and Mercy lost in these,  
Their souls embodied in the crystal stream  
Of liquid gladness sparkling into life.

So rise our heavens from chaos; the infernal fire  
Of clashing force, the friction of invention, rage of death;  
The wrath of man, confusion of the spheres:  
The Lucifer of heaven; the power of hell;  
The Lion of the jungle, Dragon of the waste:  
The Devil, Satan, Desolation's shade:  
The lying wonder of the deep and void;  
Hypocrisy and guilt reveals on earth.

Thus were the heavens and earth, the incremated mass  
Of the revolted sphere of Equity.  
Thrust out upon the void; fallen, separated:  
Kind from its living kind; torn, marred, and scorched;  
And scattered on the abyss,—in darkness lost:  
Buried in lurid flame and smoke—the pit their grave;  
And not a bed of rest—but restless war  
Our Kings still play with in their mimic hate  
And boastful rage of mortal impotence.

And now from Jezreel, this mad Jehu!  
Is given a place their garden to redeem;  
From whorish Jezebel; strange power of lust,  
O'er the maternal instinct, mercy's soul!  
As once in Israel, and on Calvary's height  
Triumphant o'er the mercy-seat of God,  
In king and people, by their priesthood led:  
Daughter of Ethbaal of far Sidon King—  
The borders of the deep, beneath the mount;  
Where Misriam's waters lave the clefted height  
Of Lebanon the throne of Mercy saved  
From fire of hell, in the last wild assault;  
And outburst of oppressive rage and hate:  
Before the flood had cooled its mastering soul

To sober thought: as fell proud Lucifer  
 Of strange invention caught—Hypocrisy—  
 Laborious and long-robed. As fallen pride of power  
 Hath tamed High Judah and Imperial Rome:  
 Who twice the Nazarene; the lowly son  
 Of labor and of love, have crucified:  
 Nay; daily now: the Doge infallible!  
 In Rome as in Venetia's channeled pomp,  
 And Jesus crowned in mockery and with blood;  
 While known and boasted Saviour of mankind:  
 But without understanding: And again;  
 For aye;—a poor pariah! under bonds  
 Of priestly arrogancé, and savage hate  
 Held to gross ignorance, daily scourged and crucified  
 Mock and reviled, as bearing still his cross,  
 Flaunted before and worshiped of the crowd.  
 He labors up the seven-topped hill of care;  
 As in Damascus and Jerusalem,  
 The leper and the dog are sacred still,  
 All yet to him invisible: and when remonstrance comes,  
 Is met with the same taunt, Jehu! move on;  
 Ye are idle, ignorant; what good can come  
 From Nazareth the vile: Search—search and see.  
 And while the inquisition still goes on  
 The heavens take up their rule—and earth appalled  
 A drunkard: reels and staggers in her blood:  
 Her horse, his rider and the nations fallen:  
 The beast and the false prophet swept away  
 Mars and the moon their sullen souls receive  
 To fresh encounter; fiercer fields of blood:  
 Until, at length subdued, they rest in peace  
 Between the seething void and heavens redeemed  
 A dull metallic mass of molten death.

We have seen how from the heavens this mortal right

Outcast hath fallen ; a brutal, sottish thing.  
And soon on earth his murderous power hath place  
A parasite adulterer ; wasting to devour,  
Not for another day ! his week hath sped  
The Sabbath of God's rest profaned with blood.  
Now to our crystal life once more restored.  
We test the manhood of this impious race ;  
Self-worshipping idolaters, their life a jest :  
Or grave or gay their purpose to enjoy  
And catch the attention of the gazing crowd  
As heroes or buffoons ; it matters not, if pleased :  
Or masters tyrants ; if the game is pelf,—  
Brutes ; if for power they strive, of sense bereft.  
Yet, upon such as these, the heavens now wait :  
Yes ; wait indeed : their purpose once for all ;  
To prove to all God's life must still remain  
Inscrutable to all material sense :  
Omnipotent, Immortal, pure and good  
As resting upon Truth and Right Light, Love ;  
Justice and Equity its order, law—  
La ! Life moves not by that dead, lying curse  
Conditions are for slaves : Life moves on principle  
Justice and Equity its living way  
On earth and in the heavens : it stands secure  
In high Integrity—the strength of Right ;  
Unyielding and transparent Truth : the sympathy of love ;  
Untarnished by the touch of death and hell—  
Its touch doth quench and make impossible—  
A mockery and a Scorn ; a Say—than ! thus hath been.  
A shadow and a dream ; the fear of guilt.  
Unsullied of corruption : rising pure  
From the foul bed of lust, this loathsome grave,  
And mocking at the crash of falling power  
The ponderous rush of force that takes the breath

Of brained Invention, cunning Impotence  
 That worketh but obstruction—giving life—  
 Motion, perception sense of moving things  
 Pulsing and throbbing ; spilt like feverish blood ;  
 Wake to importance, bid the battle rage,  
 The passive suffering of material things ;  
 Massing and torturing the unyielding Rock  
 With hiss of vapor, fierce metallic heat  
 That fears the void ; in vain, all, all in vain ;  
 These answer but to living warmth and light.  
 At touch of the near Sunlight—Mercy's crystal life—  
 Now moves again redeemed before our eyes ;  
 As to the silent promptings of God's love—  
 Immaculate, Invisible, Obedient, Free :  
 Not a sensation ; but that touch of power  
 As passionless as light, as pure as Life—  
 Unsearchable as thought, that searcheth all :  
 Impelling and emancipating passive things  
 From war and death ; the touch of mortal thrall.

Well therefore doth God rest, through the Seventh day,  
 The week of weeks now passing o'er this frame ;  
 Well hath he sanctified and blessed the work  
 Of this first day of Life's restoring might ;  
 The patience of the crystal souls that burn  
 To see again his throne and shout released  
 Their welcome allelulia ; jubilant and blessed  
 And resonant throughout the heavens ; all space.  
 And doubly blessed in this high proof of all  
 Their former faith made good even for a time :  
 Till war shall cease and death shall strive no more.  
 Well done ! shall be their welcome and reward :  
 With all renewed ; Immortal Life revived  
 The Eternal round resumed—glad play of boundless love.  
 But what of Man and Woman, Lord and God ;

The "Elohim" of the Ever-living One !  
In heaven and earth, upon the void : In all ?  
On this broad, shadowy terrene ; beneath the firmament,  
Of starry hosts : the living Sun—a shade  
A mere reflection ; like this idle dream ?  
Nay ; wise Invention will inquire of man,  
Which is the real and which the shadowy power ?  
Hath asked and jeered because no answer came.  
We strike for Truth and Right unquestioning ;  
And bear upon our shield the crystal heart ;  
The reflex of His active Life for aye :  
Dream on ! we speak of things we feel and know :  
See, handle, worship ! as the Christ of God.  
Eating and drinking of his living soul  
Ascending and descending breathing in our hearts  
Obedient to his law high Equity ;  
Refusing not the coat another claims  
Returning not the stroke of its award :  
But meek and patient in all loving Truth.  
Doth not his Sun awake for us ? His lightnings well avenge !  
On molten gods ; the souls of man and beast :  
The dragon of the deep—the spirit of his power.  
Repeated, we repeat again, and bid, Behold  
In this the origin and purpose high  
Of all these generations—incremated souls  
Yield to approve their cause—in sight of sun and stars,  
This separation of the heavens and earth—  
Fish, reptile, bird and beast, the man and brute.  
This cerementing of our crystal life  
In waste of ashes and the dust of death  
From the cold, darksome, and consuming grave,  
The sad resilience of the watery waste ;  
Rising from which, it breathes again renewed :  
When the metallic vomit is belched forth ;

Fills up the rifts and chasms of the rock :  
 Quenches the rack of fire and all subdues  
 By sufferance of wrong and proof of guilt  
 Staying the carnival of strife and waste  
 Of death and hell ; the lewdness, violence, wantonness of  
     lust

That void-like makes its progeny a prey  
 Even to and from the womb of craving waste.  
 The burning heart and belted zones thrown off  
 Bands of Satanic power in moving forms  
 That all may see and know its soul revealed  
 Devouring purpose in the infernal fire :  
 The Jezebel and Ethbaal of the void !  
 The Jesuitry ; Hypocrisy of flesh and blood.  
 Now quenched in prurience of its oozing life !  
 Henceforth a soulless shadow ; visionary shade ;  
 Ghostly and impotent as church and state  
 The lie and desolation of the void.  
 The masonry and waste of hidden guilt ;  
 From hell and Babel to this latter hour,  
 Of mortal dissolution, unrepentant death :  
 Of moving Mars and solitary Moon, whose fall ;  
 No more suspended waits—already sounds  
 The lullaby, the reveille, of expectant sense  
 The gasp, the grasp, infallible for life !  
 Alas ; already gone, exhausted, dead.  
 Its débris floating dangerous and far  
 As oil upon the waters, waiting touch of flame !  
 And stilling all effervescence of guilt  
 Corruption—rottenness—till melting peace  
 Absorbed, as of the sand and moving dust  
 By the quiet wasting fever of its blood ;  
 The fretting leprosy of powerless waste ;  
 That can no more move human hearts to die,



To sacrifice, be sacrificed for aye !  
Give their life-blood for shadows of a day—  
To brazen altars of their murderous thirst  
Of life in death—of waters on the waste—  
The wilderness of Sin—and strike and crucify the rock for  
blood.

The Rock of man's salvation—wrath and curse of these—  
The fire-brands of the pit and void for aye.  
More vigilant than fire already sounds,  
The opposing note of preparation high :  
The touch of living light ; of spirit, power !  
The "still, small voice" of the Omnipotent,  
Is near once more ; echoes, from heart to heart :  
Is felt and heard and stirs the answering heavens  
From centre to circumference, irrepressible !  
Answered again in word and deed sublime ;  
With Ha-le-lu-jah of his measured praise :  
That moves the earth and bids the deep be still,  
All turmoil cease—all rest forevermore,  
In quiet assurance of his love and power  
Whose words the accomplished purpose of his life.  
This is that blessing which his rest hath given ;  
Our jubilee of joy, in confidence of help,  
In every hour of need, in hell and grave :  
The quiet repose, of which the awakening rock,  
Now seeming dead, yet quickening into life,  
Before us stands the earnest, evidence,  
Grateful assurance, in his light we live !  
The prisoners of hope, of joy, and Love.

So have the waiting stars arranged their work  
For high instruction of his quickening light,  
Whose living reflex riseth in the sun ;  
Pursuing every shadow to its place ;  
The banded seraphim, the guardian hosts

Of higher Justice—whose light shadows rest  
 On the injustice of that farthest shade, first ghost,  
 Of planetary influence, in Herschel named :  
 And the proud fire of hell ; whose base is wickedness,  
 In Mercury sphered deep in the lower shades  
 Of Hades and the night where fear prevails,  
 Under the shadow of the moving heavens ;  
 Whose eddies hold her in their steady grasp  
 Clenched like the coiling serpent-rod of power ;  
 With Saturn's pomp for planetary soul :  
 The gilded Venus ; boastful Jupiter  
 Are next in order with their golden sheen  
 The glittering mass of all his fabled might,  
 Whose arrogance assailed the heavens with flame,  
 The borrowed light of their transparent life,  
 Housed in the densest massing of his coils.  
 Not to be crushed nor flamed away of aught ;  
 But as the water's edge the moving winds  
 Hide to subdue, expel, metallic death,  
 Red Mars then follows from the asteroids,  
 Dropped naked, seeking to return to earth  
 And glimpses of the moon which fired his soul ;  
 Held separate in this region of the dead  
 As metal and its vapors ; flesh and blood,  
 In beast and man, their understanding kind,  
 The spirit of his life debased in this embrace,  
 And furtive union with corruption's waste ;  
 The leprosy of guilt, unlicensed of desire,  
 Under the baleful influence of the moon  
 A stepdame whose authority doth paralyze :  
 Like falsehood and hypocrisy, the errant right  
 Of a condemned, expelled, usurping paramour ;  
 In that same Mars ; emasculated, drained  
 Of all adhesive power and stripped of every good

All vestal covering of enduring life :  
By imposition, falling force, compelled  
To unrepentant sad return from levity,  
The wantonness of waste, the shame of wrong ;  
The hungry, savage instinct of desire  
Chilled to mortality upon the void ;  
A scheming murderer robbed of will and power :  
Outcast of heaven and earth, a rueful spectacle  
Returning to drain out the lees of guilt,  
Embrace a mooning shadow as his bride,  
The visionary queen of darkness and the night ;  
Herself a parasite ; dependent shade,  
Of ghostly power, the sport of fools and knaves :  
And with her banished evermore from earth ;  
Nor found in firmament nor field of heaven ;  
But floating, like an ooze beneath, upon the void,  
And clinging to the soul of leaden death.  
That rests between the expanding, moving heavens  
And mortal void beneath ; spread far and wide  
And holding to the chariot of God's light  
Whose lightning clears the way of the wide spheres  
That move upon the wings of Truth and Right  
With balanced progress swifter than the winds ;  
Observant, measuring all the fields of space  
And holding all to the pure ecstasy  
Of swift Omniscience and the flashing thought  
Of boundless good and everlasting praise,  
The couriers and outriders of his power,  
The cherubim of joy and seraphim of Light,  
Whose quick reflex and gladdening energy  
Rejoice even here the shadows of the grave,  
And move the domed and kindling spheres of death  
With answering praise of sweet-awakening hope  
Exulting in the light of sure return ;

The day already dawned, the night dispelled ;  
 The way made plain, the last triumphant bound  
 Of kindling energy, assured success ;  
 The triumph of God's life before us spread,  
 Measured and balanced of exultant hosts  
 That wait and follow with their glad acclaim,  
 Released to active duty, joy of Light ;  
 The Truth of Life ; Omnipotence of Right ;  
 The rest and blessing of God's Righteousness !  
 The abounding help of ever-perfect Love ;  
 Want, waste, and darkness banished evermore ;  
 The night confined to realms of molten death,  
 Now resting in metallic strength restored  
 To Life's united purpose : God and good.  
 The joy of active being, ecstasy of bliss :  
 The perfect adaptation, rectitude  
 Of spirit, soul, and body in their spheres :  
 Flashing in light : rejoicing in their strength :  
 Excelling in accord, Integrity, of Truth :  
 The sympathy of all ; the light and love of Heaven :  
 The moving Throne of the Celestial King :  
 The day-star of the heavens, reflected in all space.  
 Oh ; Earth and Vestals such his conquering love :  
 Stars, Planets, waiting hosts ; He comes ! He comes !  
 Oh ; death, and Leprosy, and wrong, and guilt ;  
 Satan and Lucifers convicted lie ;  
 Be welcome to thy waste ! the mortal void.  
 The comet and the nebulae they throne :  
 All shadowy changing things their glory give,  
 To mark thy desolation, light thy moving grave ;  
 The lamps and candles of thy sacred Tomb.  
 Their dead all gone—their dust and ashes saved  
 Thou only lost ! with these, thy sorry train.  
 The pride, the pomp, the circumstance of war ;

All vanished : visions of a troubled dream.  
The loathsome things the fever of thy blood  
Kaleidoscoped in fear ; the microcosm little world of earth.  
On which they were emblazoned passed away :  
The fiery dragon armed and capped for war,  
The trailing serpent and the lizard brood ;  
The clear-eyed bloated asp and crocodile  
That chilled thy hotter blood with cold disgust.  
The glory of thy soul, Leviathans strength !  
Scattering the finny tribes of restless fear,  
That multiplied they swallowed at their will,  
Till winged of fear to plow the higher depths  
Renewing there the war of murderous want :  
Even in the sunlight, sight of heaven and good ;  
Abandoned of sweet Mercy, left to instinct death.  
The smooth Behemoth with his ivory plows,  
First stirrer of the rooted weeds of earth ;  
And impish lordling man ; the cunning knave,  
Who lurked for opportunity, or from his vantage hurled  
The swift rebounding rock ; which made him feared ;  
Or stood erect and scanned each passing form  
For mastery or death ; subjection or destruction of its  
power  
The hunter of the broad terrene who spreads  
The murderous war of blood 'mong flocks and herds  
And feathered tribes ; and his own kind till now ;  
Defying heaven ; with principle at war  
A blank idolater : thy image thou grim King !  
Of mortal terrors, reconstructive power.  
And woman ! loved and hated in a breath :  
God's life made subject to the changing moon ;  
In passion of desire for living good !  
The fond maternal instinct, prostitute,  
Of every moving thing ; or winged, erect or prone ;

Stepping or trailing, burrowing in the ground :  
 No touch so loathsome and no form so vile,  
 As to be shunned or scorned of the pure soul  
 Of Mercy's pleading, suffering, saving life !  
 Still in the woman prostituted ; sun and stars of heaven ;  
 Lord God of earth : Truth, and eternal Right :  
 And Life, our living God : even in thy sight !  
 Till weeping Mercy unto Judgment yields  
 And sun and stars grow black with wrath and dread.  
 Of the still voice that moves again the heavens !  
 When waiting Equity's long-suffering son  
 Crowned and Immortal takes his mother's place  
 Upon the right of the Eternal Throne !  
 And Truth doth veil her face and Justice weeps  
 As arming her avenging son for war  
 She trembling yields her sword and saith 'Tis done :  
 Arrest hath passed away ;—Let Light prevail on earth as  
 in the heavens

Renew the crystal sphere of Equity ;  
 Give shadows to the void—Let Truth be heard for aye.

Oh, Woman ; Mercy's daughter, giving birth  
 And power to God's "Elohim" in the earth  
 Instructing, leading, training human life  
 With understanding love ; drawn from the font  
 Of Truth and suffering ; not for thine own wrong  
 Thy seals withdrawn from Judgment in the earth,  
 Thou art bound again thyself to suffering :  
 But thine own Son now leads the avenging hosts  
 On earth where Justice arms thy Right for aye  
 In Equity to Rule ! and bind or loose the dead :  
 Eternal in the heavens ! where now he is called to reign.  
 Fear then no more nor blanch before the vile ;  
 Our mother thou art crowned forevermore !  
 Return—return—with us from pit and grave ;

Thou art our life, lead, lead, we follow still  
But spare not : for thy son no longer saves :  
He rules with Justice in thy stead once more  
And prostitution and abuse are past.  
And suffering—nay, why weep—Haste, haste, away.  
God's Justice is our guide—Hence, hence, we wait :  
Quick—seal again the womb—and steel our hearts to war,  
Thy circumcision now prevails on earth :  
Behold ! we pause to tell thy sufferings o'er.

Accursed Spirit, Be forever damned :  
Behold the record in the heavens ! for earth  
Hath vanished from our sight ; sun, moon, and stars,  
All, all, are gone ; a vision of the night.  
Mars, and the Son he doth inspire on earth ;  
To hate, and murder, even his mother's help ;  
Companion of his toils—a brother born :  
And make a trade of war : a Babel—Rome of earth.  
Fallen, lost, together : Buried in the waste.  
Hater of Equity ; abuser of God's life ;  
Inflamer of the vile and tempter of the just ;  
Betrayed of the weak and murderer of the good ;  
Thy time is come : And Justice bids thee hence !  
Beyond the boundaries of her higher range :  
Lest arrows of her light dissolve thy perjured soul  
And leave thee to the worm that never dies !  
The eternal death thou hast brought within her sphere ;  
By high permission to this final hour  
And finished work. Thy condemnation just  
And justified ; in heaven, earth, hell ; the abyss.  
Poor devil ?—leader of the fabled hosts  
Of demon forms in vampire, cockatrice—  
The dreams of old mythologies, imbued  
With visionary purple, Dryads, Avatars :  
The wishes and the phantom demigods

Of idle brains ; whipped to a froth and flooded of cold  
blood

The serum of the void whose action is  
The borean flitting reflex of the deep  
That flashes on the night its fitful blaze  
Kindling the leprous waste of falling shades  
That mocks his scorn of life and living good,  
And gives the lie to boastful impotence  
In planetary spheres ; and winged and creeping things  
The strutting waddling forms ; of fallen arrogance and  
fear of death.

His sole creation—shadow of the night  
And wasting driveling ignorance of life—  
The murderer's stroke recoiling on himself.  
Embodied on the earth in war and blood  
In weed and grove, the festering cities' pomp  
And insect swarms of foul malarious forms  
That torment and destroy with pestilence the earth ;  
The poisonous miasma, whose asthmatic touch  
Is all that now remains to him of sense,  
As aged ; like the earth, he turns to his last shade ;  
The shadow of the power he hath loved and must embrace.

The purpose of his life—brought home for aye  
To rest—to prey upon his phantom soul  
The fever of an hour ;—a color—touch, no more—  
The artistic finish of a hero's dream—  
Exhibited in sunlight—nevermore.  
Its pantomime played out—its walls and trappings gone  
Its candles gases wasted, calcium light  
Calcined to ashes—swept away—emptied upon the void.  
The nothingness he figures out for aye—  
To find a new beginning without end.

Thus far the foul conspiracy of death ;



This damning wrong, destroying waste of force:  
Obstruction, chaos, and the pit prevails.  
And the heaped bodies of our crystal life,  
Those walls of rock which gave us food and rest,  
Who with their song of triumph checked his war  
Rushing at death and choking out his fires  
Ere the first utterance of their boastful rage  
Had died away: or the first stroke of his conspiring hate,  
Which was to crown his triumph and inflame  
The kindling heavens even to the Throne of Truth  
And life, which quickeneth all, was yet complete;  
Had bound and held him captive with his band  
Of fallen seraphs from the void returned,  
Revenge and ruins hosts outcast for aye;  
And Cherubim whose yearning bleeding heart  
Go out to succor all with joy and love,  
Unquestioning in their confidence—now sought  
To shield his life, deliver it from death;  
Aye; with their own so miserably betrayed!  
And closing round, as host on conquering host;  
Sheathing their swords of living flame retired:  
Till the word gave its impulse to the heart,  
Let there be light: and all again were free.  
And the whole heavens, astonished and ashamed,  
Of momentary tumult; silent and amazed,  
Stood banded round as now: while the high seraphim  
Approved of truth; from Jubilee to Jubilee,  
To minister, in the intenser light before the Throne  
That veils the glory of his power! and lead our hosts;  
According to his Right, who all sustains  
And is exultingly sustained of all,  
Proceed to separate, to loose and heal,  
His captives; and fair Equity, the mercy of God's life,  
With Judgment sought the throne; to plead for all:

And being heard ; the high reproving hosts  
 Of Justice as they stood, still waiting stand ;  
 While Judgment leads in Equity, withdrew  
 To wait their judgment, until these redeemed ;  
 Her paradise restored in Truth and peace,  
 Our day in its accomplished work fulfilled  
 In the whole circuit of the circling heavens,  
 The Jubilee shall sound again and all return :  
 Cherub and seraphim with Judgment winged,  
 Judged as they move in their accustomed spheres,  
 Of Equity and Justice in the heavens :  
 While from the irradiate ranks withdrawn, revealed  
 Throned in the radiance of his living power  
 The Omnipotent ! whose Right is Truth and Love :  
 Shall choose again his ministers, and bid his light ;  
 The inspiration witness of his life,  
 Transparent purity once more prevail ;  
 With but one shadow on the void for aye :  
 The shadow of this wickedness—the curse  
 Of dull material lordship, lust of power :—  
 The war of death—the dread of hell and grave.  
 So from the pit we rise ; for strife hath ceased  
 Among the sons of Justice in the heavens.  
 The bitterness of death hath passed away,  
 The lees and fouler vapors now restrained,  
 Till Mars and Moon—force and invention's shade  
 Treachery and hate—once more united pass  
 To their own place in Shinar's ample plain  
 Where a poor ruin, their grand tower doth stand !  
 That shadow on the void ; where the brained hosts  
 Of bellied lust repose ; the slaves of want and strife  
 Of vacancy and hate ; interminable death—  
 The worm that never dies, their all of life.  
 And bear it with them to resolve their fate

Forever and a day—this weary hour,  
Of boastful shadows, arrogance of lust—  
In wedded bliss. While the all-suffering earth,  
Her leprosy of flesh and blood subdued ;  
Shall rise to meet her vestals and find peace  
And healing in their loved embrace, to wait  
Through the brief twilight of the coming night,  
Her paradise restored and Light renewed in Life :  
The irradiance of his Throne who lives in all !  
As pairing thus, she leads her planetary hosts  
To meet the Sun, be clothed in living light.  
Earth with the Asteroids, her matin band :  
Jove to his Venus wed : Saturn to Mercury :  
And Herschel to the progeny of Moon and Mars  
Shall join his state: rounding the outer circle of our  
sphere,  
Extending far and wide its ample round  
Moving between the heart of living Truth  
And the reflected Justice of the void.  
Sustaining the high Judgment of the heavens :  
God's searching Light in endless circuit born !  
Through the immensity of boundless space.  
Holding as in an eddy the dead mass  
Of ruin and confusion, chaos, hell, and grave :  
Eternal death its hunting burying ground  
Its Ossians, Fingals, Wodens, Thors, and all—  
Its Bels and Belus the conspiring Knave  
Its Nimrods, Esaus of the South and West  
Lining the Red Sea between Sheba's Queen  
And Pharaohs, murder nursing, daughter dead :  
Upon Moriah's templed heights where fell  
Proud Solomon and all his subject dames ;  
Incestuous daughters of the mastering North :  
Who know nor Love, nor Mercy in the rage

Of Jealousy their Idol—selfish murderous hate.  
 Thus Chaos well dissolved all find their place  
 According to their kind: the dead, with death and hell  
 The living with the just; God's crystal life  
 Rejoicing to reflect the light of Truth;  
 In Equity and Righteousness from Eden's plains;  
 In every form of beauty, love, and praise:  
 But other names for duty and for joy—beatitude!  
 While Justice from the void reflects her spheres;  
 In regions of the dead, held to their separate state;  
 And rolling in the restless whirl of night,  
 Banished eternal to the farthest shades  
 Of Hades and the pit—the bottomless Abyss  
 The whirlpool of the spheres—the moving void,  
 That follows in the wake of Life and Light  
 And catcheth their reflection from the range  
 Of Justice in the heavens—Warder of living Good.

So do we stand prepared till the last word hath passed:  
 Not trumpet sounding; but clear, still, and deep  
 Moving the earth and heavens, which sound the call;  
 The reveille of Judgment! when the kindling spheres  
 Again irradiated, illumed with light;  
 There can be place no more for bellied wrong—  
 No hidding, rest, return, for errant Right!  
 Whose brained Invention—idle imagery—  
 The visions of its state and power enthrall  
 Mislead—to end in belts and satellites:  
 In stars and garters—war and smoke and death.  
 Their cities and their pomp a festering sore  
 Which the earth buries with them—Moral leprosy,  
 Corruption, rust—its slums a seething grave—  
 Where God's Humanity—a loathsome worm!  
 Breeds, revels, burns, and dies—is swept away,  
 Of its own foul miasma, stench, inebriate filth—

Gilded and lost in trappings of its state  
In the proud palace where they legislate  
And prostitute to feed their base desires ;  
Baying the moon 'neath spire and pinnacle  
The dogs and idols of a little hour :  
Whose trade is worry—license, war and state—  
The chase of lewd indulgence vain desire  
Urged to the waste of blood—the moving soul !  
They stare and spill and boast and swear they save—  
By war and legislation, talk, force, fraud ;  
As in the pit : in phosphorescent light  
Engrained—till in the garb of honesty,  
Solemn conviction they do clothe themselves  
Poor hypocrites ! in every form of guilt :  
Which they emblazon, as the planets clear  
Reflected in their dogmas, habits, laws—  
Binding their worthless generations here  
As in the heavens emblazoned 'mong the stars  
Who keep their silent course meek as on earth  
In bodies of this death—eternal shame.  
The suffering Christ hath walked abroad till now ;  
Held in arrest that all may see and know  
Feel by experience, understand and fear ;  
This strife of open wrong unveiled iniquity—  
Of murderous guilt, despotic sense of dread,  
The hungry belly in its fear maintains ;  
With helplessness and want, that quietly feed its maw  
And bide their time, dependent on God's life ;  
Until these crazed imbeciles with their pomp of power ;  
The shadow of their guilt and fear of death,  
Their sustenance withdrawn—their slaves rebelled,  
Rage, in their maniac dread and vengeful hate,  
And play the devil in the howling waste.  
Their own creation, their sole refuge here :

Like Satan on the void ; famed Lucifer !  
 In Mars and Moon, the shadows of his power  
 The ghosts of what he was in hell and heaven ;  
 Ere his despotic power held sway on earth,  
 And made of it a pit and wilderness  
 Of scoria and of ashes reptile dread.  
 Contending with the rock, that spurned the insolence  
 Of dull metallic force and leaden death ;  
 And thrust it out to learn in its own sphere,  
 With Justice on the void, the impotence of hate ;  
 The feebleness of whining guilt and waste,  
 In soulless matter, being without life,  
 Whose fall is but the crash of weight and helplessness.

'Tis this hypocrisy, again renewed,  
 In Mercy's life, the waters of the deep ;  
 A living soul in sunlight of the heavens,  
 We strive with here and now ; in the arrest on earth  
 Of Cain the murderer's judgment in the right  
 Of self-defense against aggressive power,  
 Which Equity condemns and holds to death :  
 As in that night of terror,— judgment which abased  
 Infernal power on earth and gave the pit,  
 To Misriam's waters ; when the fire had swept  
 From Lebanon to Ararat and left but one—  
 One Lord, one Eden, in the further west ;  
 Before the mount, where none durst pass nor stay,  
 Who feared before the judgment of the spheres ;  
 And gave his grandson respite from the death  
 His hand inflicted on a brother's soul ;  
 In right of self-defense against the east,  
 Outcasts of Eden, in his banishment.  
 Whose sons had fled in fear and left him room  
 To multiply his offspring and improve,  
 His purposed life in death of all his kind :

That reign of violence which prevails till now  
From Grove to City of the murderer's strength,  
Oppressing and enslaving peaceful aims ;  
And prostituting still God's life on earth,  
In Mercy's daughters given us to reveal  
The heights from which we have fallen, the living power  
Of self-sustaining help, even in this grave ;  
And to condemn all saintly impotence,  
And sacrifice of blood, to save the dead :  
Yea ; glorying in the deed ! holding the Christ accursed,  
Pierced by consent for all, nailed bleeding on the tree :  
Whereas he died protesting 'gainst the curse  
Of violence and of kingly power on earth ;  
Refusing by the sword—the power of hell for aye—  
To save his own or people's life from death—  
Save ; desolating scourge ! abominable lie !  
The Kingdoms of the earth so worship thee and die,  
Here taken in the act, as in the heavens—  
And crazed in hopeless dread—yet leaning still  
On the same blatant boast, self-willed idolatry  
Of law and judgment of a priestly power,  
Of parasites ; long dead and damned in heaven,  
And passed before our sight night after night—  
True ; clothed as stars ; but in a borrowed light  
Or gilded reflex of their molten death—  
That held the world a hell and wilderness  
Six days till Mercy triumphed in her son  
The lord and father of our added one  
Who from Moriah, Hor, Sinai's height  
Symbolled the earth and heavens the tabernacle,  
Sun of Moon and Stars, and Planets of the void ;  
In the Arabian wilderness of Sin ;  
Where Midian's priesthood ministered in blood ?  
To Elam's shepherd king : the lord and judge

Of the first patriarchate—who made good  
The promise of his sires to Abram's seed ;  
Against rebellious Egypt's No ; and On.

So doth the nervous soul cling to the hairy scalp  
That streams upon the void ; in vapor lost :  
Sad symbol of the moonstruck pate—whose brain  
The miserable heart among the nebulae  
Dissects in vain ; as if for life from death—  
Searching, unraveling the coils of wrong  
For flaw to justify pretense of suit—  
Prolonged arrest of judgment ; for the heart,  
That breathes God's life cannot be wholly lost,  
To sense of Justice and redeeming Right—  
'Tis but the scheming feverish head that bends  
And panders to the belly and its lust ;  
Whose grossness chokes the heart corrupts the blood,  
That can be wholly damned—go out a driveling ghost  
A heartless shade to range the void distraught,  
In hopeless idiocy ; and acting o'er  
Its dismal career of aching strife,  
Toying with imagery of head and rack,  
Of crown and sceptre ; mitre, stole, and robe ;  
Purple no more and fearing to be white—  
The symbol of God's light ; lest it should strike again ;  
Dispel its dream of power and perjured right ;  
With rod of high authority in mimic pomp  
To blazon forth its shame and impotence ;  
Oh ; Misery of wrong and wickedness ;  
Whose glory, power, and terror was this hell !  
In sight of all upon the void for aye  
The bottomless abyss—his On and No—!  
Philistia—Jehu and Jerusalem—Rome ;  
His Nineveh and Babel, Babylon and Tyre,  
His old Sidonian refuge ; whence the Right



Of Equity and Truth was sent into the shades  
In the Concisions triumph long cut off ;  
Hurtling in darkness in confusion lost :  
Subjectless, fallen, unwived, unchurched, unthroned ;  
A dream on desolation's dreamy waste  
Urging forever the o'ermastering shout  
Jehu ! move on ; till kindling in the light  
It mutters lost—and seeks again the cooling of the void.  
We bid the nations all, Behold their king !  
And say, For this we wait : till flesh and blood ;  
This fretting leprosy hath filled the cup  
With its foul excrement, the dregs of all,  
And fed the elder fish and fowls of heaven  
With this more tender relict of their strife  
Before they die—devourers and devoured  
Forever pass away ! pledging grim death in the foul,  
feverish draught  
Of blood,—fulfilling the last woe ! and like a dream,  
A vision of the night—this Curse itself—  
Like Chaos and like hell shall pass away :  
Death and the grave be shadows like their Lord.  
Old Ba-al, our errant Right,—a living wrong,  
Whose wasteful fabrications and cruel seed,  
In beast and brute, false prophet and the pit,  
Together and forever find their home  
With waiting kindred, and immortalize  
The freezing void—the ever-open grave—  
Of cold mortality, of nothingness, unchanged.  
For this last separation now we wait  
For this reunion of the triune spheres  
And shadows of the deep which fly before  
And follow, like the night, the shadows of a shade.  
We pray indeed with willing hand and soul  
That death may be no more, enslaving all ;

Feeding his craving hunger, brute desire,  
 With every fruit of life—the beautiful and good,—  
 Destroying those we love, the just and true,  
 And giving fools and knaves, whose sense is lost,  
 The idolatrous and vile : murderers, adulterers, thieves,  
 Robbers, and drunkards, gamblers, to waste  
 The wealth and power of peoples with their life,  
 On wolves and vultures, sloth, and fox and owl ;  
 The dismal shark that hounding scents his prey,—  
 All that is rash and cruel, presumptuous, vile,  
 O'ermastering, tyrannous, obstructive in this blood,  
 To rule and ruin in the false pretense  
 Of strength, enlargement, progress ; that the lie  
 Notorious as impudence, the cheek of brass,  
 The blind idolatry of falling force  
 Made visible, and blocked of impotence  
 Forever thus condemned ; our quiet inquiring life,  
 At last, with quick resentment may arise,  
 And being purged forever from this shame  
 And murderous worship of a brutal sense  
 Of sacrificial power—the smoke of blood—  
 Seek the old paths of Truth and Righteousness.  
 As in the heavens before Ambition fired  
 Boastful invention and put wrong for right,  
 Hatred for love, a lie for living Truth !  
 By violence to emancipate our life  
 And give enlargement by obstruction, death,  
 Bruising and wounds, strangling, confusion, strife,—  
 Prolonged, increased, through all their generations to this  
     hour.  
 And being healed, healed, healed forevermore  
 Of this infirmity of legal power ;  
 Standing as men in the Integrity  
 Of heart and life—Crystal Intelligence,—

Dependent and in justice pledged to meet our God ;  
Fearless in Truth and Equity, eternal Right ;  
Sustained alike of all, in heaven and earth,  
Of every principle and power of life,  
Of manhood, Godheads, strength ; angelic force  
Of saving impulse and subduing love,—  
The attraction, might of Right, all living good,  
That now restrained impatient waits his word,  
The judgment of the just, in high arrest ;  
Longing to be released and justify their souls  
By the quick expurgation of this blot,  
So long endured and shielded from their wrath ;  
Their sufferance already well repaid,  
By kindling sense of quick observant power,  
And rising now to confidence and love  
By this revealing of Omnipotence  
Enduring impotence, the power of wrong  
In passive Majesty, the might of Truth !  
Nor staying violence, nor avenging wrong,  
That both may be condemned in their results,  
And wrong forsaken, violence reprov'd,  
By force of their own deeds, all may repent  
And seek again the guidance of his light  
To save their erring souls from judgment and the void,  
In burning condemnation that would justify  
The rashness of the unjust and bring iniquity  
Home to the pure and good, by the blind zeal  
Of an impatient, uninstructed haste.  
Now shall all life, the passive and inspired,  
With patience wait on God, who knoweth all,  
Whose patience is the stay and shield of life,  
Which seeks alone the good, from all iniquity,—  
The triumph of the true and just, whose word  
Waits on Omniscient, Omnipresent, Truth,

The utterance of Omnipotence in all,—  
 Unslumbering and attent, as knowing Truth  
 Alone can save, and fearless of his own.  
 Therefore his life is clothed in frailest mould  
 Of sparkling Crystal, stainless, pure, and good,  
 Rejoicing in the reflex of his love,  
 And loving first his purity and truth,  
 Who is the fountain of all excellence,  
 And yet invisible as great and good :  
 His only praise the joy and life of all,  
 And therefore freely hazarding his all,  
 With absolute abandon for his life,  
 Which can alone appreciate Truth and Right ;  
 Sublime in Justice as in Equity !  
 Thus guarded in his Right, and holding all his sons  
 To the same Justice, Equity, and Truth,  
 At their own peril before the Eternal Throne,  
 Sustained upon the action of their life,  
 The work of their own hands and help of all,  
 Making the wielding of his life depend  
 On perfect purity—Integrity in all—  
 Transparent as the light in which they move,  
 Enduring as his peace. What, then, have we to gain  
 From strife of blood ? Destroying life to feed  
 Corruption, death, darkness, everlasting night,—  
 The sport of violence, and the crueler touch  
 Of vulgar Masonry's inventive hate,  
 And foul insensate lust, whose very eye's inflamed  
 With the red ruin of its seething life  
 Kindled of chaos—finding peace alone,  
 In the dissolving grave ; resolving all :  
 And giving back our life to Truth and Light.  
 Emancipated purified of love—  
 Unchangeable sustained of all, even as we now behold,

In the uplifted firmament of heaven  
Where answering to the sunlight of his love,  
Kindling rejoiced—we gave our life to all.  
Though, just released from hell's infernal strife,  
Calcined to ashes, petrified to stone  
Pressed and immured—a solid wall of rock  
Withstanding the full force of fire and flood—  
Heat cold the bitterness of guilt and death.  
Pounded to dust; manipulated into every form of fence  
For this beleaguered lie—giving its seed, its body, soul,  
its all

To be devoured of maw and bellied hate.  
Destroyed of fire and sword—murder, arrest—  
Yet standing now redeemed from leprous pit,  
The belly of the foul destroyer's lust,  
And living grave upon its cratered sides;  
Walled of the life we breathe, again redeemed;  
Stained with impurities of blood and wrack;  
Brained and bewildered; only half escaped  
From death of chaos—still upon the void—  
And seeking to sustain our souls in peace.  
Where manhood is assailed—is taxed and tithed  
Of devils—yet endure till these condemned—  
Of their own deeds, fall like a withered leaf  
And burying their relics, weep o'er their deceased.  
Sternly restraining all aggressive power—  
And coming back ourselves to living sense  
Intelligence of understanding life  
By quiet example of self-sustenance  
Of order and of love the rule of heaven—  
Seek the return of all to living Truth—  
The beauty and the peace, the joy of good—  
Thus triumphing o'er evil; giving light  
Causing the blind to see, the deaf to hear

The dumb to speak, the dead arise and walk  
 Sustaining their own life in peace and truth,—  
 As in the heavens—thus moving in our sight  
 And ordering all their spheres to rest and bliss  
 The fruit of living action pure intent—  
 Riding exultant on the tempest's blast  
 Or basking in the incidence of light  
 Still calm assured sustaining peace and good—  
 Holding aggressive power and force to hell  
 To die exhausted of its feverish strife—  
 Breathing in all the balanced atmosphere  
 Of self-sustaining life—the firmament of heaven,  
 And over all triumphant in our God :  
 The pure and good, the Equitable Just !  
 Inhabiting Eternity—the praise of Life  
 And answering to the infinite throughout  
 By joyful giving of his all to all ;  
 Sustaining his own life and seeking no return,  
 Of any who will use and not abuse :  
 But of the abuser be he high or low,  
 Inflexible as just, exacting all his own  
 And what remaineth ? neither head nor tail  
 The hairy scalp of man or beast on earth ;  
 Nor flashing comet's nebulous light in heaven.  
 Nor dust, nor ashes, spark, nor remainder  
 Of a life-giving power in heaven or earth.  
 But all is naked and unclothed—all dead ;  
 All empty cold—remorseless as the grave ;  
 From which his life with healing power redeems.  
 Gives motion and direction from the heart  
 To living heart in all ; or great or small ;  
 All greatness resting in the increase of life.—  
 The one in many if the union's just  
 And all at one among themselves in truth ;

The purpose self-sustaining, Right in all.  
Upholding each and all in Righteousness  
Truth Equity—the love of peace and good—  
The knowledge worship of the Lord our God  
Who rising from the incremated mass, creates  
Renews, upholds, sustains; the purity and strength  
Of heavenly life in all: His crystal dome  
The glorious body of his living Truth  
Reflected in the sunlight of the heavens  
Surrounding all on earth, preparing all—  
According to their strength; even as before  
The Everlasting Throne; the glory of his strength! in  
whom

We have triumphed over death and rise from hell  
The seething womb of chaos from which came  
By dissolution, impotence of power,—  
This planetary system; red with feverish blood  
Of violence, and excess! Corrupt and vicious as it is  
impure,

Murderous, unjust; even in the light of heaven:  
Therefore dissolved again, for helplessness,  
Which thus revealeth death restored to life,  
Strife to enduring peace, darkness to light  
With choice of living good and peace to all:  
Condemning none who seek to see His face.

Thus through all generations to this hour,  
Obedient to his word, life welcome rests—  
From strife of fire and blood upon the earth,  
With rainbow promise in the parting clouds;  
Its office to give healing, hearing, sight,  
Unto the maimed of this incarnate death;  
As, with his lightnings armed, we keep the way  
Of his Humanity, the tree of life—  
Whose branchings fill the paradise of God

As evil doth the earth, as might the void :  
 From the false impulse of our errant Right :  
 Preparing all to pause and understand,  
 This high arrest of Judgment which gives place  
 To the destroyer's power, in mockery of his rage ;  
 His helpless impotence, save to destroy—  
 Mislead, indulge the license of an hour ;  
 To his own condemnation, overthrow—  
 Jehu ! move on—unveil thy wickedness  
 And bind the earth with bands of iron steel  
 As in those outer planets of the night ;  
 Proud belted Jupiter and Saturn's vapory sons :  
 Far Herschel looming dimly visible—  
 Inpatient Mars, unsatellited and unzoned for aye  
 Naked returning to his place and bride—  
 Bartering metallic dower for souls condemned.  
 No worshiper of gold, nor graven images—  
 But seeking anxiously for life and strength,  
 The wasted energy of baffled guilt  
 And reconstructive power to stay his fall ;  
 Already gathering impetus, against the power  
 Of centripetal force ; mocking restraint  
 And moving destiny beyond all self-control  
 Or guidance evermore, except the instinctive force  
 His all of life—which leads him to his negative the moon.

Now we behold ; our crystal life triumphant in the  
 earth.

The last divorce, of soul and body in this Mars and Moon,  
 The substance from the essence of all power ;  
 The spring of life which gives the spirit breath,  
 The moving thought reality and power,  
 Thus waiting to be healed and lead again ;  
 To the reunion of the grounding strength  
 Of Equity's loved sphere our Paradise restored.



The order of the heaven and earth complete  
In perfect hearing and our sight restored  
To higher radiance of Immortal life,  
In the eternal day of Truth and Love  
Of Righteousness and peace ; ecstatic bliss !  
With God our Right and Truth our living Light  
Forever ; and forever, ever, ever—more.

Eight thousand years have Mercy, Truth, and Love  
Met, and inspired the living in the earth,  
Revealed the loathsome forms of moving guilt,  
Flashing conviction and quick ruling fear ;  
Till animal and man of Mercy taught,  
Through suffering of their kind, assume the lead  
As planters of its Eden ; helpers of Truth and Life ;  
The latter to be crowned in Righteousness and Peace,  
Her Lord and God ; thus blessing and so blessed :  
Ruling in Equity in Earth and Heaven !  
Like the Almighty ; his own priest and minister ;  
Standing between the living and the dead !  
So Justice in the heavens thus walls the void :  
So Equity doth ground them on its wrack ;  
Molten, Metallic, Sottish, senseless things :  
Puts all to use ; inspires to heal and save ;  
The watchers, and the weary, and the dead !  
Who sleep until the heavens fulfill their round.—  
The appointed day, week, month, or year, of praise ;  
Fulfills God's purpose in this just arrest  
Of Judgment in the sphere of Equity  
Till Mercy shall exhaust all means of life  
And living good, the careless to restore  
Or lift the faithful dead ; fallen in their might,  
From the mephitic vapors of the pit :  
Sustaining her with life ; even to the last extreme—  
Of mortal passion ; fear of guilt and death !

When force doth bury, darkness long prevail :  
 Or the infernal lie of whispering doubt ;  
 Invention of the damned ! prevails, persuades ;  
 To question of his word—turning aside from Right :  
 To base submission for expected good.  
 From indolence of death, impatience of desire or ignorance of life ;

Betraying or enslaving aught that breathes :  
 Or sacrificing flesh and blood to death  
 The waste of rottenness and strife of hate :  
 To save a soul that is not self-sustained  
 And therefore hath no place in heaven nor earth  
 In sight or hearing of God's life and truth ;  
 But stands condemned—a mortal dead for aye !  
 A wasting thing, abhorred—abominable—  
 A desolater of the desert—void—  
 The bottomless abyss of shame and guilt.

Well therefore hath the Almighty given this pause  
 To his beleaguered life to see and separate  
 The evil from the good—The living from the dead  
 And choose whom they will serve forevermore.  
 The day of priestly plotting and imperial state  
 Hath passed away—so let our masters pause  
 And know their Jehu ! is condemned for aye  
 And not the Jesus of God's waiting life—  
 He seeks to damn and bury and so reign.

Our crystal life triumphant ! Moon and Mars  
 Outcast—and waiting for the prey of death—  
 The order of the heavens and earth complete  
 For union and return : unfolding all  
 As well prepared and true ; its purpose good ;  
 To test the generations of mankind  
 Of their own deeds, as yet, condemned to death ;  
 Their hearts consenting to the evil still,

As on that Sabbath eve—this day of rest  
Through which the order of the heavens unchanged  
Since the last flood, gives seed and harvest time  
To generations yet unchanged in heart :  
Dragon and reptile, fish, fowl, beast, and brute,  
As yet like Cain, all murderers ! sacrificial hosts  
Of their own hearts condemned : without integrity  
Seeking atonement with the living God  
Whose throne in heaven is Truth, on earth the peace,  
Of Righteousness and love ; unsought of all !  
As yet but ONE approved, a living seed :  
The first begotten of the dead to life :  
A perfect understanding of our day.  
He gave his life as our example then ;  
Was spurned and crucified and to this hour,  
Holds all condemned to the accursed tree :  
The craving of desire, Invention lust of blood.  
His blood, not life, the atonement of our God !  
The crowning sin and shadow of the night ;  
Of judgment condemnation like the fall—  
Of Lucifer when of God's lightnings caught  
Heaven's saving sphere was hurled upon the void  
A molten mass of mingled elements  
A chaos in the shadow of the night—  
The fall of Lebanon where Mercy bade the Judge  
Hurl back into the pit, the rebel brood of hell  
And Misriam's waters quenched their coal for aye.  
So from this hour hath night and darkness reigned  
O'er falling nations wedded to this death.—  
His life condemned, condemns and holds accursed !  
As touching of the tree of paradise  
The zenith of the heavens, with blackness, shame !  
The acme of the guilt of this Sabbath year :  
The prostitution of the woman's blood

The murder of the man ; Mechanic skill.  
 In flocks and herds upon their altars slain ;—  
 Bird, beast, and brute : a living holocaust !  
 To war and brutal lust ; the powers of death and hell.  
 Even on the sunlight of God's love returned  
 And blazing from the void, upon the kindled earth :  
 That burns until the lowest hells revealed  
 An outcast on the void ; with her grim King and Queen .  
 The belly and the grave of vaunted death !  
 The terror of the groundlings of the Pit.  
 Who feareth death's the son of man indeed,—  
 In Equity debased among the dead :  
 In Justice and of Right ; now ruling King and Lord !  
 Exalted to the Heavens and crowned a living Son :  
 Reigning Eternal in the circling spheres ;  
 Ordering the heavens and leading all to Light—  
 Of Everlasting Truth ! the Father ; Lord of all :  
 The Husbandman of Life—Her Saviour ; King.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE FALL OF ADAM.

OUR pause is action—we are sufferers—  
And throw aside the insignia of our strife ;  
Even to the flesh and blood, that weds our souls  
To rottenness, corruption, death—this hell.  
We seek another body—higher life !  
This never was and never can be ours ;  
The froth and scum of cold mortality—  
The seething void—a momentary thing.  
Our eyes are opened—Let His voice be heard ;  
The heavens now move again and all is clear :  
The last sad issue of this mortal night,  
Yet waits—Nay urgeth on the final close  
The burial of its dead—fitly in their own blood  
A bitter close ! well fitted to the hour,  
That to Eternity adds this closed day ;  
This episode of death, of blood, and strife ;  
Which here brings home to individual life,  
The lesson of the spheres ; The sight and touch  
Of that more closely touching each than all.  
Of which the understanding in the lump  
Is all too vast and general to instruct  
In the importance of the all to One  
To whom each failure is a bleeding wound  
Eternal shame, a grief, reproach, remorse.  
So that his life in all is freely hazarded  
To uphold the last aright whate'er his state,

In impotence of guilt or strength of power,  
The guilelessness of right and truth imparts.

Therefore this individual proof as in the heavens  
The proof to all, the experience which unfolds  
The evil of this mad idolatry,  
The selfishness of hate the greed of gain ;  
This brained invention, working woe and death ;  
The head against the heart ; baseless pretense,  
Untried imagination, against truth and right ;  
Which, hating all instruction God hath given  
To prove its worthlessness and know the end  
Of all assumption, dignity, and power  
Not resting on the principles of life ;  
The Truth and Justice, Right, and Equity  
Of the sphered heavens and the tried rock of earth,  
Is bitterness and death ; the idol of a dream ;  
Whose worship is, of helpless rolling things,  
The block and stone that cannot rest nor save,  
But fallen is outcast of all life and good.  
Willful, refused of God who serveth all,  
A willing minister where good is sought,  
With life and power to triumph freely given ;  
Inherent in the Right : all else is guilt and shame,  
Confusion, overthrow, and Godless change ;  
From bad to worse, blank, helplessness, the pit.  
When countenance withdrawn, the Eternal leaves  
All to approve the issue of their choice ;  
And taste its fruits as in our garden home.  
After their kind, and know and seek the good.

So all have proved and hitherto returned  
Convinced of evil, wrong, iniquity ;  
Their utter desolation, waste of good.  
All save this stubborn Right, power to destroy !  
So impotent ; its very touch is death !

Falling and strife, destruction, senselessness ;  
The nothingness of being without quickening power  
The knowledge of the principles of life  
To inspire, to lead and order all aright,  
In Righteousness, and peace, the Truth of God.

He gives this brained invention, willful wrong  
This fire of hell, destroying to devour,  
This fallen Lucifer, embodied death,  
The substance of his life an hour to prove,  
Even in our sight, the fruit he lives upon  
Is dust and ashes ! and his mad career  
Confusion and obstruction, hell, the grave,  
The void, the wilderness, all emptiness ;  
Mortality, eternal death ! no more.  
The power of immolation, law of force,  
The mastery of iniquity, the strife of wrong—  
Of aught save Equity, Truth, Justice, Right.  
The ordering of our being, life, and love,  
By equal providence, for all who have the sense  
To shun and hold condemned, as wrong and dead.  
This thought of reconstruction ; lustier life :  
A sensual existence a metallic bloom ;  
The sodden soul of madness and despair  
Fused and confounded in the torturing rage  
Of its consuming fire—this power of hell !  
The exhaustion of excess, the unconscious sleep  
Of an unconscious being without life or love ;  
Hurled dead and restless on the void of space  
And waking to corruption, darkness, pit, and grave.  
The cruelty of injustice, sense of shame,  
Oppression of iniquity, the wrong of guilt :  
All sense of Justice lost, all living power  
Of Mercy to redeem, forever gone ;  
Save by submission to this self-same life

The power of God ! healing subduing all :  
 By sacrifice and shame, tears and the sweat of blood,  
 The accursed tree ? No ; this is all a dream,  
 A monstrous dream of horror and reproach  
 Of passion, torture, bitterness of death  
 Of failure, disappointment, helplessness,  
 Of fear harassing guilt, the uncertain rack  
 Of dread and terrible suspense ! of sacrifice  
 As unavailing as 'tis cruel, condemned :  
 And unappeased resentment, reflex of all those :  
 The frenzy, fury of this madness, hate ;  
 This helplessness and blasphemy of death,  
 Devouring fire, the acid rust of waste,  
 Against God's life ! the immutable and good.

Fools, Knaves ! This is not life but living death !  
 Perversity of rage, oppression, murder, gloom :  
 Senseless idolatry the incompetence  
 Of baffled pride ; caught in its boastful lie !  
 Waiting upon his humors who is grave and hell ;  
 This lordly Hate ! which from her heavenly sphere  
 God's Mercy, life ; gives sense enough to know  
 The witness of his word and self-condemned  
 Seek to his helpmeet : but, with blind despite  
 Of dull brutality ; he seeks but to debase  
 And prostitute, and lord it over life  
 And living good ; the liberty we breathe  
 In Righteousness and Truth, exalted love  
 Emancipation from all frame-work, death !  
 In her embodied Truth, transparent Right,  
 Efficient Justice, Equity sublimed  
 To perfect action, perfect loving light ;  
 The good sustaining all, a living God :  
 And giving life for life in Equal love  
 In active, goodness, self-approving joy,



The spirit of all life in the free heavens :  
Omniscient, Omnipresent, quick, supreme,  
Ommipotent and quickening all with power  
The power of action, Love ; the strength of Right.

For without living Right and heart of Truth  
All is confusion, and dismay, remorse,  
The chaos and the hell we have left behind  
The inhuming rock the grave on which we breathe ;  
Mere bubbles of corruption on the stagnant pool,  
Which burst and leave a worm, worms, swarming life,  
The craving of the pit, devouring change,  
Unchangeable in death, which lives but to devour ;  
The antipodes of life, as fire of light,  
The breath of liberty and perfect Truth,  
Free access to all bliss, all healing joy  
That moves aright in all without a thought,  
A possibility or power of wrong  
Which is as death ; the entering wedge of guilt  
And known by the dread shadow of its power ;  
Which Justice shows to all by the clear touch  
Of the refracted light from her far throne,  
Poised in the empyrean watch-towers of the heavens  
And kindling in the depths, stars, planets, moon and  
earth :

All that in Hades doth follow the swift car  
Of ever-living, ever-rising Truth,  
Self-poised eternal, giving light to all.  
But only by reflection to the deep  
That seethes and storms beneath and yields again its dead,  
When Justice doth in Equity prevail  
To lift their souls above the infernal strife,  
That in the pit from which we have escaped  
With impress of this death, confounds and tortures all  
Bewildering here and giving foretaste now,

Of the undying worm that preys within its depths,  
 Corrupting to devour, destroying death and hell  
 And liberating all who seek return ;  
 That we may loathe this brained and bellied frame ;  
 This vain imagination, sordid lust,  
 The war and waste by which this death doth live  
 On suffering and blood, the quickening soul,  
 And find it resting on a specious lie ;  
 A lapse of sad forgetfulness, a selfish love of power  
 Unjust, iniquitous : obstruction of God's light,  
 Which liberates and is the higher soul of all :  
 The body of all life, all liberty, all good !  
 Revealing life and death ; the truth which breathes alone  
 In perfect liberty, the free access  
 Of joy and fear, of peace and bliss to all :  
 Forbidding power or right to intervene  
 Between the Almighty and the life he gives,  
 His proper gift, his Kingdom in the heavens !  
 By tithe or offering, gift or sacrifice,  
 The worship of the dead ; by aught we know,  
 Save the angelic union of two souls  
 Where one is incomplete, the marriage of the spheres :  
 Which lasteth through eternity and perfects all ;  
 By living access of a purer soul  
 In her who is our helpmeet and our life  
 Our measure and conceiver, perfecter  
 All unbegotten ; nor of man begot :  
 The very God revealed from heaven to earth  
 As in the incarnate Word ; in man the residue  
 Of the all-broken body of the Christ ;  
 Our God's Humanity, the eternal son !  
 The Right of Equity, the crystal life of heaven,  
 Her virgin heart restored ; in him they crucified ;  
 Who from the heart to living heart recalls,

Renews this higher union for the perfecting  
Of Truth and Life in all its strength and joy !  
Therefore his office, Leader, Saviour King ;  
"THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS," whose way is life.

Not as the Kings of earth whose way is war  
Its ensign death ; its living, strife and blood ;  
The soul and body of this life its prey :  
Whose priesthoods live by tithes and sacrifice  
Nor know the way of life ; which, self-sustained  
Is servant unto all, quick and inscrutable  
Even as its God whose deeds his life approve ;  
Who lives to perfect all ; leads, not restrains :  
Nor burdens with a tithe nor offering,  
Save fellowship of good, his living light,  
The soul and body of all heavenly joy ;  
Active, serene, the image of his love !  
Loathing the lust of power all sensual things ;  
Destroying death, obstruction, and the pit ;  
And, purifying all, wings with a higher sense !  
The spirit of his life which orders all ;  
And holds, all robbery, tithes and force accursed  
Save to the Giver ; and he giveth all ;  
Their music to the spheres, this sense of life.

This is his power, by this we see and know  
The Earth we worship, move upon and own,  
As giving life, inheritance and power,  
The body of this death ! a mortal thing,  
The mother of corruption, and the worm !  
The gnawing of desire, Eternal death.  
Its touch mortality, its withering breath  
Mould, ashes, frost of eld, rust, foul decay  
And utter desolation, all a grave !  
The rottenness of death fallen from the warmth and light ;  
And buried from all heart of life for aye.

Behold the beggared power of death and hell  
 Begotten of this wrong; sustained, aye; even in us,  
 Of all unrighteousness, hypocrisy,  
 Of lies and robbery, theft and murderous strife  
 In letters, genealogies, divisions, hate  
 Castes, kinghoods, priesthoods, nationalities;  
 Corruption, prostitution of God's life;  
 Slavery, obstruction, mastery, sacrifice: .  
 One long-accursed war against all good!  
 In every form of envy, malice, mad malignity,  
 Fear, ghostly terror, idiot impotence:  
 Such as in death, alone are known on earth;  
 Where principle, yet in arrest of judgment buried burns  
 In vain to be avenged; is in abeyance lost.  
 Truth, Right, where are they? Justice, aye is blind!  
 Iniquity doth rule for Equity, brute force  
 For leading Love, and lies for living power!  
 The gospel of the heavens. This death perverteth all  
 To ministers of lust, a mess of pottage for a bellied worm!  
 A wand of shame and horror, leprous tongue  
 That prates of honor and philanthropy  
 And in God's sunlight peoples earth from hell!  
 Yea, bids rejoice in the consuming grave;  
 The only hope of refuge left the soul,  
 From this infernal war's insensate rage;  
 This mortal worship of material sense  
 Idolatry of such conditioned things  
 As blocks and stones, the mouthings of the wind,  
 The ravings of this death, which can but fall and rot.  
 Proud matter, all inert, what is thy boasted power?  
 Unquickened of God's life! a millstone's deadly weight  
 Falling and crushing all it overtakes:  
 But harmless on the void, a festering sore  
 Feeding corruption's parasites, of which we are, no more.

God in the woman for a little hour  
Waits on the devil, rising in the man ;  
As wakes the drunkard from his mad carouse,  
In frenzy of defeat ; confusion, hell of guilt !  
Prostration of all power : a tortured soul abased.  
Of its own lie and boastful impotence :  
A dog returning to its vomit ; a washed sow  
Passed through the fire and flood, to wallow in the mire  
And prostitute the life thus given to save !  
Which waits abashed upon the brutish sot  
And at his bidding comes and goes ; a minister  
Of gentleness and peace, of purifying love  
And watchful sufferance, waiting to approve  
And bless, in him, a son redeemed from death :  
Death, everlasting strife, the undying worm ;  
Confusion, chaos, war of fire and flood ;  
Obstruction of the rock that walls the pit,  
Revenge of blood, the wasting of the grave.  
Oh ! mercy, love and truth, unworthily bestowed ;  
Where wrong, unrighteously prevails and sense  
Of animal existence giveth law  
And braves it over life in man and beast :  
Lettered invention holding woman naught,  
A soulless thing, for fondling given and lust !  
Used and contemned, fettered, enslaved, abused ;  
A herd of hungry breeders of a kind  
In whom the clod and reptile beast and brute prevails  
Savage and insecure ! cunning to prostitute,  
Ingenuous to debase, idolatrous of self ;  
A cruel and jealous lord, a hypocrite :  
Polluted and profane, a murderer of God's life ;  
The leecherous, ashes dust of a dead sphere !  
Consumed of its own lust, the hell and grave we dread :  
Yet answering to God's light with soul and frame ;

Sense, eyes to see and hearts to feel this curse  
And worthlessness, barbarity ; to bid it reign on earth.

O, Soul of blood ! How bloody and debased ?  
How monstrous and unclean thy deadly touch !  
Oh, Crystal Spring of life, sweet mercy's soul  
Thou wo-man of our race ! yes ; sufferer for all ;  
The very Christ of God ! How madly crucified  
How tortured and profaned—Great God forgive !  
In blind insensibility 'tis done,  
The jaws of death and hell, a horrid dream :  
Awake us ; let us see thy heavens all moved again  
With horror, indignation of our deed.  
Thy chained lightnings burning to avenge  
This cruel ingratitude, this senseless wrong ;  
Thy stern arrest of judgment doth reveal ;  
Yea, blazon in the sunlight of the heavens !  
That we may see and know from whence we have fallen  
How terribly debased : how maniac is this rage  
This war of blood ; this hell on earth sustained ;  
Crowned, sworded, mitered ; boastful of its shame ;  
The froth of ashes impotence of guilt.

Oh, woman ; God ; at length thy day is come  
No more to heal but judge : star, planet, sun ;  
This sottish thing that lords it o'er thy life.  
This soul of chaos red with foul desire,  
The fire of hell yet pulsing in its heart ;  
Nor man nor devil ; none descript, abhorred ;  
A mass of loathed corruption, rotting in the sun  
In stench and bitterness and seeking gold to bless !  
The paving of the heavens, in which its worm was nursed  
And crawled to vile existence, hungry to devour.  
Six days the heavens have ruled and separated  
The dull metallic soul from Crystal life ;  
Destroyed its reptile and its fishy brood

The monsters of the deep the ponderous beast  
Whose Carcass was the labor of its life  
A burden and a curse : enslaving, dead.  
Six days a brained invention hath upheld  
The image of this weight in church and state  
Lettered and vain : a dead impassive thing !  
Taxing and tithing for this bellied death ;  
Its promise emptiness, its life a lie,  
Formless and void the vapor of a cloud !  
That leaves no furrow on the walled rock  
And hath no place of rest ; an idle dream,  
A drunkenness of blood, a sacrificial power ;  
Obstructive, murderous, oppressive vile ;  
Unknowing principle or power of life !  
And prostituting all ; enslaving to debase  
Corrupting to destroy, deflowering all,  
By their insensate lust the power of hell !  
Holding the earth a wilderness, they feed the grave,  
The hungry grave ; and glorify their dead !  
With pyramidal pomp an empty boast ;  
Proclaiming impotence of saving power !  
The waste of life the insolence of guilt ;  
Unconscious of its shame ; the slavery of death !  
A foul conditioned thing their only law  
They relegate and call religion, God ;  
To fetter life with shadows of the grave,  
They dig by law—for Justice, Equity,  
Truth, Right, the love of heaven, salvation of mankind ;  
They mouth in their hypocrisy to fill the maw  
And cater for the belly ; all they know of good :  
Boastful, unprincipled ; as wandering stars ;  
They feed the dead,—know only to devour.

Let there be Light, Jehovah ! now we wait  
And keep thy Sabbath ; knowing well the fruit

Of our own works is death. Now let oppression cease  
 Wrong, wickedness and guilt, iniquity,  
 Prevail no more ; nor fear of death enslave.  
 This is not life but death : we owe the dead  
 A carcass ; this ensanguine blood,  
 That burns the bruised heart of mercy's life ;  
 And feeds the brain with vapor, moody thought ;  
 Is but the soul of death : give all their own,  
 The Crystal fount is ours ; let the oppressed go free,  
 The weary, over-laden, be released ;  
 Let Justice have her own, the scalp and crown  
 With nervous apprehension guilt so guards ;  
 The guerdon of invention violence takes away  
 As trophies of her right and righteousness ;  
 All that remains to her of spoil or praise,  
 Through her brief reign of fear and shame ; this death !  
 Arrest of judgment for an hour a day,  
 That men may know her features taste her fruits  
 And shun forevermore her murderous touch.

God's gift is life ; which is impossible,  
 Without the Justice of Eternal Truth ;  
 The Equity and Righteousness of Right,  
 Whose knowledge, and whose leading, needs no law,  
 But are themselves supreme in heaven and earth :  
 The power of God, omnipotent to save.  
 All else is violence, force, obstruction, impotence ;  
 Therefore these falling spheres, the nation's fall ;  
 The wasting of the kindreds of the earth,  
 This chaos and the deep, this mortal void ;  
 Filled with the stellar hosts of night and death  
 As helpless and as impotent as laws !  
 The blocks and stones of all idolatry.  
 Conditions of the dead, as dead as they.  
 Blind as unjust, iniquitous as vile ;



Mortal and cruel and hungry as the void ;  
Their fit appointed home where death prevails  
And feeds his kindred on their flesh and blood ;  
Corruption and decay the froth of guilt.  
Grim murder and adultery are there ;  
The statesmen, lawgivers, all needy knaves,  
The robber and the thief whose needs are law,  
They teach their hands by violence to sustain.  
Their baseless fabrications like their lives, a dream !  
Dead while they live, without a principle  
Of saving knowledge or a sense of right ;  
By leading, cultivation, to redeem  
Their life from death, their souls from grave and hell :  
But boast them of the murders they have done,  
The nations overthrown, the kings they have slain ;  
The life they have abased, to prostituting guilt.  
Arming the suicidal hand, against the heart  
They know can never die, but waiteth change  
Enlargement, strength, emancipation, life ;  
The liberty of light, the power of love.

The molten heart belched forth, the vapory zone  
Thrice broken, kindled, cast upon the void ;  
Repeating there the dull metallic round,  
Of ring, and satellite, and condensing sphere :  
The emancipated Earth now breathes released  
In the pure atmosphere of mercy's life ;  
That kindled by the sunlight of the heavens  
Gives warmth and sweet relenting to the Rock  
Tried in the fire of hell, inured to death !  
And bids its quickening life again renew,  
In leaf and blossom and the luscious fruit  
Of joyous strength, its power of healing good,  
Enervate yet by the uncertain light  
And baleful influence of the changing moon ;

Our last encumbering zone, though fallen away ;  
 Yet waiting for the souls she calls her own ;  
 Our dull metallic dead, the worshipers,  
 Of gold and indolence, of parasitic power,  
 Of sensual lust, the smell of the rank blood,  
 The smoke of sacrifice, the chance of change ;  
 Returning, like the moon, in the same round  
 Of purposeless existence, wasting power ;  
 Her life a vapor and her atmosphere  
 The pit's foul breath, fit refuge of the ghosts  
 Of warrior kings, and nobles of the earth !  
 Whose life is lust, the shadow of their power,  
 Oppression and dismay, their rule the grave ;  
 A wasting and destruction, arrogance of strength,  
 In beggared life and borrowed plumes, the chivalry of  
 death !

Exacting tithes of all by lethal force,  
 Constructive right, of legislative wrong,  
 The world's idolatry, a mortal lie !  
 The mockery of all principle, of truth and God ;  
 Curse of the earth and ruin of mankind ;  
 Wasting her kindreds, peoples, root and branch !  
 Inviting choice of good or evil life or death to all  
 And giving all their choice, till doubt is dead ;  
 The serpent's head, bruised now forevermore,  
 In heaven and earth ; in hell the deep, the void,  
 Where reptile, fish, beast, bird, all pass away ;  
 And fallen infallibility is bound  
 By its own lie to perish now for aye.

Mars and the Moon—war and inventive power  
 The parasites of lust ; yet, for a time prevail ;  
 The Whippers-in of all the vapory hosts.  
 Forsaken of his vestals, now he waits  
 Her fearful, wished embrace ; only delayed,

Till this arrest of judgment is removed ;  
Till the first sound of active change again  
Shall move the spheres and bid prepare for light :  
The light of Truth,—direct from the veiled throne  
Whose reflex now the kindling sun reveals.  
When fearing to be outcast, left alone,  
She will forego her baleful hold on earth,  
And bear with her all she can know of life,  
The salt of Ocean, bitterness of death,  
With outcast souls of men unto her spouse ;  
Of whom they have been and are the worshipers.  
Old ocean now supreme since the fourth day  
When light and gladness stirred her atmosphere  
Triumphant from the flood of Misriam's tide ;  
Our Mercy's life yet sullied and bereaved  
Of the tried silver and pure gold she loves  
To build upon in heaven her blessed abode :  
For brazen, leaden death of molten gods  
Mixed, mortal, of infernal heat yet moved :  
But of God's lightnings kept from further peril,  
And clothing now her life in poisonous green ;  
The sullen seething scum of rust, decay,  
Of baser metals and the cankerous blood  
Of blear-eyed leprosy, concentrate hate :  
Whose Venom bars the sting of impotence ;  
Repulsed Satanic rage, that trails upon the ground  
Too fearful to put forth foot fin or wing,  
To float or to impel its lengthened sac :  
Or hand of help to feed or save its soul  
Lest maiming follow and its stingless life  
Lost in embittered bitterness succumb  
To waiting hate ; the death it fears and bears ;  
In the fanged lightnings of the hissing tongue,  
Proclaiming and unable to avenge,

Its utter helplessness: and with the spite of wounds  
 Inflict upon the foe an equal punishment  
 The pains of death. The throne of power denied  
 It is his right to grovel in the dust ; inspire,  
 The horror—of infernal dread and reign  
 By life's antithesis—eternal death !  
 A loathing and a curse forevermore.  
 A sceptreless, unmitred, swordless, stingless thing  
 A scorn, a hatred, outcast, fallen, dead !  
 Harmless and buried in its speckled pride :  
 Of many-hued hypocrisy and servile change :  
 Unrighteousness—a lie ; the death of Truth and Right.

The Ocean ruling and the herb and tree  
 Covering the earth with verdure whose perfume  
 Doth load the atmosphere with living fire  
 The mingled vapors of the night dissolved  
 And rising purified to cloud our sphere  
 With mystic shade ; till of the light dissolved  
 To tears ; it falls in showers to bless the earth—  
 To permeate the mass of passive rock—  
 To stir his captives to awake—release,  
 Lift up unkindling crystals to proclaim  
 Chaos and night overthrown ; the day restored :  
 Or dead, to crawl a worm—creep forth a nameless  
 thing

And swell its bulk ; or fret with crested plume  
 And feed on ire of dragon, reptile dread—  
 Go forth to conquer and destroy ; with rage,  
 Of hunger and of death ; to seek true life ;  
 Consume its slain—from which the breath hath fled !  
 Its sac, a bellied and devouring pit ;  
 That, like the hell of Chaos, sucks its dead ;  
 And finds but ashes—dust it cannot harm :  
 To satisfy the purple, blood of death.

And now a tamer yet gigantic brood,  
Well satisfied with lordship of the main,  
Soon plowed the deep—until its life took wing:  
Then browsed the forest glades—cooled of the atmosphere,  
Of the convex terrene, toward the poles,  
While under the blue Zenith in the line  
Of the now empty channel of the flood,  
Twisted and broken; choked, in débris lost,  
The lighter subterranean fires oppressed  
Of crowding vapors gathering nursed their strength;  
And heaping ridge on ridge, and cone on cone;  
Seeking escape from surveillance of the deep,  
Entrenched themselves in vale and bottom, gave  
The doubtful warmth and insecure vitality  
Of flesh and blood; a higher sense of life,  
A clearness purity, inspiring strength,  
Lifted above the vapors of the vale,  
And giving health and vigor to the frame;  
That loathing garbage of devouring death  
Would lick the dust, and from the grass aspired  
To the sweet germ, the solid seed and fruit  
Of herb and tree—the passive life of heaven—  
To nurse the finer fibre of the woof  
Of nervous impulse and instinctive force  
Now bellied in the brain of moody thought  
Perverse reflection—doubling subtlety  
Of morbid doubt—and dawning sense of guilt—  
That strains the strings of life from scalp to nail  
Knotted in hoof and brain, denied escape;  
Save in the trailing fibre of the hair;  
A nerveless waste and tossed upon the wind  
Not answering to the Spirit of God's life—  
That wasted thus, doth prey upon itself,

Is racked within, and blind, a prey to fear ;  
 And insolence of lust ; that wastes, imbrutes desire,  
 And wakes a sounding harp all ear to every touch  
 Of motion and of life recorded in our sight :  
 That data of intelligence, reflective power ;  
 Comparison, induction ; storing of the food,  
 From incident ; from action and effect ;  
 Laborious gathered of mechanic skill,  
 That giveth evidence of Truth and Right  
 Moving straight forward to light, life all good ;  
 Inspiring purpose giving end and aim—  
 The quiet resistless force of balanced power ;  
 A living will : a spirit ordering all—  
 With warmth and love and pointing us direct  
 To the quick inner soul which lendeth thus  
 The understanding heart to Knowledge, Truth—  
 And gives it utterance, in thought and speech,  
 The force of reason and the power of Right ;  
 The living Word: the One, Sole, absolute, Immortal  
 Good !

An Omnipresent God ; Omnipotent to save.  
 Our Life, our Light, our Joy unsearchable,  
 Eternal in the heavens : The one and all :  
 A Merciful, a Just, and Righteous Lord !  
 Inspiring Life and Love ; the sympathy,  
 The bliss of being—the abounding joy :  
 This power of happiness, of sharing all !  
 The sense of suffering, understanding life  
 Instinct of Equity—eternal Right :  
 Leading in Justice to the blessed abode  
 Of Truth established in the heavens and clear—  
 Immutable as Just ! in Judgment giving light ;  
 To walk in golden paths of peace and good  
 The silvery gladness of the living spheres !

And its antithesis—The embodied lie  
That works this world of woe and living death !  
Darkness, confusion, and eternal dread.

Thus rose mankind in either hemisphere  
Coeval the sixth day : and thus, necessity ;  
The stern instructress of the mortal soul  
Gave her first lesson in the way of peace :  
Forethought, security, provision Trust  
Which through the woman, God's embodied life ;  
Maternal instinct power of living good,  
Made them the Lords of Eden's fair domain—  
Taught them to till the ground for seed and fruit ;  
And draw their living, as their life from thence,—  
Even from the dust, the body of this death,  
Broken and pounded of the rage and hate  
Which fires the uncertain soul to feed and spill  
Its feverish blood ; beget and train its life  
To murder and destroy like the devouring pit :  
Whose light, with moon and stars illumed his night  
And led him through the encroaching forest's shade  
Repelling its rank growth and giving space  
For healthier life ; bearing its fruit and seed  
With herbage and the flower, the star of earth :  
To give his soul a nearer sense of good ;  
Of beauty and of love—the wealth of life :  
Of joy and peace prospective happiness ;  
In spring-time's glad return the sweets of love.  
The joyous birth and yearly resurrection of our dead,  
From cold mortality's encroaching grasp !  
Whose dwelling is the void ; the bottomless abyss ;  
Eternal as the heavens. Its dismal night  
Stirred of those fallen bodies from its dream ;  
Of long forgetfulness and hungry dread ;  
Awakened to the touch of misery's fang,

And the dull gnawing of the undying worm ;  
 Our life in jaws of death ; the grim devourer's maw !  
 Thus is man made to stand, full in the sight of all  
 Familiar with the living and the dead  
 The labor of a day between him and the grave,  
 Release or bondage new, as he prefers  
 The confirmation of deliberate choice !  
 With clear intelligence of that to come  
 Compulsive restitution ; bending, breaking force—  
 A duller hell—Sense of eternal death.

Thus man was led and formed by labor of desire  
 And to this end ; the judgment of his life !  
 And, in their separate hemispheres prevailed,  
 The man and woman—His the stormy north—  
 Hers the refreshing south—fair Teman's sunlit plains !  
 Her eaves long buried in Pacific waste ;  
 The warring heart laid on against the north ;  
 Moored fast to Lebanon and the Arabic rock  
 From where the pillared Hercules repels,  
 The Atlantic wave ; to India's Ocean and the Persian  
 Gulf.

Along the salted depths of Misriam's tide  
 And the Red Sea its outlet nevermore.  
 Thus brought together by their kindred hands  
 Was Eden planted ; every pleasant tree  
 And good for food they gathered round them there,  
 And in the midst, standing unique, alone ;  
 In God-like branchings of immortal love,  
 The Tree of Life ; which gave them daughter, son ;  
 The power of generation from the embrace,  
 Of Mercy and of Right ; thus reconciled  
 She willing to give life the sealing right on him  
 Whose soul is to be tried and of its deeds,  
 The fruit of its own impulse ; judged for aye :



Adjudged to life or death : rightful inheritance  
Of life and good in her ; in him of death and hate  
As rising from this chaos, pit, and grave  
Of mingled elements he seeks his native heaven  
Or manifests his training in the hungry void  
A Parasite and Tither of God's life  
In ignorance of all and faithless to all good  
Save that he holds in hand and can control.  
Thus their own seed, for whom all is prepared,  
Is their peculiar care ; by the consent  
Of male and female, Lord and God restored,  
To test in him returning sense of Right  
By her exampled warmed to living Truth  
Or dominance of wrong and damning guilt.  
In her unchanging love, no wrong can move ;  
No prostitution, guilt contaminate :  
As resting in God's Truth assured of good ;  
And only good, defying evil's power.  
As in the pit, she strove with dragon rage  
Slimy hypocrisy and bastard wrong ;  
In every form repeated on the earth,  
To hardened guilt condemned presumption—death ;  
The rage of terror, madness of despair—  
In her unshaken confidence, man is but blind  
Not murderous in intent ; his purpose good ;  
His wrong an error ; madness of affright :  
The willfulness of ignorance not hate ;  
Confusion, not perversity ; incompetence, not guilt ;  
The indolence, unhappiness of death ;  
Whose fall is sheer destruction,—ruins crash !  
Kindling the fire of hell, whose light reveals  
The terrors of the night ; the loathsomeness :  
Of the consuming grave ; the horrors of the dead :  
The utter helplessness of lifeless things.

Wake him with kindness ; the maternal touch  
Of sweet renewing life ! with watchful care,  
Feed and instruct him till he knows his wants ;  
Then teach him to supply and learn again,  
Entire dependence on the Truth of God  
The confidence of Righteousness—the right divine  
In the sustaining power of perfect rectitude  
Integrity of heart : Faith in the principles  
Of living good ; that wings the bird and gives the fish  
and fowl

To float and flutter—beasts to bear their weight  
And man to comprehend ; believe and live.  
For God whose life on no condition waits  
But shapeth all to the appointed end ;  
In Judgment and of Right, as Truth declares  
The purpose and the issue of the day,  
The work and its accomplishment fulfills.

His the mechanic power—constructive Right  
That forms, but knows not yet inspiring love ;  
That power invisible, upholding all  
That giveth life its self-sustaining rest,  
The peace of confidence, the faith of hope—  
Immortal Love and everlasting Life,  
Immaculate ; Omnipotent ; and just as pure ;  
Infallible as just—unfailing evermore,  
Rejoicing in his life's, life-giving power ;  
Resting on principles we know approve  
As men on earth, as ministers in heaven,  
Executors of Justice on the void ;  
Or self-condemned and doomed ourselves to fall  
As errant and perverse—and passive wait our day.  
As here and now ; when—with a prescient care  
A perfect knowledge and omniscient love—  
The mercy, pity of a mother's heart

A father's glory—guiding hand and crown  
Shall wake us to renewed activity and bliss,  
Through perfect knowledge, perfect confidence,  
Deliberate judgment, understanding choice;  
As between life and death :—preferring life and love  
The power of God the bliss of heaven and good,  
To the dead earth, destroying power of hell :  
Yet seeking no release ; till all are healed  
And one great shout of triumph kindles all !

For so the tree of knowledge indicates  
In giving kindred feelings separate forms  
Appointed spheres to all, the living and the dead :  
Knowledge of good and evil—incompatibles—  
Deadly antagonists at perpetual war :—  
Involving us in strife ere pause of thought  
Passive submission, or opposing force  
Can ward or separate living place and power—  
Irreconcilable as life and death :  
As Mercy's waters with the fire of hell ;  
As falsehood with the Truth ; as Right with Wrong,  
Justice with Injustice ; as Iniquity  
With Equity : the perfect law of Love ;  
Which giveth Right, and Righteousness, and peace,  
As Justice giveth Light in the pure heavens  
The blaze of Truth revealing darkness—death—  
Flashing conviction which resolveth all ;  
As doth the lightning's flash metallic force  
Judging at once—expelling from the heavens.

Thus, to incessant war in soul and life  
In man our errant Right—Inventive power—  
Mechanic skill,—the father of this death !  
The evil one God's mercy giveth seed  
Unto the utmost to redeem her own ;  
Made woe to him in Woman, God's pure life ;

Whose being heritage his wrong doth hold  
In bondage terror of destruction till  
This wrong is judged ; this high arrest of judgment is  
removed :

And Right and Light, the order of the heavens  
Once more restore the sphere of Equity ;—  
Until her Cherubim, whose life is love ;  
In woman well revealed have way again—  
Uprising from the rock in which they have withstood  
The rage of death and hell, again sustain  
With softer light the healing power of good  
The truth of God ! eternal in the spheres ;  
And with their lives redeem the fallen Seraphim  
Outcast of Justice who in death uphold ;  
The false usurper's power misleading all,  
That he alone may fall with lust and death—  
The Invention, curse of this infernal state.

Thus from the dust of Chaos heaven and earth,  
The starry firmament and watery waste,  
Rose up created from its ashes, blood ;—  
Renewed again to life and living good  
The sight and touch self-sustenance of heaven,  
Expectant hearing of the living word  
Yet subject to mortality, eternal death ;  
And constant change : conditions of the void.  
So from the fire and from the deep at once  
Came forth the living soul, the purple tide  
Of pulsing life that heaves and warms the heart  
And grew, was fashioned to its own desire,  
By touch and energy of saving strength ;  
Drawn from the bodies of our wailing dead  
By Mercy's healing life the soul of earth :  
Poured out, an ocean held to salt and waste,  
According to the worship, wish of every soul

And answering to the light and good of heaven  
With providence, self-sustenance, direction, love :  
Until the moving heavens again restore  
The wonted channel of the binding deep ;  
Healed, purified, to Truth and Right once more  
The energy of life the Love of God ;  
And give its shadow and restoring warmth,  
From the sun's living rays, to man and beast—  
And from circumference to the balanced poles :  
Holding the flitting shadow of the night  
To earth's periphery carred, a harmless shade,  
In constant flight—flying before the day ; pursuing and  
pursued,  
Unknowing rest or cooling of the night :  
A morning cloud before the constant light,  
Till thrown upon the hazy void for aye ;  
An outcast buried, 'neath the expanding heavens  
That move again now healed, their dead restored,  
In their unhalting course to purge all space ;  
And, in their wake, hold death to his domain,  
Eternal night the shadow of the grave ;—  
All empty now ; its lighted cenotaphs  
The waiting stars released, restored again  
Unto their blessed abodes ; their crystal life  
With welcome triumph crowned ; its warfare past.  
All shadow, grief, forever left behind  
With death and hell ; upon the cold abyss  
Of lurking mortal dread ! a whirlpool evermore  
Evolving and involved in shadows, cursing ; cursed :—  
And empty as the breath that moves them now,  
A waste,—all waste ;—impotency and hate ;  
Thus buried hiding, hid ; denied escape  
Chased, hunted, like the night ; even now, before the day.  
But yet between the continents together laid,

From south and north, from east and west redeemed ;  
 The man and woman strive :—she in the South,  
 Yet baffled and withdrawn from her besotted son :  
 While in the leprous North the lust of power,  
 Subdues all sense and she doth serve her lord  
 A willing slave, giving her hapless seed  
 To servitude and death—the waste of war—  
 That scattered to the east and west as now :  
 From Atlas and the Lebanon in deadly strife  
 Toward the west ; while in the farther east  
 High Sheba's Queen o'er Araby the blessed,  
 Prevails and holds her captives, not as spoil ;  
 But to the healing of her saving love  
 With milk of kine and herbs of binding power  
 Cleansing their leprosy and leading forth  
 O'er Eden's ample plains toward the north  
 And at her touch and by her sister's skill,  
 Now moved to pity and to love once more,  
 A Garden bloomed and spread o'er hill and dale  
 From Lebanon to Ararat ; whose lofty steppes,  
 Guarded the east ; where Justice took her seat  
 As in the heavens and held from all return  
 The outcasts of the west and warring heart ;  
 Who sought her waters and found rest and peace.  
 While Equity beleaguered before Lebanon strove  
 Repelling northern war and Misriam's thriftless waste—  
 Of life and good ; by indolence and lust  
 Of gross desire ; indulgence, levity of thought and deed :  
 Holding her own until the murderer  
 Is judged for aye, the liar and adulterer condemned,—  
 And outcast as accursed of heaven and earth—  
 To this appointed end, God's life hath been approved  
 Here, now, forever in the heavens and earth.

But once again a leaden darkness clouds

The dim metallic firmament, obscuring all  
Arresting the free light and like a pall  
Resting on atmosphere and living soul  
Dense and oppressive; till the quickening light  
Releasing Mercy's life, flashed from the heavens  
Contending with the fire and smoke of earth  
The dull metallic vapors of the pit  
With quick seraphic heat kindled again  
In self-defense and hurling back resolved,  
The moving sublimates in molten death.  
But passive, lifeless, careless of assault;  
When the aggressive clouds subdued were still,  
Slept on, nor yet awoke their thundering strength.  
Till on a day the fires of earth and heaven  
Now, kindling in their rage, the earth and firmament;  
A mass of solid flame, was shaken rent  
Even to the trembling centre—Lebanon fell—  
The heavens were still but from the earth arose  
The smoke of darkness and devouring fire  
The hiss of mortal strife—the roar and rush  
Of crystal strength, the quenching water's power,  
Our Mercy was avenged in Equity  
And all was still on earth—save where metallic rage  
Spread its devouring fire and claimed its own  
The passive life of death—revenging on itself  
With sullen rage, the fury of defeat;  
And seeking to destroy all life from earth.  
And ravished Eden fell, and ruin spread  
Her black and dismal reign from the now sea-girt range  
Of Atlas to far Ararat; save where the war and toil  
Of Lebanon, had cleared the forest waste;  
And rocky Araby stood in her strength:  
With the great sea behind her on the west,  
Where towered the farther heights of Lebanon's pride;

Laid low forever ; swallowed of the deep.  
 Thus Atlas ; seat of Right and Righteousness :  
 Was set apart on earth,—a living gulf between  
 Her settled shores and warring Lebanon :  
 Where Mercy still in Equity contends,  
 Circled of ruin's circumcising power  
 Against the grasping sons of hate and fear  
 Her waters flowing yet to the Red Sea ;  
 But backward to the west from east and north.  
 And Ararat in Justice stands secure  
 Her living waters falling to the gulf  
 Nor lingering yet on Shinar's slimy plain  
 As in the waste of space unfruitful lost.  
 But giving to the earth refreshing strength,  
 Prosperity, through all their living course  
 In Euphrates upon whose banks were spread  
 All saved of Eden's Gardened wealth and love  
 Its happy inmates seeking rest from war ;  
 Their happiness in duty well fulfilled,  
 Training their offspring with parental care ;  
 Of purity and peace, against the indolence  
 And lust of lordship in the man on earth.  
 The insolence barbarity of power  
 So well chastised in Lebanon and the west  
 Though to them yet unknown—They dreamed the fire  
 The mad result and ruin of its war !  
 And so it was but of the heavens now judged.  
 Soon to be flooded from the earth for aye ;  
 In its more horrid form of molten waste.  
 But knowing not of this they were more diligent  
 And careful in the training of their life  
 The living tree whose hapless fruit on earth ;  
 As yet, the enemy of life and peace,  
 Devours the living with the passive dead



Its soul condemned as fire of hell for aye !  
Held to eternal death upon the void :  
A sacrifice accursed to war and waste.  
Offspring of Chaos and confusion hate !  
Abaddon ! now destroyed forevermore.

Behold God's work, the purpose end of life !  
And is it that for which our kings do war,  
Our Priesthoods labor ; lead mankind to strive :  
And promise resurrection of the dead ?  
Well if they do. But what were mound and pyramid ;  
What Palace, Temple : What our Church and State ?  
Blood is the living soul : How do they save ?  
In battle-fields ; in cloisters of their guilt !  
Their bread reduced to wafers ; wine denied to man.  
The poor tithed to a penny ; and their lands  
Pre-empted and entailed of gilded dust ;  
Or buried in the ruins of a masonry ;  
Allured and tempted but to drink their blood.  
A city of the Garden of our God—dead walls !  
A fretting leprosy—a festering sore—  
Rank with the prostitution of God's life !  
And drunk with blood of siege and carnival :  
Of sack and ruin ; revelry of death—  
The Grave and hell from which we rise to light ;  
And is it this, God blesseth here and now ?  
An Eden ; blooming on the dreary void ?  
Sustaining life upon the pit and grave :  
The ruin of a sphere of blood consumed !  
The fire of hell : the ashes of the abyss.

Behold the shades of buried mound and pyramid  
In Mercury and Venus—waiting there prepared,  
To pave the way of heaven, and living good :  
Of Palace and of Temple in ringed Saturn, Jupiter,  
The Satellited shadows of the pit and grave ;

Long separated in heaven and now on earth :  
Behold our Church and State in Mars and Moon !  
Unclothed, dependent ; by-words in the heavens !—  
Symbols of fruitless change ; of cunning fence of power,  
That builds like Truth and Right—builds ay for aye,  
In goodness life and light so it pretends ;  
The spirit, soul and body of the heavens ;  
But is a lie—a blank idolatry—  
Infernal worship of a selfish hate.

All being thus prepared the end in view.  
We turn assured to view the word and work  
Which led the woman's seed, the sons of God,  
To this assured triumph by the power  
Of mercy and of love, endurance, sacrifice,  
And suffering ; oh ! the cross and crown of thorns  
Upon the bleeding brow is not a tithe  
Of her endurance in the fire and flood !  
Their eyes to open and instruct mankind,  
The saved of Mercy's life, in understanding, light,  
The knowledge of the evil and the good,  
That all may see and choose, and live or die,  
According to their worship and its fruits,  
The labor of their hands for life or death.

God now withdraws, and of him or his truth,  
All we can know is the reflected light  
Of that high sun, his chosen ministry,  
The Seraphim of Justice ; for the day  
Chosen to rule in judgment in the sphere  
Of Equity ; the paradise of God, the place of rest,  
Of healing and repose in the pure heavens,  
Where perfect balance of all life prevails  
In perfect order, without waste or fear  
Of hunger, thirst, heat, cold, or chance of change,  
Of aught save happiness and joy and bliss,

Life serving life with life ; one principle,  
The Truth of God, ruling in all ; one power,  
His love, constraining all to worship, and obey  
In every living thing, his equal, with authority to claim  
The utmost service of his life and power ;  
In all that's good to succor and sustain,  
Even with the life, which else must rise and curse,  
Even to his face the injustice which enslaves  
The quick and pure, to the inert, corrupt ;  
And bid him go, a recreant, and of Justice learn  
That all are equal in the eyes of him  
Who thus sustaineth all : and Right is Wrong  
The moment it asserts superiority, or claim of life,  
At the expense of any ; to abase God's Equity in aught.  
He hath authority to lead power to destroy  
Every destroyer, who profanes God's life,  
By arming for destruction, living to devour,  
But at the proper peril of his own life, the woe of death,  
The Judgment of the void which knows no jubilee,  
Nor change of service, nor of life, but holds  
Him outcast lost for aye ; an errant thing  
To whom repentance and return is past  
The knowledge and obedience of God's Right ;  
In Equity and love, the peace of Righteousness,  
Eternal Justice, Truth Immutable,  
Are vanished things, one sense absorbing all  
The sense of suffering old idolatry—  
Supreme, and holding to eternal death.

Now, we pursue the lesson of the night ;  
Dismal to all, in which the heavens reproved  
Are dark, as in this day, now closing o'er the earth  
A day of darkness and of gloominess,  
Of clouds, thick darkness, terror, error, strife,  
A day to be remembered, neither day nor night,

Dark, mediæval on earth, and night in heaven,  
 But in the evening-time it shall be light,  
 That all may see and know and live again,  
 And bid the Immortal day dawn in our sight ;  
 Our understanding and our faith prevail ;  
 No more by suffering, but the power of 'Truth,  
 The patient perseverance, waiting of our life,  
 Enlightened and obedient now in all ;  
 The crack-brained evil and the living good,  
 That crazed of fear ; this, now, undoubting clear,  
 Fully assured, expectant, waiting for  
 The touch that tells the hour of coming change,  
 Of blessing, and of high reward, of life,  
 When the award of Judgment, being passed,  
 His word shall move to action, truth and peace,  
 Our Jubilee shall sound again, and the irradiate heavens  
 Burst on our sight restored, illumed anew,  
 Clothed in the living light of Righteousness and Love,  
 "The peace of God," which passeth all we know,—  
 All understanding sense of moving thing,  
 His goodness hath endowed to see and live.  
 To know and understand the death we fear,  
 The lie we worship, fire and lust of blood ;  
 Destroying wrath imputed to our God,  
 Of ignorance and death, of shame and guilt,  
 The beast and the false prophet who deceive ;  
 This haughty Lucifer, our errant right,  
 Who giveth law and ruleth by this death,  
 Thus judged before our eyes ! The end desired  
 Of Mercy's suffering through this weary day  
 Of long probation ; this Sabbathic week  
 Of suffering, rest, from judgment of the heavens,  
 Until "her seed shall bruise the serpent's head,"  
 Is thus fulfilled, and to her proper sphere

The woman is restored in heaven and earth,  
The sphere of Equity, of peace, and Truth ;  
The reign of righteousness, the power of God.

A river out of Eden watereth thus  
The Garden of the Lord, our conquering Right,  
By high submission, active goodness crowned,  
Its life and verdure spreading over all,  
From thence it was divided and became,  
Four heads now joined again in all the earth.  
The first "Pison," the opening of the mouth  
For high instructive leading of our sons,  
In understanding of the way of life,  
While compassing this far and suffering land  
Of ancient "Havilah," where there is gold,  
The purity of truth, Integrity of heart—  
Bdellium and the Onyx, tried and treasured things ;  
The second "Gihon," sighing of the heart,  
Which wholly compasseth the unhappy land  
Of lustful Cush and careless Ethiopæ,  
Meek natures, simple, long, long-suffering son.  
The third "Hiddekel," sharp-sounding war  
Of Aram kindled, eastward to pursue  
Unresting Asshur from fair Nineveh,  
To further Ind the confines of the earth.  
The order of the nine, the square of three,  
The fourth the Euphrates, whose fruitful source  
From Ararat hath way, where Justice taught  
High Elam in the ways of truth and right ;  
To honor in his Queen, his wife espoused,  
And give her equal worship and estate,  
With refuge and the right of fair defense to all  
Against all wrong, even of the king and law :  
Which gives assurance and prosperity  
To water, as a river, all the earth.

And the "Elohim" took the marr their son,  
And put him in the garden they had made,  
"To keep and dress it," as a man instructing him,  
In good and evil, in the narrow way  
Of duty and of life; to separate these,—  
As life and death her mortal enemy,  
Deadly antagonists in perpetual strife!  
And hold him to, and know alone the good.

Thus in the midst the tree of life,—the tree  
Of knowledge, of the good and evil stood,  
Planted in man's betrothal to God's life;  
The daughter of the Eve of the seventh day,  
Whose morn shall soon again illumine the earth  
With expectation of fulfilled desire,  
In husband, lord, restored in the wished son  
Her wistful haste had strangled in his birth  
Begotten in rebellion, born a murderer.

Thus Adam is installed the husbandman  
Of Life in woman on the outcast earth,  
The Zion of our God, on which his eye  
Hath been attent for good six thousand years,  
Careful of the "Elohim" he exalteth to  
The image of "JEHOVAH," Judge and King;  
Leading, instructing, and sustaining all,  
Even the unjust, to prove their life or death,  
By sense of Equity, or love of wrong,  
At pleading Mercy's call, whose life's the sacrifice;  
She giving them the bodies of her dead,  
In fruit of herb and tree for sustenance,  
With the dominion over life to verify  
Their faith in faithlessness to Truth and Right,  
Condemned in eating flesh of fish, fowl, bird,  
Of beast and creeping thing, even to their own,  
As life-devourers, suckers of the blood;

From which he kept the garden of his care,  
As from Malaria foul disease and death ;  
All evil in its every form, of parricide ;  
Abusing thus their liberty to eat,  
Of every tree committed to their care,  
And of the tree of life, his own reserved  
For a maturer knowledge of the good  
And evil of existence without life or right.  
As in this reign of death, since Lucifer  
Misled of the destroying fire of wrath,  
Put forth his impotent, presumptuous hand  
With lying promise to expand, exalt,  
Where his blind zeal could only bind with death,  
The subtle hands of doubt and fear and hate,  
Estranging life from life, obstructing light,  
Give heaven and earth to darkness, reduce all  
To dust and ashes, subject to the grave,  
The waste of desolation evermore ;  
The triumph of the shivering mortal void ;  
Chaos and hell confusion and the pit :  
To which God's life expels the infernal powers  
Of wrath and darkness to eternal night,

Therefore it is that of the accursed tree  
Of this destroying knowledge, mingled power  
Of good and evil—violence and love,  
Man is forbid to eat ; touch, taste, or serve himself :  
For in the day of eating he must bring  
The evil into contact with the good  
Hatred with love—destruction with God's life !  
Death and mortality with living power ;  
The Immortality and light of heaven :  
And being mortal, moved of power divine—  
The living Light ! himself should surely die :  
And evil—darkness, must prevail for aye.

And so it was, and is ; until the heeded word,  
 In truth and righteousness shall make him free,  
 In Justice and in Judgment with the Just :  
 In this first resurrection ; when the dawn  
 Shall usher in the third Millennial morn—  
 Twice ten, with God's Sabbathic rest between ;  
 The involution, resilience of wrong—  
 As tabled in the heavens, revealed on earth—  
 Repeated weeks of judgment and release  
 For the loved Rachel willingly embraced :  
 By law perverted into Leah's shame  
 And a mixed offspring of reproof and hate ;  
 Reuben and Simeon cursed of Levi's pride,  
 And Judah's self-condemned, destroying rule—  
 Joseph of Benjamin reproved and dead ;  
 While the ignoble, servile sons of lust  
 Impotence, hatred ; live their bastard day  
 In slavery and oppression ; wrongs of blood—  
 By Egypt's river and the Syrian brook  
 Burning their brick and wood in bondage still :  
 Of Calvary's crown of thorns condemned in vain.  
 The base deliberate murder of God's Right !  
 Which toyleth pleadeth for its murderers still :  
 Misled of bland hypocrisy, the Insolence of power ;  
 Insanity of violence ; fear and force  
 Of Roman arrogance and priestly hate,  
 Accursed idolatry—Satanic power—  
 Thus openly revealed on earth as in the heavens ;  
 Its sacrifice presented of the priestly Jew  
 And of the Gentile willingly received  
 As evidence of lordship from the first  
 The passion of his soul—that made him murderer.  
 And gave him this Salvation as its curse !  
 Perverted ; feeding yet, his murderous hate



His national antipathies—playing Lord and God ;  
I will be served—My image stand Supreme !  
Behold the curse yet resting on his soul,  
In strife and blood to condemnation held  
In heaven and earth in hell and in the void.  
Eternal death pursues his insolence  
Who thus by ministry of death not life  
The cross exalteth ; makes the victor's crown,  
Of piercing thorns and dyes his robe in blood.  
And with the damned hypocrisy of hell  
Holds up submission to his murderous hand  
As high obedience to the will of God !  
Who writes his condemnation in this guilt :  
The Son attesting with his blood the seal,  
Of arrogance ! the heavens have set upon,  
The murderer's soul ; and blazon in our sight ;  
In star and planet and this wasted Earth,  
Their maniac rage predominates an hour  
Now closed forever ! as revealed in blood ;  
Immured in helplessness of its own wrath,  
That beggeth, curseth, for a life accursed ;  
And seeks to kindle war once more, in vain.  
The murderers of the Christ ! their rage prolonged  
Unto this hour 'gainst those for whom he died,  
The meek and lowly whom on earth he blessed :  
The man the victim at the close of even ;  
At dawn the kindreds of the earth were slain ;  
The avengers in the noonday urge the strife  
Now in the eve again their net is spread  
O'er peoples as their prey : that they may reign—  
And so sustain a sacrificial host—  
Who live by robbery and murder still  
The powers of death and hell—Consenting to  
Nay ; burning to make good with brazen front

The slavery and the destruction of mankind  
In soul and body ; sacrificing thus  
To murderous law and dogma, blank idolatry  
Of "beast and the false prophet" doomed to die ;  
When Truth shall lead and principle prevail,  
With "Kings and Captains" mighty of the earth.

Aye ; Mercy's blood redeems us : and her son  
So suffers in our sight from that dark hour  
Which to the heavens revealed, instead of jubilee,  
This mortal death, material insolence  
To Justice given and judgment of the Just,  
Nor did the Christ pray for his murderer ;  
The priestly hypocrite, who urged the deed  
On crucial impotence of deadly guilt ;  
Warring against the life which shows it dead :  
A block, a millstone lifted but to crush ;  
And wash its hands in blood of base consent ;  
Then turning ; bid, behold a miracle of love  
In holding pure ; when guilt doth yet remain !  
Dares to remain : till damned and outcast now ;  
Clothed truly, in the purple of its guilt !  
The crimson of the blood it freely wastes,  
And seeks to spill and subject to its lust :  
Spilt ! would to God, it could be washed away  
Forever from the earth with the foul cell  
It makes its habitation here ; the froth and stench  
Of blank corruption : Mother of the worm !  
Yet even here ; against this Jezebel ;  
Of murder and of waste ! repulsive as the pit ;  
God's life prevails ; yea, triumphs and proclaims  
The reprobate intent, basely conceived :  
More basely fails, and finds its place prepared ;  
Even where it hatched its brood it dies accursed,  
Its palace and its temple now its tomb !

As in the heavens—upon the void we see,  
In shadow of the night, its masonry makes good.  
In convent, monastery ; groined aisle and nave,  
Of grim hypocrisy ; and darker crime !  
Where vital crimson's into purple wrought  
Even to the sight and touch of vulgar sense ;  
That solemn lifts its head and holds it damned !  
Yet is young life lured to the crucial test ;  
More fiendish than the accursed tree hath framed !  
And the Infallible builds on this lure—  
Its own damnation ; its eternal doom !  
From first to last decreed : accomplished now  
In sight of heaven and earth ; the morbid glare  
Of candle and of incense ; sun and moonlight shade ;  
Great God : now let thy crystal life strike home, avenge ;  
The suffering of this last, most monstrous wrong :  
In reptiles, beasts in human shape ; the worm,  
To hearing, sight and understanding grown  
In serpent, dog and ape—The man is gone,  
A fallen seraph ; branching thus in death  
To test its power give its Invention way  
And hold it damned forever—beyond reach  
Of mercy ; sympathy ; Held to the void !  
A thing accursed and never—nevermore ;  
To see nor feel the warmth nor light of heaven.

'Twas thus in Eden when the lordly north  
A leper warred with the yet conquering south  
And Lebanon fell ; the pit was quenched for aye ;  
Under the waters of our Misriam's life  
Which Israel's Miriam led to fall again ;  
But fall to conquer in the Eternal son :  
God's Right ! forever sealed of Truth and Life.  
And rising now to lead the fallen spheres  
The broken body of his life in heaven

Back to the place and Oneness of its frame  
 Confusion healed ; and Chaos, Babel, Babylon,  
 Seven-altared Moab and seven-hilled Rome condemned  
 Already in her Vatican ; premonished now  
 Of that which shall be—Let her victims cease ;  
 The sacrifice is past—the sacrament remains—  
 The bread and wine of peace ! assured good.  
 Infallibility's an unwashed lie !  
 The blindness, ignorance, insolence of death.  
 Return and let our sacrificial host  
 Once more let sweat atone for crimson blood.  
 And bid the saving labor of the hand  
 Bring sure salvation to God's life in earth  
 This soul and body to the pit condemned  
 From whence it rose—A nobler frame remains :  
 To be made good—awaits the moving heavens.  
 Not human skill nor providence nor help  
 The help of man but saves this mortal soul  
 To see its own damnation—take effect  
 And know its place from henceforth evermore  
 Another spirit now prevails on earth  
 The fiery baptism of saving light.  
 Not the consuming rage of death and hell  
 The flood hath quenched so long, long, long ago.  
 As suffering counts its ages—'twas but yesterday  
 Nay ; in the dawn of this immortal day  
 Of record now between the earth and heavens  
 Forever and this day—a point in space  
 A mortal pause to test vitality,  
 Of good and evil—matter, spirit, Life  
 Established now in Truth and Righteousness  
 God's Right—no son of shame ! forevermore :  
 Licentious union ; mastery of death ;—  
 But true and good a Nazarite indeed !

Loved—aye ; adored : even as a Nazarene :  
For promise of the good he now hath wrought.

But for the Victims priesthood blindly led  
And by whose blindness they perpetuate  
The accursed rites of death from day to day—  
As flies the shadow round our circling ball,  
Confounding all distinctions ; while they join,  
The revel of the murderers and prolong,  
The sufferings of the crucified : in the full light  
Of that avenging Sun ! whose seraphim ;  
Now burn to quench the rage and bleach the bones  
Of this, thrice damned, hypocrisy of guilt :  
Whose triple crown, in lord and priest and king ;—  
Aramic pride, Midian assumption, and the blood-stained  
hate

Of black Egyptian darkness ; vengeful arrogance  
Of Levi and of Amram's bitter seed ;  
Lawgivers of mankind ! for the first-born,  
Of Egypt and of Israel ; for the suffering Christ  
Held to the death of Hor and Pisgah's height ;  
The Altar of Moriah—templar sacrifice  
Of high Jerusalem, in her blood gone down ;  
But not forever like this race condemned  
To waste of desolation—evermore—  
The triumph of the shivering mortal void ;  
Chaos and hell, confusion and the pit,  
From which God's life expels the infernal power  
Of wrath and darkness to eternal night—  
Now closing over Rome—our Church and State—  
For whom red Mars and Moon impatient wait.  
For Pisgah's sign prevails in all the earth  
And brotherhoods and castes shall be no more.  
Nation nor kindred, kingdom nor idolatry  
Of statesmanship, nor law of human force ;

Ephesian legislation—Roman guilt.

But principle and Life: The Equity and Truth  
Of Heaven, on earth shall reign till all renewed  
In Justice and in Judgment's quenchless light  
That Truth embodied in the eternal spheres  
The Truth of Love, of Justice and of Right  
Mortality itself immortalized  
Quickened of Mercy and in Equity  
Judged and at one with life forevermore.  
In peace of Righteousness and Light of Love  
The Knowledge of all Goodness, Truth of Right—  
The Three in one: God's Life Omnipotent;  
Omniscient: kindling, and inspiring all.  
Suffering in Equity, in Justice crowned;  
In matter and in spirit, Love and Light  
The Omnipresent God forever blessed—  
Ah; How we linger on the grand result!

'Tis thus, expelled from Heaven this mortal Right  
When force hath failed by cunning and by fraud;  
Sustains its impotence; maintains its wrong!  
By falsehood and hypocrisy! and leads mankind  
To glory in the shame and ruin of their race:  
And crying out 'gainst violence perpetrate,  
With their own hands the violence they condemn;  
Yet threaten from the heavens, when these again shall  
rule!

Seek to appease with murder and with blood,  
The God of Peace and Truth, of Equity,  
Of Mercy and of Justice, Life and Love?  
No; But to feed the lust of selfish hate  
Which burns against all excellence all truth;  
And fears God's light, as kindling for it now  
A deeper hell from which there's no escape.  
To this infernal power they sacrifice!

For this they strive and give their goods and life !  
Training their seed to murder ! forcing them,  
In all their generations, yet to pass  
Through fire and water stained with blood of life ;  
To appease this Moloch ! whom, they prostitute  
Their sons and daughters to uphold and feed,  
In their own persons ; and as kings and lords  
Make themselves vile before a prostrate world,  
As graven images of lust and death !  
Which, worshipping : Men perish in their blood ;  
As Tongues and Kindred Nations, Peoples, Tribes,  
What name or sacrifice can save the souls  
So blindly thus, insensate, perverse, lost ?  
Madly conspiring to debase God's life  
And image, in the bodies their desire ;  
The habit of their life hath framed to bow  
To this Idolatry of Shame and Fear !  
Whose lewdness in the palace and the grove ;  
From Eden to this hour of bloated pride :  
Hath mocked the brute with apish impudence ;  
And brutalized mankind, to feast on blood.

Behold them now, as rising from the deep  
In fish and fowl, devourers of their kind !  
Spawning and hatching, living to devour  
And be devoured ; destroying life to live !  
And in the mammal tribes of earth and deep,  
As rising in intelligence, removed from death ;  
A moment just to breathe and feel their shame,  
Their eyes are opened to the living light :  
And without shame or fear, repelling sense of wrong,  
They play the leper with a savage rage,  
Till of the man, the sac alone remains !  
The flesh is wasted and the serous blood  
Preys on the bone and muscle ; and he moves

A living Grave ! at length cries out Unclean !  
 Unclean ; yet clinging to desire of life :  
 Dead : but, yet shrinking from the fear of death !  
 He feeds and burrowing in the ground breathes on :  
 A loathing—and more helpless than the worm.  
 He covereth the proud lip, that curls no more in scorn !  
 And, leprous to the vitals ! Meeting face to face  
 The fell destroyer, the fallen Lucifer  
 In his own brother man—his son and sire  
 He spurns his slothful offspring and disclaims.  
 The poor Lazar ! for being what he is,—  
 What he—not God—hath made him, for God's life  
 Is prostituted thus to bring his shame,  
 Home to the soul that leads him thus astray !  
 His sense is wounded and he turns aside,  
 With proud contempt ; nor suffereth his dogs—  
 His offspring too—and lying near his heart,  
 To lick his sores ; nor spares him of the crumbs,  
 (He hath stolen, not produced : aye, and from these !)  
 On which he feeds his servants, while he feasts  
 Upon the young and tender of his kind—  
 Their lives stolen, murdered, too—to serve his lust.  
 Made beasts, devourers,—living thus devoured ;  
 Through his offense made helpless—what they are.  
 Unfit for food of worms ? and turns him from his gate ?  
 His gate ! a moment to proclaim him damned.  
 While with his lords his wives and concubines,  
 Those more unclean—the implements of lust—  
 He sits him down, poor death's-head ! pleased to hold  
 High carnival upon the fat and strong,  
 The sharers of the feast, on whom he preys :  
 And drinks his wine from the polluted cup  
 Of temple and of Altar, mingling in their shame  
 The crimson blood—the life of their own souls !



“Mene — tekel — Upharsin” — So the WORD comes home.

For such we suffer ; and for such our dead—  
Behold their cross ! yet die ; nor say, It is enough ;  
Till this infernal rage is well condemned.  
This cross and broken body their reward—  
And worshiped—yes ; because it feeds this soul ;  
With whoredom and debasement well avenged ;  
In exposition of this mad offense !  
That vaunting holds its symbol yet before our eyes  
In the accursed tree—our glory and their shame,  
That, self-condemned, they may go out for aye ;  
For Equity ; living herself by sufferance, suffereth all.  
Therefore in Mercy Justice yet sustains  
Her suffering seed—the meek of all the earth :  
Who with the fruits of labor and of love,  
From the impassive body of our life—  
The unsuffering earth, are well content and wait  
The appointed hour of recognition—bliss !  
The knowledge and the power of living Truth—  
Eternal Right : the life and good of heaven,  
’Twas there they met in Lebanon where her range  
Beckoned to Atlas, stretching westward o’er  
The branching archipelago whose inland sea  
To west and northward laved her fruitful base,  
Crowned by the spreading Cedar’s fragrant shade :  
And, in the east and south, the Nile’s broad estuary  
Beat on her rockbound coasts and covering clothed,  
With kindlier soil the desert’s barren shores :  
Where Palm and Fig, the orange and the vine,  
Rejoiced in the broad olive’s peaceful shade,  
Whose limbs were yet unscarred by resting foot,  
Of the industrious beater : where the sycamore  
Gave shelter to the vale and in the chosen glades

The almond and the pomegranate, together bloomed  
secure.

Here Asia's fiery steeds and brawny Bulls  
Of Europe, led and drove their female herds ;  
Encroaching upon Sheba's fair domain.  
Where first the wild ass learned to spurn his load  
And the meek camel bowed until her spine  
Was arched into a hunch, and the white teeth  
Would gleam in fierce protest against the increase  
Of her oppressive burden. Here too, first came  
Baalzephous northern lord, a fugitive  
Alone or with his bride, who with him fled  
To escape the hateful lust of a loathed mastery  
That, like the leader of the herd, on force relied  
Nor sought another bond ; but fed desire  
With license, till his lust consumed his frame.  
A tiller of the ground or keeper of the range  
Of brook or tree, led planted by his hand  
By use and cultivation justly, held his own  
With all that it sustained watered and fed :  
Well for the Husbandman :—It made the lord  
The leper and the adulterer, he was and is.  
And, chiefly, were they rangers of the glades  
Each with his female herd, feeding his young ;  
And fiercely jealous, driving forth their males,  
To herd with beasts less savage than themselves  
And force or steal a helpmeet for their care  
Of the weaned young, unbroken to the yoke ;  
Who bowed before one father as their lord :  
Their keeper husband, in their turn, and judge.

Thus as their males matured, they would escape  
Each with a mate if possible, and seek  
A distant glade where he might live secure  
Plant his own garden home, be husband lord :

And when pursued would stand on his defense,  
Till murder and concision filled the earth.

Thus fat and strong, in heyday of their strength  
Became corrupt ; the woman was enslaved  
And held to labor to sustain her lord—  
And gloried in her shame, his brutal bulk :  
Herself thus brutalized to loathing of her life !—  
And so, she too would fly, escape, go forth  
With the impatient, forward of her sons  
Nay ; train them for this purpose and to save  
Virility and manhood to their blood.  
Thus of their fugitives the earth was filled  
Westward and to the south. For from the east,  
Upon the tardier shoulders of earth's ball  
Toward the north ; the breathing place of strife  
For blood, the broth of hell, hath been prepared ;  
And, when the ecliptic circle is complete,  
The balanced orb shall move again direct  
Toward the healing sun ; the channels of the deep  
All opened, and restored to life and Truth.  
Then shall the healing waters north and south  
Again divide and separate as of old  
Pharaoh's proud daughter, who is of the north,  
From Sheba's queen the Ethiopë of the south ;  
And the conceiver, Truth of woman's life,  
Be all approved in either hemisphere,  
And Solomon's false seal be swept away,  
And prostitution of the evil cease :  
And brained Invention and the hairy scalp  
Of animal desire, condemned find place  
No more in moonlit shadows on the void ;  
The dreamy moody soul of idle thought  
Outcast shall join the nebulæ of the waste :  
Moonless and starless there forevermore.

Sunlight absorbing, joining, healing all ;  
Our crystal bodies then renewed, inspired ;  
All heart ! shall move forever in the spheres ;  
Rejoicing all with Light and Good and Peace.

But first must pass away the evil thought  
And lewd desire, enslavers of the soul !  
The beast and hypocrite with Mars and Moon  
Mastery and lordship of mankind from earth  
The vile debasers of God's suffering life  
In woman given, to give the dead their choice.  
So the loved one of Eden from the South  
In pity of the leper sought to save ;  
And taught his son in Chastity of Truth,  
In right of Equity and love of peace  
To judge between the evil and the good  
And choose a fitting mate of his own kind ;  
Even as the herds and flocks and beasts of earth  
Are mated and sustain their several tribes,  
Warring with want, oppression, evil, doom ;  
While their poor instinct can a life sustain.

And she betrothed her daughter to his son,  
All that remained to them of life and good,  
In their old age for none had come or gone ;  
Since that dark day of cloud and fire and smoke  
That seemed to isolate and clothe the earth  
In primal gloom and loneliness of night.  
Hers was the heritage and his the toil  
In giving to his life fair trial to sustain  
And test its high supremacy for good ;  
She equal, helpmeet, he her sealing Lord,  
Whose soul was to be tried on earth as in the heavens ;  
And purified from selfishness of lust and hate.  
She loved her Lord ; desire o'erpowered her soul ;  
He coveted the heritage—her love :

And therefore, without naming of desire  
Or giving purpose, outline to their thought  
They came together as the beasts of earth ;  
Debasing knowledge life and every good  
To mere existence, flesh and blood of shame :  
Not husbandman and weigher of God's life  
Wedded in equal Justice ordered Right—  
But unrestrained desire, ambition's selfishness.  
The base Idolatry which still prevails !  
Misled their inexperience, drove them forth  
As murderers and adulterers ; whoredom's seed !  
Thus without training or provision sought,  
With bastard brood of instinct not of life ;  
Armed with contemptuous heel and goring horn,  
To overrun their Eden with brute force ;  
And in old age thrust out their Lord and God  
The givers and sustainers of their life ;  
Nay ; healers, saviours ! For the leper healed  
Assists the woman : and sustains her rule  
In paths of peace and duty, equal love  
Training their sons in Equity to prove  
By labor and sustaining of the better soul  
Of mate and Mother in the higher aims  
Of sweet obedience confidence of love.  
They yet remembered loved their loftier strain  
Of Crystal purity, Immortal Truth :  
The disobedient banishing with blame,  
Taming the herds and flocks to feed their youth  
With butter, cheese of kine ; before the fire and flood  
This blackness ; rush of waters had laid waste  
The rocky Araby ; or judgment plowed  
The Red Sea's channel to the open straits,  
Of the far Indian Ocean ; where the river flowed  
From the Egyptian lake, and Lebanon's inland sea

Clear, calm, and full, refreshing all with life!  
 From the fair Ethiopia's fertile plains  
 From Eden and the farther North and West  
 Where milk and honey fruits and fragrant gums  
 Followed their course with gladness life from death.  
 And from the South the happy daughters brought  
 Their healing stores to meet subdue the war  
 Of hate, of leprosy, of fear and death;  
 From the volcanic slopes and more uncertain climes  
 Of frozen Europe, Asia's northern steppes;  
 And thirsty plains where vagrant seething life  
 Without a change—wasted of chronic war  
 Of pestilence disease; and fatal superstition formal death  
 Intensely wearied of a conscious dream  
 Of endless misconception—mad desire  
 Inchoate aspirations; formless brood  
 Of giant energy; material force  
 Can neither wield nor fathom: clothed awhile,  
 In the huge forms which their own instincts gave;  
 Waking from horrid dreams of war and strife  
 And burning to devour as in the pit:  
 A burden to themselves; which quickly passed away  
 Mocked of our crystal life whose combined energy  
 With measured song played round their hapless weight  
 And saw it fall in its own helplessness:  
 While kindling in the sunbeam these yet play  
 Increasing strength—kindling and answering to the spark-  
     ling stars.  
 With a diffusive daylight; marvelous life  
 Breathing in lightnings, tossed of roving winds  
 Sleeping in snowdrifts on the wintry waste:  
 Hugging a sepulture of barren rock;  
 It wakes to life and light and wafts away;  
 To heal the salted deep be kindled in the heavens.

So the swift round of seasons pass away  
From Chaos to the void ; from separation of the elements

Mingled, devoured of mortal heat and strife ;  
In starry hosts and mooning, burning heart ;  
Wrapped in the blackness of eternal night  
Till the outcasting of the molten core  
Repeated thrice upon the crowded waste  
Revealed the planetary spheres—and earth  
Exhausted and yet kindling ; thus renewed ;  
To hearing, sight, life, light, the joy of heaven :  
In all save this proof spirit of her life  
Which fretting wars between our firmament  
The depths of watery, atmospheric light  
And death and darkness of the cryptic ball,  
Whose cells, and domes, and spires disturb the night ;  
With shadows, and with thought of grave and hell,  
That awes and stirs their blood in its alarms !  
Mocked of the deviltry that in it burns,  
And mimics in its masonry their gloom !  
And false defense of murder and of strife ;  
It walls and groins confining to its doom.  
O'er which our healed are massed in clouds to fall  
As the sweet dews of heaven—refreshing rain—  
Or hoar-frost's chilling, rending, cold, embrace :  
Which through and from the fifth day, fills with moving forms

The concave firmament and basined deep.  
And gives them food and light—the opportunity  
And means to prove their worth for life or death :  
The abodes of heaven or vapors of the void.

Thus doth God's Justice in the aërial firmament  
Give Equity and Right their day on earth  
In Mercy and in Judgment to approve

Or to condemn their souls involved in war  
 As seeking Truth and Light or aiding still  
 Condemned Invention and Mechanic skill  
 Whose weird and weary phosphorescent soul  
 Their waking dream beholds wasting their force  
 In rage of feverish blood and froth of flesh  
 Pinned, jointed, harnessed to defend and save  
 A worthless and destroying soul from death  
 And lift it from the deep its living grave ;  
 From which its wakeful mocking prey took wing  
 Or choked with arrowy swarming forms his life ;  
 As minnows of the deep on which he fed—  
 His gross rotundity and mortal might :  
 Falling as from the heavens, of its own weight :  
 His living and his help escaped with life.  
 His Soul a wandering ghost ; a disembodied shade,  
 The frozen North reveals in bristling spears  
 Of fancied light that moving strike and hiss  
 Like adders' tongues against imagined foes  
 Hurling the fearful shadows of the night  
 With yet more empty terrors on the void ;  
 That breaks the circle of his mooning power  
 The balefire of his being : centred in one desire  
 A hoped escape ! more hopeless than the grave :  
 Which swalloweth all his soul can know of sense  
 The glare, the grossness, emptiness of lust  
 A spider's worthless web—a crazed and weary brain ;  
 Answering no more to its own imagery !—  
 The purpose of invention to sustain  
 Its broken Idol, the poor self, a dream !  
 A vision of the night, vanished passed away.

'Twas thus they met on Lebanon ; life and death  
 Brute force and pure desire ; the principle  
 And purpose of intelligence, quick thought,



That like our crystal life in heaven, surveyeth all  
Measures its action and so speeds God's word  
Kindling and flashing to its yea and nay,  
As North or South—a negative release  
Or succor and sound strength, the sustenance  
Of saving help, is needed to prevail  
Against insidious waste or active force.  
The frozen North, lumpish and cold as hoar-frost or  
decay;

Living by suction like the leech: The South  
In God's pure Equity and warmth of light  
Training her simple sons, improvident  
And listless in the fervor of their blood:  
Black as the brooding night from which they rose,  
Careless of all save shade indulgent ease;  
To share the labor and to taste the joys  
Of hearing and obedience to her love,  
Who giveth life; our substance to inspire  
With matchless momentary bliss! the equipoise  
Of perfect being and immortal rest:  
Not sleep; nor pause of death; but perfect life  
The harmony of motion; the eternal song  
Of the rapt spheres that constant move aright;  
In Equity and Justice, Truth and Love:  
Nor will, desire; nor thought of aught, save these;  
Whose cherubim and seraphim keep watch and ward  
Constant as sunlight; clear as falling dews  
Around the throne of Life and Truth—the Right—  
Integrity of Righteousness which trieth all  
And giveth light and joy, the effect of these,  
To all the living whose rejoicing is  
In the transmission of this joy to all;  
The reflex of his Light embodied life;  
The perfect motion, the pure ecstasy,

Of Equity and Truth abounding love in all.  
Which the deluding purpose of man's Right—  
A narrow selfishness ! the pit, the grave :  
Destroys, devours, confines, emasculates  
To misty *nebulæ* or wandering stars  
Nerveless and trailing, heartless on the void ;  
Or confined in the swift involving womb  
Of planetary system without life :  
Hazing and mooning in the light of heaven ;  
Yea in God's sunlight living to devour.

So they met ; the woman and the man  
Confiding life and this mechanic form,  
Existing in obstruction ; building upon  
The body of this death ; Its puppet life  
Headed and heeled, hinged-jointed, hanging on  
The silver-corded spine ; fed from the golden bowl,—  
The fatness of the belly and its lusts :  
The eager heart in its impulsive throbs  
The measure and the fullness of its life,  
Whose nervous harp-strings, quiver to the touch  
And fever of its blood unknowing rest ;  
Or joy or peace of life or love, or hope  
Of immortality or nothingness, save through  
The open gates of death ; the yawning void.  
For hell hath passed away and the poor, hungry grave  
Is weary of its flesh and blood ; the froth  
Of Chaos and confusion, simmering—  
A fretting sore,—on the fair bosom of the peaceful earth,  
Our paradise, already half restored.

She saw his sons, browbeat and worn with toil,  
Driven forth with age and of disease consumed,  
To till the ground and gather for their lord,  
And for the paramours his lust preserved  
With jealous care, the fruit of herb and tree.

Thus were their youth debased and separate burned,  
With an intense unnatural desire,  
That sought in prostitution to appease  
Its loathsome appetite. And many fled,  
But only to repeat the foul excess ;  
Till rank disease and leprosy prevailed.  
She brought him healing as we have said and seen,  
In milk of kine and fruit of herb and tree  
Prepared unto her hand in fertile glades,  
By waters of the south and west refreshed  
She gave her life and trained her daughters, sons,  
To taste the health of chaste desire to know the round  
Of ready duty, sweet parental care ;  
New to his breast, and healing to his soul ;  
But soon they were deserted or had others brought  
To share their life's one joy ! The knowledge care of life.  
Quickly her sons too turned aside, rebelled  
By their example and betrayed their trust ;  
The choice divine of a chaste preference,  
And God-like impulse of paternal love.  
And so confusion came and strife and hate,  
Embittered life, and rage of lust and death ;  
Famine and pestilence, riot and disease ;  
The darkness that precedes the dawning light  
Of the advancing day—the seventh, its eve now past ;  
With premonition of a kindling heat  
That made the forests droop ; a film of mist,  
Pervade the atmosphere obscure its light ;  
And an unhealthy damp, the mildew's breath  
Rest with the touch of death on herb and tree.  
Again her subterranean fires disquiet the earth,  
And watchful lightnings answer from the cloud  
With challenge and reply of coming war ;  
Yet new to flesh and blood ; the breath of life.

But a deep sympathy with living Truth,  
 A sense of Justice the calm pure reflex  
 Of crystal life ; which, resting in the heart,  
 Gives back the incidence of living light  
 With quick assurance of a power divine ;  
 The spirit of all Truth : the word of Life,  
 Fulfilling all things and in all fulfilled.  
 Led forth a nobler pair, as we have seen ;  
 From the impure vicinity of lust,  
 And muttering wrath and the unwonted play  
 Of the avenging lightnings of the just  
 Who from that sun behold, and prompt the stroke  
 Of our quick watchful hosts against the shade  
 Of threatening evil ; the metallic power  
 Of dull inflamed desire ; that rising from the pit,  
 Seeks to ascend on high ; to escape or to corrupt,  
 Our purer atmosphere, life-giving light,  
 With their uncertain glare and stolid heat.  
 These with their household sought high Ararat ;  
 Where white-robed Justice sits enthroned on earth ;  
 Above the clouds and storms of this weird war  
 Of death and hell—to human souls confined,  
 And the brute instincts of their flesh and blood :  
 The dread-uncertainty of mortal wrong  
 Which in iniquity yet wraps its power :  
 Upholding force for right ; refusing to be taught,  
 By stern experience, the quick chastisement  
 Of death and dissolution, sure decay :—  
 Destruction and subjection to the power  
 Of Moloch whom they worship in the fire  
 Of their destroying rage in field and deep.

They sought the higher ranges of the mount  
 Above the forest shade, where they could watch  
 The turmoil of the plain ; changing its tides

With the inconstant moon: that seems to lead  
The hosts of heaven, but in reality  
Is an intruder mocking with the glare  
Of borrowed light; their steady watchful rays,  
The reflex of God's Truth that lights our sun.  
To these by pure desire of life were born  
A son and daughter, Righteousness and Right.  
He in integrity of heart was raised  
And earnest Truth omnipotent on high:  
Became conversant with the way of life  
In reptile bird and beast and creeping thing;  
Clothed each according too its heart's desire,  
By force of habit—instinct; following its kind  
In motion life and living; treading in their steps  
As clean or unclean—cruel or merciful:  
According to their living and their life.  
For on these rested all of taste or choice  
The leading of desire—embodied form,  
That from this leading instinct names the head,  
Mechanical appliance of hand, foot and wing,  
Devouring beak and maw of touch and taste,  
The fitness and discernment of the heart:  
Sweetness of beauty, peacefulness of love,  
The cleanness, crystal purity of Truth;  
Integrity of Right, balanced in Equity,  
In the full quickening soul of every form;  
The water, atmosphere, the light of heaven—  
Man groweth from desire; matures from constant use  
The joyous heart of youth finds life in all;  
But subject to the gross rebellious blood—  
Lustful and cruel—fierce as the fires of hell  
From which it hath escaped to war on earth:  
The soul and base of motion, feeling, life;  
The animal desire that burns to brutalize

And to enslave to belly and to brain,  
 The dull invention, craving helplessness,  
 The beastly appetites of grosser sense !  
 That lords it over all ; sweeping the nervous chords.  
 Till weariness and death bring wished release ;  
 And bids it from that counterpart of him,  
 Of whom this frothy forms the negative,  
 Inspire with instinct all it can resolve.  
 Of positive existence—self-sustaining power ;  
 Of independence—here its weakness rests ;  
 'Tis all dependence—want—salvation, help its cry !  
 But disobedience—wrong, forbids this help  
 And as a reason shows this waste of life  
 This prostitution of all Truth, Right, Love !  
 To feed what cannot of itself exist  
 But preys upon itself ; devours ; obstructs to live  
 And being thus dependent—of necessity—  
 Obedience is salvation—For the higher power  
 That bids all grow and flourish even in death  
 Will not be mocked and wounded of this sore ;  
 But cuts it off with all who use its sting—  
 The poison of all life—the leprosy of death.  
 Truth is enduring and Immaculate !  
 And Right her Son Eternal in the heavens :  
 The moving soul is Justice, Equity  
 The light of life embodied here and there—  
 Inspiring every crystal form of Life  
 That hearing, seeing is attent to principles  
 Framed in those terms sustaining ordering all  
 And self-sustained Omnipotent ; divine !  
 In every faculty of Being, Life ;  
 Immortal and revealing all we know  
 Of Thought or sense—of Independence, Immortality !  
 Deliverance from this slavery of death.

Hearing and seeing this in all around,  
Those called "Elohim" living witnesses  
Of Living Truth ; the ordering of God's Right :  
Themselves instructed ; taught their willing Son  
By this mortality and beastly waste  
To know the enduring—reverence the good  
Nor touch the "Tree of life," until their daughter  
grown  
Endowed by quick intelligence of thought  
To know all Righteousness, that thus revealed  
Ariseth constant as the sun and star  
Giving sustaining life in every form—  
And shun as death—the whisperings of all doubts  
In that which she conceives—For how conceive aright  
While yet herself in doubt ? With what integrity  
Give understanding life to that which she conceives ?  
Or lead it in the paths of Truth and light.  
Thus Eve became a murderess in her son  
And Adam's Silence sealed the outrageous birth  
In coveting possession of her dower ;  
The lordship independence of the man—  
Without the Truthful labor, love of Right  
On which possession—Life itself depends !  
From day to day from hour to hour through all Eternity ;  
God and his worshipers this life sustain  
By momentary impulse quickening help :  
How then dare man in indolence repose  
And hope to live in heaven or earth or hell ?  
The Justice of the void repels all life—  
That is not self-sustaining—Holds accursed !  
As upon Hor and Horeb here on earth—  
The molten calf of indolence and lust.  
Therefore is Adam, this now added one  
To Lucifer, he worships thus on earth

A fugitive and vagabond condemned  
Of his own heart already—hid away  
From sentence of the Judgment his own soul hath passed  
On the accursed deed ! betrayal of God's life—  
Conceived in doubt and sealed a living lie ;  
A murder and idolatry of selfish wrong.  
Iniquity enduring to this end ; now sped !  
Expulsion, condemnation, evermore.

Thus the rebellious soul of heedless youth  
Involves again old age in misery—  
Hurls down the triumph gratitude and praise  
Of life-long labor well sustained of love ;  
The sweet experience of dependent faith :  
And proof of life begins anew in all ;  
Under the father's curse, unheeding tears  
And suffering of a mother for a doubt conceived.  
A murderer born ; the Tree of life profaned !

Behold it here : From leprosy redeemed  
His eyes now opened and his ears attent  
The Father labored led of his just spouse  
To fill their Garden-home with providence  
Of every healing herb and living tree  
" Whose Seed is in itself ;" sustaining its own life ;  
In simple Equity with healing care  
Removed thus far from evil and from shame  
And healed within himself—Convinced of wrong ;  
By foul disease ; wasting of flesh and blood.  
Betrayed in his own Seed ; despised, defied.  
Mocked in his life, robbed of his Love and Truth,  
His heritage laid open to the waste  
Of Murder ; Indolence : The careless brood  
Of base desire, incompetence and Lust,  
His heart was sad ; his soul within him burned  
With sense of wrong of his own blood thus spread.



Of labor wasted—principle despised  
And Life and Good, on ordered life that wait ;  
Thus heedless for a shadow cast away :  
A birth Consumed to ashes in his heart.  
A darkness and a gloom o'er Eden spread  
The shadow of ingratitude, of evil thus gone forth  
From his own bowels confounding all his life—  
Hypocrisy had triumphed—power of hell  
Invention ! Mocked God's Mercy, Life and Truth,  
They saw their son and daughter in their shame ;  
Cursed the hypocrisy of vile desire !  
Declaring the result to which it leads :  
And to the Mount retired in fear and grief.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### PHASES OF LIFE AND DEATH.

'Twas then that waxing bold the infernal fires  
Challenged the waiting hosts that in the firmament,  
The heaven of earth, prepare unseen the way  
Of Truth and Right and keep the Tree of Life  
From the corruption of the pit's foul breath ;  
By liberating all to breathe the light—  
The emancipation of God's life—and loathe  
The shadow of this evil—cruel metallic bands  
Encircling in their glittering folds the spheres  
Of planetary being—Like the lingering Moon ;  
Spreading the baleful influence of their Shade  
The Upas of all life—the breath of death—  
O'er herb and tree : Corrupting in its fountains the red  
blood.

Drawn from perennial springs of Mercy's life  
Itself corrupted of metallic death—  
In the mixed rock as yet of rust devoured—  
And flushed to give its strength—refresh the earth  
To dust and ashes ground from bitter depths,  
Of hidden strife—Consumption of the grave  
Forcing obstruction on our coral bands  
Yet for a moment ; when all shall be free.  
Ah ; How we pray for Judgment's high release !  
When Justice to the line ; and to the plummet laid  
God's Righteousness shall rule forever—evermore.

So now we watch and wait ; and welcome war ;  
Of power restrained, of hope so long deferred :

Impatient of the wrong ! And lo ; It comes.  
In high sympathy ; with suffering humanity in all its chords,  
The earth already trembles ! See that northern cloud :  
Hark ; to the rush of wings ! Oh, Misery of death !  
'Tis but a change of posts, not the alarm,  
The coming breath of life ; that moves the heavens.  
There White-robed Justice sits in Equity,  
Now on thy watch-tower's height, High Ararat !  
'Tis ours to keep our Ward in death and life.  
Our God we wait attent : Come, but thy word !  
'Tis but the fretting of infernal rage—  
The bursting of a bubble : See, our hosts  
Disband already to their separate wards—  
Nay ; Still it is attention ! and their circling ranks  
Pause terrible ; to bid destruction rave—  
And give the fiend his own. Behold the glare  
Of his destroying fire, whose light is death !  
The bitterness of ashes and the waste  
Of howling desolation ; answering to the void.  
Lo, where it spreads ! Quick ; let us stir our ward,  
For Lebanon to her centre shakes the earth ;  
But, Mercy holds her own and will not yield.  
Where Misriam's waters lave the solid base ;  
Even in the glare and Vortex of the Strife !  
Her throne is fixed and—Ha ; the mountain parts :  
Our hosts deploy toward the north and east,  
Her Hold's secure—but Atlas is exposed !  
No ; No, Hell fears the reflex of that watchful host,  
And to the pit the Infernal powers descend :  
Their smoke ariseth and the heavens ablaze  
Hurl back the foul oblation of their lust.  
Now, the fierce whirlwind of our charging hosts  
Disperse the flames, and give the woods their prey.  
Oh ; Earth, Earth ; Earth ; Thy hearing is in Vain !

The ears ye give are stopped ; the eyes are blind :  
 Nor man, nor beast, will see and understand,  
 Hear or obey his word ; until the end's upon them :  
 Then afright and panic is their stay ! " Awake ; ye dead,  
 And God will give you life." Behold,  
 The West of Eden goeth down again  
 To chaos and to hell—the night of death—  
 Seethes, like the pit ! destruction hath its own ;  
 And widowed Mercy weeps her offspring fallen.  
 Yet doth she claim this mountain as her own,  
 And here again the rage of death is stayed :  
 Here she will sit and Circumcise the earth  
 Until its utmost bounds yield to her sway.  
 Now Ararat ; her fugitives are thine !  
 Keep well thy charge : The day will come again  
 When from the north and west, and farther south ;  
 Even as this rushing flame, her life shall come  
 Inquiring after Truth ; and seeking Peace ;  
 Her Right is with us—Understanding hence  
 As yet, a child goeth forth to lead their search  
 And give them the desired repose and life.  
 Aye ; life and living light shall come again,  
 The Equity of heaven : which for to-day,  
 As Mercy ; stands reprov'd, yet confident :  
 And gives the generations of her life  
 Unmurmuring to the pit—death and the grave—  
 That all may be restored : Her triumph sure ;  
 Beyond seductive reach of flattery, power,  
 Or lie of liberty, religion, law,  
 Iniquity of hell : to bind God's love,  
 And let the wicked riot o'er his life.  
 Obedience is our law—bliss our reward—  
 Immortal life ; the glory of his Throne !  
 Eternal in the heavens secured to all :

The Omnipotent, Himself—our Minister !  
An Omnipresent God sustaining all :  
The belly of this hell seeks to devour.

Behold ; it comes ! a breathless tongue of fire,  
Leaping and raging—nothing to restrain—  
The fierceness of its wrath ; the earth its prey.  
Yet here we sit secure : and when those breathing hosts ;  
That urge it on—obedient to command,  
Have done Obeisance ! and withdraw their force,  
The groveling, fearful thing, will lick the dust ;  
A serpent, as it is : and hissing disappear ;  
Before the touch—the cool refreshing touch ;  
Of these frail, fragile snow-flakes of the heights,  
That now make haste to give their souls to death  
In rippling streams on earth, and from the heavens,  
Falling like dew upon the herb : their joy.  
To cool and to refresh, this fevered life  
Now raging to devour, with constant death ;  
To bring their daily offering, to a thing  
That goeth out as smoke ;—polluting vapor,  
Which our crystal life ; whose blood it would devour !  
Hurls back indignant—with the lightning's flash  
To its more fit abode—the darkness of the pit,  
Whose blank obscurity it shares with death,  
The gaunt and lying spectre of the void !

Aye ; this is wickedness ! Invention's power :  
And, even so ; from heaven at first it fell !  
Our witnesses remain in sight of all,  
These planetary spheres, each with its rings and globe,  
Repeated symbols of the sodden heart,  
And its entombing cycles ; the sole sign  
Of death on death : endurance without end—  
Eternal suffering—smoke, vapor stone ;  
The body of its being, and the soul

Confusion, impotence, an empty boast :  
 The utter helplessness, the bitterness of Being in itself,  
 Without the principle which giveth power  
 Enjoyment to God's life,—enduring peace and light ;  
 In Truth and deed : and which, upheld in Equity  
 The Righteousness of right—in Being, Life ;  
 Is just and Good : the very God we love.  
 But in Iniquity and selfishness—the Idolatry,  
 That rules mankind on earth—Is wickedness and death.  
 Bombastuous, empty thing ! whose end we see  
 Thus blazoning forth their shame upon the void  
 In sunlight of the heavens—as moons and stars ;  
 The tombs of Equity's unrighted sphere ;  
 A witness and a warning to all life,  
 In firmament and void—death's planetary realm,  
 Of his Omnipotence—Infinitude !  
 Who giveth liberty and space to all  
 To every purpose, will and sense of right ;  
 And seeketh not a body for himself  
 But gives his glory and his power to all,  
 Who will obey his life and high behest ;  
 His purpose, that all Being shall be blessed !  
 Its worship his reward ; the obedience of the deed  
 Their bliss perennial ; His eternal joy :  
 The glory of the spheres—the life of heaven—  
 Immortal and unchanging—ever new—  
 Expectant, young,—dependent on the will  
 And by consent of all—alone, made possible.  
 Therefore ; his care, in thus exposing wickedness  
 This brazen impudence, devouring guilt ;  
 Last miserable tag ! of beings bannered all :  
 So flaunting, and so proud, before the winds of heaven,  
 The motion of its life, its light, its praise  
 Obedient service of his ministry—

It would yet hold dependent on its fall  
The force of weight—falling forever—fallen,  
From where and whence—none knoweth:  
Yet their life—depending on this death,  
Confusion, terror, and dismay of wrong—  
They seek within itself—the living power—  
Atoms in atoms—emptiness: the void:  
And living atoms; would possess the whole!  
Each for his puerile being, sottish sense  
To play the insect, reptile, beast and brute;  
Classed logically, leper, dog, and ape!  
The famed gorilla master lord of all;  
As in Jerusalem and Damascus, under Lebanon  
And beyond Ararat, in the farther east  
Where apes are worshiped, elephants adored;  
And Juggernaut's a warning still led forth,  
Leaving to the far west the serpent's house.  
Thou first of Continents, Columbia: Hail!  
Guardian of the Pacific holding back  
The Débris of the East: whose Judgment passed,  
From East to West, between the Husband wife;  
The sister and the brother, now returns  
To prey upon itself and nations dead,  
Whilst thine upheld between the North and South;  
The man and woman, youth experienced age;  
The mother and the daughter, father, son;  
The just relations of man's life restores.

What hath possession wrought? From Sinai's height:  
Where the first Patriarchate was resigned  
Of the High Elamite, Jehovah; Lord;  
As standing for the Justice of the Heavens  
Between the North and South; establishing  
The law and Judgment of the Lord and God  
The Equity of Mercy, Truth of Love

Between the nations tabernacled there  
 In sons and daughters—brothers, sisters met  
 For Amram, Jochebed already dead ;  
 All question of the lordship is resigned,  
 And Moses outcast of the East received  
 And wedded to her daughter Sheba's Queen  
 Returning from far Ararat to bless  
 Her sons redeemed from Misriam's wasting tide ;  
 In Zipporah the Hagar, Esther of her day.  
 But Aaron Miriam against Hobab set  
 With Syrian pride refused, the desert son  
 Of Jethro in return : And in the wilderness  
 Sought to establish traffic and sustain  
 Their lives of golden calves—the molten images  
 Of death ; to which their souls, so far redeemed  
 With blood already, were again condemned :  
 For all that generation sanctioning  
 The brotherhood of nations—pride of race  
 Whose common soul through beast and reptile flows  
 Through leper dog and ape ; the serpent brood,  
 Who claimed it first in Eden, to its source  
 The seething of the pit, resilience of the abyss :  
 The chaos of confusion, towered on Shinar's plain ;  
 Chased by the Red Sea to the seething " Nile"  
 Eyeless and dead ; and, by Moriah's height,  
 Passed before Lebanon to Babylon back,  
 Returning thence to Rome—undoing all.  
 A murderer of her brother, in poor Cain accursed  
 Of Adam's secret purpose in his blood ;  
 A murderer of the nations cursed again in Rome  
 The Purpled circumciser of the earth  
 Changer of times and laws herself unchanged  
 Even as the changing moon ; yet monolithed,  
 In Cleopatra, Egypt—Jezebel



And Babylon—Babel—"Babylon the Great ;"  
While in the "old paths" yet, the earth moves on,  
The Heavens still ruling: Equity supreme  
And Justice keeping rule from sunlit Ararat—  
To Israel, helpers of the God of Truth  
Is the possession of the earth for aye ;  
Through labor ; sweat of blood, secured and blessed,  
And he their leader, "Lord ;" whose son hath now,  
Conceived the foul design to rob  
His Sister and God's life! of chastity, estate ;  
Love, purity and truth ; enduring good :  
Of council on the mercy-seat of Equity ;  
Returns to Judge and to condemn his own.  
Even as from Heaven God's Truth expelled his son  
Mechanic Right ; who ruled, as now on earth,  
The sphere of Equity and Saving help  
The Medes' abode, in mansions of the blessed !

He hath told them the results of base and foul desire  
Of indolence and lust and now by sacrifice  
Foreshadows what they shall become, remain ;  
By following the instincts of the beast  
Serving the grossness of a soul condemned  
And passed upon the void, that man himself may see  
And Justify the Judgment of the heavens :  
Till time shall be no more ; nor power of change,  
But the Eternal heavens resume their sway.  
He clothes them in the skins of hapless flocks  
They worship as their gods ; in following desire,  
He makes them eat, the loathsome flesh and blood  
To which they gave obedience, stand enslaved ;  
Refusing to obey the Word of Life.  
Degraded thus and loathing their own souls  
He sends them from his presence—drives them forth,  
To herd with beasts and brutalize the earth

By war and savage instinct of their wants  
 Untaught to till the soil and nurse the herb and tree  
 The passive life by which in heaven they live—  
 That gives them ways to walk in homes and rest :  
 For succor of his Seraphim, God's warring hosts.  
 And passing on themselves to Lebanon  
 Saw all the ruin wickedness had wrought :  
 Returning by the promptings of God's Life ;  
 In time to challenge Cain and soothe his blood,  
 By the approval of his brother's choice ;  
 Who trained the beast to service, led it forth  
 To clothe his mother, sisters, shame and Guilt.

Possession, Riches ; Right, the prey of la !  
 A simple interjection, powerless in itself,  
 Without obedience and consent of all—  
 Save by the stroke of murder, as in Cain,  
 The force of hell—this monstrous pretense ;  
 Of kingly judgment priestly sacrifice,  
 Whose discedence is Abel suffering under Cain,  
 The Christ a sacrifice to beast and brute  
 Who feed on their own souls—the flesh and blood ;  
 As in the pit the infernal hosts are fed.  
 Boastful possession—right of self-defense  
 The powerful and the weak the prey of strength ;  
 Of cunning and invention, every evil power.  
 Till now two weeks are numbered in the heavens  
 One since told o'er on earth—all to-day ;  
 The Sabbath rest of Judgment ; and their walk  
 All well fulfilled : establishing, they say,  
 The beast the father of the man—'Tis well :  
 The heavens are justified, his soul condemned—  
 Of his own mouth and deed ! what more remains ?  
 Permissive power of Equity and Right  
 And stern repressive judgment of the wrong ;

In Truth and Justice outcast evermore.  
No more a vain pretense, deception, the foul lie  
Of empty arrogance ; thrice-damned hypocrisy ;  
Presumption, ignorance, hate, superstition, lust ;  
Self-worship—baseless, base Idolatry  
The saviour of itself ; its worthless souls—  
Unjust, unrighteous as iniquitous ;  
And to the simple now conformed—a lie :  
Since death and wickedness have had their day  
Of service and accord to prove virility  
Before the virgin principles of life  
And fail and fall, condemned, accursed for aye  
Building on prostitution as of old !  
And sacrifice and rage as in the heavens,  
When this proud Lucifer first sought the crown :  
And Cain by murder claimed his heritage.  
We see before us dead—a planetary host ;  
The murderer, the victim of his lust,  
The prey of his own offspring—after its own kind.

The leper healed—the sexual war now closed  
By closing of the womb on further strife—  
Though Saxons with their angles first prevail ;  
Embodying brute and ape, the insensate lewd result  
From the stained fountain and the base of guilt  
In seed of outcast Cain, who seek to square their wrong.  
God's Truth and Justice, Equity and Right  
Demanding Mercy shall be heard for all—  
Even to the bitter dregs of Mars and Moon,  
And the last pleading syllable of hate ;  
Till, as we have seen, the rock itself gives way  
And death and hell, as in the Lebanon,  
Withdraw, in fear, before the kindling light  
Of patient Truth ; whose audible Amen !  
Is the conviction of the lightning's flash,

Enlightening to destroy all wickedness ;  
 To bind it now forever ! and hurl back  
 The beast and hypocrite with sex and lust  
 Invention numbers, genealogy—  
 All fiction, sufferance, wrong, iniquity,  
 Injustice, upon oath of law and death.

Letters and learning have fulfilled their work  
 And purpose ; of obscuring to this hour  
 The light of Truth : until the fallen heavens,  
 The broken rock and helplessness of war,  
 Proclaim together in our sight ; The baselessness  
 Of all soul power, without the Truth of Life  
 The Right of Equity, the Justice of the heavens ;  
 The principles, so long proclaimed on earth  
 As one and three—to seven, and ten, and twelve—  
 The male and female, evil with the good—  
 Till the dead sea—the ruin of excess !  
 Condemns forever, lust and wrath and hate—  
 Engraving on the understanding heart  
 Through eye and ear forever and this day,  
 The curse of braided Invention, rottenness of waste ;  
 The utter impotence of force and might !  
 By heat or violence to restrain his power—  
 The Power of Principle and Light of Life—  
 Or touch its secret with the vulgar arts  
 Of Reconstruction, Science, Law, Authority ;  
 Religion ; Imagery or proof of Might—  
 That toucheth to destroy : The power of Death :  
 The fond familiars men so idolize  
 And woman worships as her wished-for lord.

The lawgiver and brotherhoods cut off  
 Even in the plains of Moab ; before the tide,  
 Of Jordan's swollen flood hath yet been passed :  
 The nations perishing, the Jew condemned,

Ephraim enslaved, the tribes of Israel lost ;  
The Gentile reconciled by pagan rite ;  
And Druid sacrifice of human blood !  
By Levi's wrath condemned on Calvary's height  
The seal of his damnation evermore  
As Rome now perisheth—Infallible !  
The lie ; blazoned in purple on her garments stained  
With blood of men and nations—this avenged  
That writes her Mother of Man's Hierarchy  
Jerusalem—The great Babylon condemned—  
Of God and Man ! a prostituting power :  
Confusion, and dispersion—death and hell  
Waits on her steps, the nurse of war and strife  
A spurious pa-pa-cy ! like Ammon, Moab ;  
Their Mother the Dead Sea—a pillared waste—  
Given up to salt—slime—pitch—and sulphurous hate,  
A desolation—wilderness—the abode  
Of Arab, Ishmaelite, Amalekite—  
Refuge of Cush—the Esaus of the earth—  
Priesthoods of death—whose place is the Abyss—  
The seething void from henceforth—evermore.

The wish of wisdom is the sweet content,  
The high assurance given to the wise :  
The Eternal, All-enduring—must be good !  
The Immortal—pure as light—faithful as Truth  
The Omnipotent, divine,—The all in all,  
This Life—our God ; Just as Invisible  
Inscrutable—a terror to pretense—Hypocrisy—  
And every covering of death and hell ;—  
The gaudy trappings helplessness of war !  
He hath permitted now six thousand years  
The relict of the dragon, serpent asp  
And saintly cockatrice—of Petra's rock—  
This God—the lewd insult with nightly revelries,

The violent have defied—the proud revile  
 The earnest pray to with their hand and life;  
 And worship in the obedience of their deeds!  
 Is not the trimmer priesthods would proclaim;  
 But holds aloof from this apostasy,  
 Of mad mechanic force—that seeks a Right  
 Unknown to heaven unstable in the earth:  
 Of building on destruction—Murdering to live—  
 By endless reconstruction—on eternal death  
 That the poor murderous soul may find its doom  
 Written even in the furthest depths of thought;  
 Material order! The first stage of power—  
 As Impotence and waste of good and life—  
 Its wood and iron but the spurious birth—  
 Beginning of Corruption, which results  
 In sexual intercourse of flesh and blood,  
 The fire of hell and rottenness of death!  
 Their gold and silver separated again  
 For the foundations of the heavenly sphere  
 Thus given to their lust and grand pretense  
 Of saving life by living death—cruel waste  
 Obstruction—slavery—oppression—Hate—  
 The rage of disappointment senselessness of guilt—  
 Blind importunity—that cannot save—be saved.  
 Repels deliverance—hugs its patent toy  
 The glitter of its guilt—Smoke—make believe—  
 Extols and digs to save the gold thus left  
 And pass it round for living and for life  
 Their molten god; that cannot see nor hear!  
 Nor feel the living sunlight—know God's life.  
 The perfect image of eternal death—  
 So separated for aye upon the void  
 Between the abyss and the repose of heaven  
 The equilibrium and purity of Light

Whose flashing touch is lightning of the heavens.  
God is too earnest to sustain and guide—  
To turn aside with shadows—But hath given  
His Mercy and his Judgment power to lead  
In Equity and Justice on the Void  
His fallen outcast hosts: Restore their King;  
The Right of Righteousness in living Truth—  
With the Imperative command to all  
“Let there be light!” Lest the high seraphim,  
Warders of Justice in whose sphere they won,  
Should see their shadow and dissolve its shade  
And war and suffering lose its great reward  
The Right of Equity—The Light of Truth—  
And Crystal life—the Cherubim of God  
The issue of his mercy; Saved in Equity  
Without a Rock or anchor for the soul,  
The living waters saving now the earth,  
Should be dissolved or frozen on the void  
In the cold grasp of grim mortality  
And hopeless of escape—Their hearing sight  
Dissolved in tears—resolved in icicles  
Forever—without day,—of hope or fear—  
Too pure for waste—too cold for touch of life  
In aught save the Seraphic host’s return:  
Then where this mortal Soul?—its lesson lost.  
The undying worm; the gnawing of the void—  
Unknown to crystal life—that stands between  
The living and the dead—metallic lust  
And the celestial powers of Heavenly Love  
The Truth and Righteousness of Living Good:  
The Eternal One; The Lord and God of all.  
Whether laid out upon the void as dust  
Or giving wings and warmth of heavenly light  
To the Seraphic hosts of Justice Truth

The Immutable, Infallible—All-saving God.  
 Whose Son, Eternal Right, is now our guide and King ;  
 THE LORD OUR RIGHEOUSNESS, forevermore—  
 No more Embodied in our flesh and blood  
 But ruling as the Word and Work of God :  
 Omnipotent to save—Immortal as his Life !  
 Enduring and confirming evermore  
 The Light of Truth—the order of our Right—  
 Lawgiver, Priest and King ; The Lord our God  
 Saviour on Earth Sustainer in the Heavens  
 And woe to him—woe, woe, Eternal woe !  
 Who trampleth on this Principle ; or dare profane  
 The soul which gives it motion, living sense  
 Damned as it is,—condemned—but not to death ;  
 'Tis a condition, nothing more—and change  
 A change of form, life, living will expel  
 Its grosser humors ; from the rust of death  
 And leave them like the sediment of salt  
 Embittering—but preserving now the soul  
 Of Mercy's life held stagnant as in death  
 By the false poise of the rebellious heart  
 Between Mars and the Moon—war and the void  
 This last long day of weariness and strife  
 Famine of Right supplanted—Strife of wrong,  
 And guilt ; triumphant o'er exhausted strength  
 A world now in its dotage of all power bereft  
 To live or die—led as a dog and ape—  
 Fearing the serpent of the Dragon sped.—  
 And wasting all to give the leper life.  
 The iron failing greed of gold prevails ;  
 And milk, flesh, blood of flocks or herds of kine  
 The breed is truly all—and fruit of herb and tree  
 Fermented into wine and sugared to the taste  
 By vulgar pharmacy—perverted skill



Makes man a flying shadow like the night  
Which the next turn will change into a shade—  
And not of shelter, nor of rest ; but fear !  
For hiding is no more : the son and sun shall rule !  
The healing Light and living Right prevail :  
And water, blood ; the spring and soul of life,  
In thought and touch shall now be purified  
And all that dare pollute, obstruct, destroy ;  
Seek to be worshiped of the eye or ear—  
Served of the heart or hand ; give order, la !  
Make life the impulsive power of mere machines,  
He dares to put to labor—for his death  
Not life—the living of a brute ; himself a prey  
Of helplessness damnation—Waiting death ;  
A shadow like himself—nor man, nor God—  
A thing, of base idolatry and selfishness—  
Abhorred of God's Humanity ! The Christ we love.

These are the images and power and hell  
Called blocks and stones of old—till la ! inspired  
Their templed impotence—with pillared strength  
And brazen altar wholly given to blood—  
And ashes of the pit ; its holiness,  
A mockery and a dream—worship of death :  
The indolence and lust of blood condemned !  
That cannot save or help a living soul  
Nor live upon the pittance of its toil  
But seeks to give his crystal life to death,  
The disembodied soul baptizing all ;  
To the consuming fire, the mastery of the pit  
Heartless, metallic, molten, lumps of lead—  
The Amalekites ! who have made and hold the earth,  
A wilderness till now ; mankind, Father and Son,  
The mother with the daughter, the inheritors  
Of life and good ; the Everlasting Sphere

Of Equity and Right, of Righteousness and Peace  
 A field and fiend of strife, of blood—war government ;  
 Of things that know no governor save will—  
 The feeding of desire—the serfs ; of endless labor like  
 the sot and ass—

Digging to bring their water from the pit  
 Their bread from gates and bars the taxers' tithers' stores ;  
 The dead they live to succor, serve till death ;  
 Give helper and his help together to the grave ;  
 As soulless things, who heed a master slain.  
 So the old world with every change hath fallen  
 The mount and vale alike—giving green leaf  
 And moving thing together to the pit—  
 Repeating like the nations the old song  
 Of revelry, corruption—war and waste—

Till now, Earth's lord and god the witnesses  
 Elohim of the spirit and the power  
 Of the Invisible, Eternal One  
 Who by his providence sustains the heavens  
 Inspiring life and giving death the pit  
 And man a grave within its mouth a day  
 To worship and return, approved or be condemned,  
 Of his own soul to lasting banishment.  
 This understood, recorded in the heavens ;  
 Forced on his soul by sense of coming death  
 Dependence of old age—Instinct of loving life  
 Which in his prime, redeemed his soul brought low ;  
 Even to a living grave—the leper's doom.  
 The two take counsel for their offspring sought,  
 Of lord and God ; unseen and separated,  
 By war and distance from their mountain home ;  
 So to sustain their age and give them space  
 To inquire of every star, whence, to what life,  
 They should again be born ; and how awake to light

The sense of blessing and of good secure?  
Or would they rest and rise again to bless  
Their children's children?—such their waking dream,  
And so they taught and wedded the young pair,  
Took comfort in their life, although its flesh was grass,  
Cut down like herb and tree that withereth ;  
Enduring for a season with continuance  
In root and seed. With understanding blessed?  
With instinct, surely to prolong their day,  
And to what purpose? if not for return  
Of knowledge and increasing good in all !  
A sense of beauty and of joy and strength,  
In fruit and flower, in leaf and branching form,  
Stirring their pulsing blood to fitful thought  
And strange impassioned action, the impress  
Of growing fear of death, which hath destroyed  
All counsel understanding of God's Word,  
And made all slaves of want and trembling doubt  
The shadow of damnation, which pursues  
The guilt of violence, the lust of power ;  
Where all is impotence and wrong and dread,  
Of gnawing hunger and devouring thirst,  
The fire of hell and worm that never dies.  
Dreading annihilation and the void—  
Lost power of forecast, retrospection, thought,  
Even more than jaws of death and fire of hell  
We have outlived, though subject to their power,  
That will not give us day nor breath, but holds  
The soul their plaything ; so they felt  
Held to this torture of eternal death ;  
The cold and hungry void the changing moon—  
It changeth not, but hath its space and time  
For its own purpose, not by tyrant will,  
A hostage led, but following round well pleased,

Changing her aspect as she goes, returns,  
 To welcome and adieu, she knows not when nor where;  
 But on his bosom resting, brother of her choice,  
 Cruel and impassive as a fabled fate,  
 Yet seeking her embrace, rejoicing to return  
 Unto the rest he seeks with her as spouse ;  
 Mortal necessity of lifeless things,  
 To seek their counterpart, hold to their own ;  
 Awakening from this dream to recognize  
 The over-ruling providence which saves  
 From imminent destruction, threatening chance  
 Of crashing evil, grinding weight of force,  
 Inflaming friction, fire and flood, collapse,  
 Consumption, molten heat, the waste of ashes, dust,  
 Smoke, vapor, rising, in congealing cold,  
 And utter darkness, night,—eternal night,  
 All working to one end, the union rest of all  
 Save mad invention and continual change,  
 The moon affects but soulless waits on one.

From such confusion and infernal strife,  
 By weakness of the flesh and blood debarred,  
 And of the sunlight's warmth, released to thought  
 To hearing sight of quick intelligence,  
 Inspired embodied man awoke to find  
 A gleanings of his kind, and feed upon their dead,  
 In various forms of craving, hungry life,  
 That hunt and move according to desire,  
 To appease the quickening and belligerent soul,  
 Yet subject to the choler of the war  
 Of chaos, hell, the shivering of the void !  
 And armed and shameless moves to meet its wants  
 And prey upon God's life in every form,  
 In which 'tis clothed arising from the dead  
 Forgetful of the good of heaven and peace,

And seeming thus forgot, left to the strife of guilt.  
A degradation helpless and obscene,  
Naked and houseless in the dread convexity  
Of massed and mingled things from chaos hurled,  
A ruin and a wreck ; a sphered prison-house  
Of broken bodies, myriad crystal souls,  
Waiting expectant an increase of bliss,  
And hurled into this warfare unprepared  
To wait release, entombed with guilt and death,  
Their deadly foes. Hearing no word to cheer,  
But that one high command, " Let there be light,"  
While darkness yet remains, and still they move,  
As in a living grave—wake to behold  
A mockery of life, whose loathsome touch  
Is desecration and consuming hate,  
A curse of trembling wrong and darkness dread,  
Which holds its life the sport of every breath  
Of rage or love alike, wafted and swept away  
Unshriven from the far-forgotten bourn .  
Of peace and truth of righteousness and life  
They fear, because their fall from it hath been  
In duty and in love and shorn of power,  
To work their own salvation, outcast left  
In darkness, fire of hell, this breathless suffering,  
Scorched, marred, and when the touch of light returns,  
Barred by eternal death from all return,  
The way till now unseen, God are we tried in vain,  
In mockery of thy life? Tis well ! But not of thee,  
And now nor wavering thought, nor wished return  
Disturb us more ; we suffer but to triumph,  
Die to save. Wait, that our death may give new life to all,  
And conquer by submission, helping love,  
But not for dogs and apes ; the beast shall die !  
And the false prophet be cast out for aye ;

And Satan, wickedness himself be bound ;  
 Till Equity in Judgment is restored,  
 And Mercy, 'as on Lebanon, cease to plead ;  
 For the rebellious who yet seek the pit,  
 And bid confusion reign, that they may prey on death !  
 The valley and the shadow which obstruct  
 His quickening light, which, with the fearful eye  
 Of dull mortality and heathen doubt,  
 And strangers' troubled heart, we meet again,  
 Like Abraham in the wilderness of Sin,  
 And his unwilling seed not yet prepared  
 On Sinai's wrathful heights. His Zion yet  
 Unrecognized on Sepulchered Moriah. Threshing-floor  
 Of the cruel Jebusite, whose lame and blind  
 Was his defense, till David drove them thence,  
 The helplessness of death the sure defense,  
 Of every murderer, till now we know  
 And understand the way prepared above,  
 And burn to be released ; yea, at the word  
 Our bodies heap again as dust against  
 The fell devourers, be they priests or kings.  
 It is our father's house they thus profane,  
 And by the lie of fear, and mortal insolence,  
 Unsympathizing impotence of guilt !  
 Seek to withhold our title while they maim  
 And play the devil to affright with death  
 We covet now as our reward and life—  
 Immortal now ! debased, devoured no more  
 Of mortal strife ; the open cruelty and accursed lie  
 Of wrath in heaven,—which burns alone for earth  
 Against the horrid deed in Hor and Horeb sanctified  
 By seeming virtue of a saving love—  
 Which tortures and dissolves the brother, son ;  
 And saviour of the race, The " Prince of Peace "

The Instructor and the leader of mankind  
Of God's Humanity in love and truth  
With open eyes led willingly to death  
The path of Equity of Righteousness ;  
Of every mortal trodden, though the pang,  
Of suffering left behind, afflicts his soul :  
The way of perfect peace of Light and Love ;  
Which flattereth not the Levite nor his lord  
The fawning Hypocrite who fans the rage  
Of superstitious ignorance to uphold  
The tyranny of Death—Devouring fire of strife,  
The wrath of hell which desolates the earth  
With scourge of war and scorpion's deadly sting,—  
Of final condemnation ! which returns—  
Hath taken hold and rests upon their head.

So the maternal Instinct well advised  
This leprous blood whose feverish desire  
Is only evil, devilish ; wasteful rage  
Of bitter disappointment, vengeful hate  
The gnawing rust and rottenness of guilt ;  
Which driving forth her offspring like the beast  
That ravens for its prey ; or bowed and maimed of toil  
Holds it to task of labor and of shame  
Of prostitution, want, the fear of death ;  
Is but remorseless fire attempered to  
The frailty of the flesh the froth of shame  
That by Obstruction seeks to build and know  
And serve itself of God's unwearied life  
In this its last resort—or rather the first dawn  
Of convalescence—natural reflection,  
Quiet returning thought—Intelligence  
Light and experience of a fatal wrong ;  
Needed indulgence and the soothing care,  
Of calm parental love,—the example of God's love

The leading and instruction of the heart—  
 Restraint of appetite—pure taste, a fitting choice  
 Of purpose and of life,—to still the pulsing blood  
 And fevered brain—forced record of this death  
 Disease of reason, doubt, Incompetence—  
 That palsies the pure thought of crystal life ;  
 The waiting expectation, true reflex  
 And prompt obedience which makes every act  
 The seal of life's first impulse—love divine !  
 Unquestioned and secure ; the aim and end  
 To stay or to release ; to lead and bless !  
 Enlighten and secure all life and good  
 The quick devotion of recovered sight  
 To duty thus restored to liberty and peace ;  
 Abundant recompense and high reward  
 Of God-like action and reflected love  
 Inspiring and uniting heart to heart  
 Purpose and Principle of Life made One  
 The witness of God's might, power, Truth, and Light in all.  
 The knowledge and the love of Lord and God  
 In Truth and Right omnipotent to save !  
 Life-giving, equitable—one in all  
 As purpose and result. Thus the united twain  
 The healer and the healed in Ararat ;  
 In gratitude, high hope of visible release ;  
 First in the prompting of the heart to move  
 And now in the high refuge of their choice ;  
 Emancipation of the sons of God  
 And in this grateful recognition blessed :  
 Redeemed, assured ; and seeking now to bless  
 With life and this fruition of its joy.

Therefore the counsel of all joy to life,  
 In fitness of provision living good ;  
 Dominion over every soul that breathes.



The planting of the garden, training of their son  
To keep and dress its passive life and thus,  
Instructed in the schooling of desire ;  
The knowledge of the evil and the good :  
The fruitlessness of wild excess : and the brained fruitfulness

Of lopping and restraint—of moderation, care ;  
A patient waiting for the sure return,  
Of blossom and of fruit ; the perfect round ;  
Of full enjoyment and enduring life ;  
How grateful to the waking of the dead.

And now with trained desire of progress comes,  
The test of power to enjoy. “ It is not good  
For man,” this busy mechanic, endowed  
With action and reflection sense of fitness, good ;  
By labor and by suffering trained to live  
Through his own helping hand as in the heavens  
Among the myriad active workers there  
“ To be alone ” without “ an helpmeet ” here.  
A wedded pair in the one flesh and blood—  
Like Truth and Justice, Equity and Right, /  
Mercy and Judgment—principles on high—  
Their sympathies, their instincts, duties one  
The training and preserving of this soul  
To peace and Truth and Love established Good :  
Or by their sufferance to judge aright  
Nor lightly to condemn a living soul  
Or drive it forth to herd with beast and creeping thing  
As hitherto the lordly herds had ranged—

And so they trained the child of their old age  
The daughter of their love ; their fairest one  
The living understanding of their Life  
Their evening flower called “ Eve,” a shadowy thing—  
To be companion of his hopes and fears

Approver and continuer of his life—  
 His joys and sorrows, sharer of his toils  
 The lightener and enlightener of his cares ;  
 Instructing in their purpose and result :  
 The lordship of the earth all living good,  
 Inspiring patience, perseverance, love ;  
 Undoing stubbornness, resentment, dread ;  
 The barbarous, savage thought of murder, wrong,  
 Of prostitution help enslaved to toil—  
 As in the pit whose way had marred his life—  
 By aiding to redeem it from that death,  
 Give union and repose, peace, light and joy  
 By sure example, fruitfulness and love.  
 Dispelling grossness of material sense  
 Metallic cruelty—war of molten death—

But how restrain his leprous desire  
 Whose touch was death unto her tender years.  
 Not dreaming yet of evil, taught to bless :  
 Should life in her be prostituted now  
 Her heritage entailed with so much care,  
 Given to the casual droppings of desire ;  
 Or plotting mischief of a murderous soul :  
 All would be overturned—the strife of blood,  
 They fled from Lebanon to restrain and heal,  
 Would be renewed in Ararat without fear.  
 Entailing thus instead of Peace and Truth ;  
 A life of suffering and an age of woe  
 Judgment and condemnation of the Just :  
 The sons of Mercy ; seraphim of light :  
 For ignorance and doubt ; disease and death  
 Without provision healthful sustenance—  
 And war of hell ; even to devouring hate  
 Prevail again on earth ; their Eden waste !  
 Therefore the son laboriously is trained

To know the difference of desire from life ;—  
Taught by the suffering of beast and bird ;  
Which giving way to impulse of desire,  
Crowd out their kind like weeds upon the ground  
Without restraint of foresight—thought of life,—  
The living Good of heaven which orders all,  
But, careless creatures of a year, a day ;  
Covered of instinct and of instinct taught,  
Simply to feed desire while life doth last ;  
And seek a shelter in the rock or tree ;  
Without provision, thought or providence  
Against the winter's cold or summer's heat ;  
But are the sport of hunger thirst and want,  
Of time, of season and of suffering—  
Of foul excess—of waste—the stench of death—  
A burden and a loathing to the ground  
Which needs its rest, refreshing and release  
From parasites, that gnaw even to the heart and soul  
The bone and marrow ; fretting with disease,  
Feeding alike upon the root and branch.

All these are passed before him to instruct  
That he may know the manner of God's life—  
Obscene desire is of the dead, and feeds—  
Devours—to feed its soul—the slave of death—  
Formed by the habit, instinct of desire  
To base idolatry of bellied forms ;  
Armed for self-sustenance not living help ;  
And passed before him to be named and shunned  
As flocks and herds ; the feeders on, not trainers of their  
life,

To peace and good ; endurance, Immortality :  
The understanding of God's Truth and Right  
The knowledge of conditions, inspiration, help—  
The leading and instruction of their kind :

That from desire accomplished good may spring ;  
Life, liberty, humanity, a glad release  
From slavery, death, imprisonment, the pit  
And should he find in beasts a helpmeet—well  
He chooseth death. He sees they cannot live  
Beyond a day—endurance of the flesh  
Corruption, waste—they are already dead.  
Seeking no further than to live and die,  
With fruitless labor which sustains a night  
And with the morn, must be renewed, incessantly,  
Till age or accident, close their career—  
Give rest from bondage without pity, help ;  
Or aspiration save the belly's good :  
The god of Nilus—the Egyptian plague  
Darkness that may be felt. But if the name express,  
Loathing and pity ;—he refuse to live  
With indolence and lust, with screaming fear  
Craving of hunger, bellowing of thirst,  
The snort of panic dread ; forever chased  
Of dragon hydra—moving forms of dread ;  
Of flame and smoke, of vapors tossed on winds  
Or pinioned to the earth. Then is there hope  
That he will not abuse God's gift, but keep  
Her person and inheritance, clean, clear, and free,  
From prostitution, waste,—this blooming earth—  
The paradise and life committed to his care  
From harm or touch of evil—This cruel death—  
The offspring of a sottish life debased  
Of falsehood and of lust—corrupt desire.

Thus beast and fowl—the bodies of desire  
Shaped to the groveling purposes of want,  
Of fear, of guilt ; are unto Adam brought  
This added one witness of life or death—  
As he shall choose ; to use or to abuse

The human form divine, in pitying eye and hand  
Of ready help ; the inheritance of nobler instincts given  
Of Lord and God, a chastening saving life ;  
To pass to sons and daughters ; helpfully improved  
Or brutalized to beastly appetite—  
To generations yet unborn to be  
Thus humanized—and stand upright instead  
Of those “Elohim” of that nameless race  
Whose resilience was dragon, reptile, beast ;  
Demons of lust and of Satanic power !  
Dead patrons and philanthropists, that used  
The scourge of fire and heated waters—dead,  
Saving to their own souls, to enslave and rob ;  
For their own living—pottage of a day—  
The night of their endurance—heaven-condemned—  
Whom Mercy would not succor ; but hath saved  
From Lebanon the lesser beast and brute,  
The sad memorials of their waste and want,  
Divided on the earth—thus to instruct the seed  
Of understanding help. The Israel of God  
Who have named and known their lineage to this hour  
The highest form of matter—man, attained  
Developed now as priests and saving castes  
That cannot save more than the beast and brute  
Nor lead the souls committed to their care :—  
But play the hypocrite—like Adam dead  
Who named but shunned not ways of beastly souls—  
Cruelty of sacrifice—Idolatry of self ;  
Mere offspring of desire—not life—but death :  
And perishing in judgment with the dead ;  
Outcast as from the heavens—sorrow on earth—  
Without a trade save murder for their sons  
Or playing the false prophet—hypocrites  
And lying ministers of their own laws,

Instead of messengers of Truth and Right  
 The ministers of Equity of Justice—God :  
 Whose principles and life—they seek no more to know ;  
 But serve themselves of a dead kind given o'er  
 To maniac rage—the slavery of desire !  
 Feed on the beast and brute,—and live by things  
 More ignorant than these !—vile traffickers,  
 Of lust and selfishness,—of soulless appetite, which lives  
                   to hunt

The Greater lion, elephant to death,  
 And make the nobler Equine, dromedary  
 To bear them in the chase of canine, feline life  
 And toad and asp—in human form debased—  
 The blood ; Amalekite in every form  
 Holding the earth “a wilderness of Sin”  
 Whose thousand weeds grow to be burned for aye  
 By base neglect and lewd indulgence left—  
 To perish, worthless ; save to bruise and wound—  
 Companions of a despicable life  
 Abominable, devilish,\* lustful, proud,  
 As tongues of flame the terror of the dead.

So Adam named the scattered brood still saved  
 The relicts of its wrong, broken, enslaved  
 Beasts of the field and grove, mere beings, without life  
 Formed to be wasted of their own excess  
 Brought forth to die—to perish evermore  
 As evil worthless—save to feed, be fed upon  
 By savage and by worm, devourers all.  
 But for the man, the understanding one  
 There was not found an helpmeet, even among  
 The females of his kind ; the prostitutes of lust  
 Slaves of the field and satyrs of the grove  
 Monkeys and monstrous things, loathed feared of life.  
 So vile no kindred would confess their kind,

In the wild revel of their lawless lust :  
Brutality, abused of savage wrong  
Made desperate,—the first murderers of their kind  
Ontcasts of Lebanon, buried in the depths  
Of Misriam's waters with the infernal fires  
They kindled in' the earth and moving soul—  
They passed away all save those spared as yet  
As witnesses to man before the mount  
The leper and the dog—the worthless dead—  
Of Jebus and Damascus yet preserved  
A warning and 'a curse—as Justifying now  
The circumcision of God's Equity—and sterner law  
Of Ararat, from Sinai's heights withdrawn  
Even to this day from brother, sisters war ;  
Till the first Patriarchate—Husband wife  
The Father and the Mother are restored  
As witnesses Elohim of the Judge  
JEHOVAH, God ;—the Lord of all the earth—  
The Just made perfect of the Living One  
And ruling for his God before the Mercy Seat  
Of Woman's love. The Saviour of our kind—  
Her Son restored. The Right and Righteous ;  
Of God and Truth the builders of the heavens  
Revealed on earth and Ruling evermore.

Thus the Elohim, under Ararat ; for Lebanon now  
Had perished from the earth—all save the ridge  
Defending high Damascus and her dog  
Till men shall see and understand confess  
The circumcision must prevail on earth  
And rule in Justice over Jebu's Lebanon  
Through the appointed Sabbath of our God  
When Judgment shall prevail and war shall cease  
The day for which we wait, whose eve is darkening o'er  
The heights of Lebanon—Misriam's depths—the earth

Once and forever Judged—its outcasts lost—  
 Gone out with Mars and Moon to their own place.  
 And Leper, Dog and Ape, the decedence  
 Of lewd desire and savageness of lust  
 The fatuous profanation of all life  
 As yet too earnest for this sport with death  
 And shelving it upon their rocks condemned—  
 But worshiped now and trained in all the earth  
 In brothels hotels corners of their streets  
 In all the cities of the templed pride—  
 Of Priest and brotherhoods; the lazzarones that tithe  
 To save their souls, and hide away for aye,  
 The bodies of their shame boastful Idolatry.

Thus the Elohim trained their living son  
 In understanding and intelligence  
 The way of Truth and Life in Righteousness  
 Whose high domain Religion hath profaned—  
 And as he grew and labored—slept and dreamed  
 The vision came to him for which they strove  
 Of likeness Truth and peace—parental care—  
 They took a rib—the Keeper of his life  
 Stay of his frame soul, understanding, Sense—  
 That gives to frailty of the flesh its strength  
 Continuance—endurance—Sympathy divine—  
 And of the rib thus taken from his side,  
 His hidden sister friend—The Elohim made  
 A woman grown and trained companion of the man  
 In all his sufferings—going still before  
 From first to last—The moulder of his life  
 So far as saving self-control—permits—  
 A sufferer by and with him in this strife  
 Against the powers of hell of darkness death  
 The ignorance and the apathy of Sense—  
 Nay suffering by his hand—Oh, death of death !



Brutality ! Thy crown ; thou monstrous thing.  
Bone of my bones and flesh of my own flesh  
Is now before me ; Woman ! of the man  
The suffering counterpart, she shall be called ;  
The sharer of his sorrows and his joys—  
The giver Saviour of his life for in all  
But this sad revelation still remains—  
Now therefore in the marriage of the heart,  
Brought to the fountain of God's life—the man  
In Eden stood at eve cool of the day  
Of passionate excitement—cold remorse ;  
And heard the voice of the Elohim there.  
The father and the mother of our race ;  
Waifs saved to Ararat from the flood of fire,  
God's witnesses on earth ; first saviours of mankind :  
Whose understanding gave men life and light.  
The knowledge of the evil and the good ;  
With the authority of high intelligence  
Of blessing and of life—instinctive now  
The warning " Word " first spoken to redeem,  
From Sterner Ararat when Lebanon fell—  
The Seat of Equity—of purifying Right  
Between the male and female—Lord and God !  
Whose Justice since from thence was well approved  
On Grim Moriah—Sinai's kindling height  
Whence Isaac was redeemed and Moses taught—  
Where Jesus suffered and from whence again  
The tabernacle is restored to earth—the judgment just—  
Moving once more with waters of God's life  
Upon the high circumference—Spreading to the poles  
The leaves of healing counsel—words of peace  
With Mercy's life—to cool and strengthen all  
The river that from Zion now shall flow  
O'er ruined temples—altars steeped in blood

To Baptize, cleanse and give new life to all  
 The spirit and the power of Truth and light  
 To enlighten lead mankind in paths of Equity—  
 The Righteousness of peace—all well assured  
 And Crystal purity again restored  
 The Christ shall reign and Mercy, Truth prevail.

Behold, the trembling culprits hid away  
 In bowers of Eden, humbled in their guilt ;—  
 Like Moses in the bush on Sinai's steppes  
 Where the avenging rod the serpent's form  
 Again assumes before the murderer  
 Of the misled Egyptian—Misriam's Son  
 Born an oppressor—blind to slavery's curse—

But here the Father's voice recalls the son  
 Made yesterday an Equal—named the added one,  
 "Adam ! Where art thou ?" The endearing name  
 Strikes through the guilty soul—And the son answering  
 Unconsciously confesseth all his guilt—

I heard thy voice and was afraid, because  
 I naked was and hid me from thy sight—  
 While the poor trembling daughter in her shame  
 To her a dread reality, conceived  
 Already being formed a living soul  
 Crouched trembling in her guilt, in silence hid—  
 Against this power and error of her soul.

For she, the daughter too was warned and taught  
 To keep her from the evil ; guard from taste or touch  
 The tree of life in her own person held,  
 Rooted in blood—a soul of strange desire—  
 Whose impulse to all evil yet unknown  
 Baffled her understanding—bared her heart  
 To question of the warning voice of love  
 The damning doubt of overthrow and death—  
 Sanctioned of her betrothed the warder of desire

Till matured life and purpose understood,  
Should give assurance of a heavenly birth—  
With strength of body health of spirit—soul :  
The energy divine inspiring purposed life,  
Approved as good ; sustained of Truth and Right ;  
Intelligence of light, responsibility,  
Of adequate results ; in putting forth the hand,  
To touch the branchings of the sacred tree  
That gives him issue—tries the moving soul  
Even as the father's life in him is tried.

Therefore, as rising from the grosser earth  
Aspiring to the heavens it is required  
The father and the mother he forsake  
And cleave unto his wife, that they may be  
One flesh in purpose, and in soul the same,  
They seek God's Truth their offspring to inspire  
Redeem their house ; and kind from death and grave  
As man and wife unknowing shame or fear  
Their purpose good and her assurance clear  
God's life approving in her quickening soul—  
Which had already brought him back to life.

The aim was high. Immortal happiness  
Companionship with cherubim of God  
Eternal in the heavens. In Mercy, Equity !  
And what hath shame or fear to do with these !  
They wait as worthlessness the touch profane—  
But woe to him who dares to put it forth—  
With evil, worthless purpose ; for his soul  
His Being Life shall answer for the deed.  
Here evidence is plain and thoughtless guilt ;  
The serpent doubt : suspicion that the lord  
Their father, mother, God ! withheld from them  
By his restraint, more than he gave in life—  
Pervades the heart, Ingratitude proclaims :

Desire to feed, a bestial liberty ;  
 Imaginary greatness fires the soul :  
 Invention overthrows a heartless race  
 The loving heart of life would fain exalt  
 To a true Lordship over beast and fowl  
 To keep them from the evil give them rest  
 From pursuit of the murderer the devouring maw  
 Of death and hell, the grave, unsatisfied with life ;  
 The living is their god ; their good ; their all :  
 Mere animal existence living to devour :  
 Lifeless—without sympathy for aught save self  
 The craving of desire in its own soul ;  
 The pulsing blood—mechanical as death.  
 The steam and vapor of a mortal life—  
 Eager consumption of the fire of hell :  
 Material desire in Pagan, Turk the same  
 In Hebrew and in Greek ; known by one name  
 To common sense revealed Destroyer ! and for aye.  
 Its issue beast and brute—in Babel, Babylon,  
 And conquering Rome, its purpose still the same  
 As in the heavens ; Destroying to devour  
 Religion—reconstruction—vile pretense.  
 Imperial Rome like Babel Babylon  
 Like Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Moon. How fallen ;  
 A helpless thing and impotent to save  
 Its body soul or spirit from the grave  
 Themselves a living tomb in Shinar, Italy  
 Destroyers and accursed from earth and heaven :  
 Fallen sinking to the bottomless abyss—  
 Corruption and a grave the relics left  
 In earth and heaven in sight of sun and star  
 And suffering life in man and beast renewed,  
 As yet their offspring—breathing to condemn.  
 The first now waiting—last to be devoured—

With flesh of kings—the mighty of the earth  
For which their maw now rampant whets its fangs  
Avenging him they crucified, in death :  
The Jaws of hell they open to devour,  
And swallow,—their omnipotence for aye.  
Such is the sentence dread through Christ and Lord  
Through Eden's "Elohim," the man revealed  
Made good upon the carcass of their slain :  
The things which dream of ruling in the world ;  
The cosmos of an hour—already passed  
A Phantom of the dead ; the shadow of the grave  
The ashes of the pit—the place of worms  
'The sun doth look upon to re-resolve !  
Back to its elements and give it light :  
By the Eternal decree we but wait  
Our Mercy's word,—now to Establish high :  
As ruling in the heavens. Redeeming earth :  
And sanctifying all to Truth pure light—  
Which dwelleth not with these—is yet unknown  
Save in our Mercy's daughter—Woman's love !  
And her all-conquering Son, Eternal Right  
Immortal and enduring as the Sun  
The reflex of God's Truth from heaven to earth :  
Father of Righteousness—our Saviour, Lord.

Thus is the serpent's slime—persuasion cursed !  
Beyond the beast to crawl upon the ground  
With, but a hiss and deadly sting to save  
Because through it, the added one betrayed  
God's life in woman, now betrothed to save !  
And put before the man the exact presentiment  
Of his own death, in the vile form he wears  
And worships—to the enslaving of the soul,  
Of Mercy's crystal life which leaves the earth  
Polluted by his touch and salted to preserve

From the long stagnant waste of sufferance now.  
 Forever passed away in heaven and earth.—  
 Her Baptism in vain to cleanse his blood ;  
 The living fire prevails—Her wakening son  
 Guides full upon the sunlight's steady ray  
 Till all resolved—the heavens again restored  
 Her crystal soul shall wake to life and truth  
 See as 'tis seen—know even as 'tis known !  
 From heart to kindling heart revealing all—  
 Father we want.—In Right and Truth we rest.

“Yea,” saith the serpent, “Hath God said” indeed  
 “Ye shall not eat of every tree” that grows !  
 Within the Garden—this fair Paradise ?  
 But now the word is changed—Infallible !  
 He is himself proclaimed ; and none dare touch or move  
 Save by his dread decree—Who is his Lord and God !  
 The poor infernal soul—that burns within  
 The candle of his worship—idol of a day  
 Now passed and gone of his own curse accursed.  
 With all Idolatry of ab—and poll—  
 The Parrot worship ; mouthed in temple field  
 Of blood ? aye, let it be so : even here and now—

But still the heart of life replies as then  
 Yes ; we may eat of all of every tree—  
 Save of the tree of life : We must not touch  
 A soul in which the breath of life prevails  
 But hold ourselves to burial of the dead :  
 Until the trumpet sound again ; Strike home :  
 Return unto thy rest—Thy warfares passed—  
 Well done ! in death and hell ; in heaven and earth—  
 Ye Cherubim of God—His Mercy's life :  
 Return—Return—thy place again restored  
 In the sphered heavens ; Eternal as thy God.  
 Immortal proved : farewell to the cruel void !

Of cold mortality—and frozen death.  
The knowledge of the Just shall triumph now  
Confusion shall confront the murderer  
In purple of his guilt—wrapped, passed away.

“Ye shall not surely die: for God doth know  
That in the day ye eat thereof your eyes  
Shall then be opened; ye shall clearly see  
And be as God’s knowing—the evil, good—  
So let it be! eat, drink, and live—Be wise!  
Hold to thy chancel—’Tis indeed thy grave  
The place of rest—for souls, that once must die.

What is the woman’s voice? She pleads and clings  
Unheeding prostitution—While the life remains,  
To save a soul! give every breath its due!  
A touch of sunlight and of heavenly love;  
Weeps o’er its death, and mourns a blessing lost:  
A soul withdrawn from heaven and good and peace  
To the cold grave, the wilderness, the void,  
To misery her negative, her antitype, death, death!  
Her horror, loathing, which alone she flies,  
The murderer’s, panderer’s victim—while they live  
But let them pass condemned, and darker horrors frown  
And battle in her soul; They are lost for aye:  
Damnation hath its due, and Equity is Right.  
Life is her test, the living are the good,  
While Judgment spares; She pleads and will release.

And when the woman saw the tree was good;  
Gave life, companionship; was pleasant to the eye,  
A Tree to be desired as peopling earth  
With Lordship and direction, guidance, strength,  
And standing in the midst of house and home;  
She took and ate; consenting to desire  
Against experience, Judgment, knowledge, Truth;  
And gave unto her husband—Who in evil hour,

With mad indulgence, greed, of base desire  
 Not, the black heart of a rebellious hate ;  
 Which needs another stage of decedence,  
 A positive revenge and arrogance of soul,  
 Put forth a murderous hand and ate with her ;  
 Giving her soul to disobedience shame,  
 Twin daughters of the birth she had conceived,  
 And he had sealed to life: A seed of guilt.  
 In blind rebellion without house or home  
 Or knowledge of the nakedness of death  
 For dead these are ; going downward to the grave  
 And needing covering, as of the night  
 To shield them from abhorrence and contempt.  
 Where shall she lay her head, provide for, train this  
     brood :

That come in pairs are multiplied to death :  
 Like beasts to feed desire, and die be fed upon !  
 Outstripping all provision for their souls  
 All knowledge of a thought of good or peace.  
 The slaves of mastery, indigence, and want  
 And seeking only foot or wing for flight ;  
 Or hunting of the prey or final rest.  
 Woe to the seed thus impiously conceived !  
 To be brought forth in wrong and guilt and called  
 A shame forever : Daughters of suffering and of heartless-  
     ness ;

A spider brood the sisters of the loom,  
 Weavers of loathing and contempt, with blood of lust  
     and strife.

The sisters of the murderer and gowned thing  
 Which skins, and wool, and flax, must cover and make  
     Right ;

Poor mooning souls to vapor given and show,  
 The emptiness of ghosts ; thoughtless improvident.



Is this God's life—The Inspirer of the heavens  
Whose eye is ever on the end proposed  
And knoweth all ; the thought of every heart  
Even by its bearing, ere it come to life  
Or seek a body to give power to will,  
Therefore, those outcast vapors on the void  
Sun, Moon, and Stars, this day of earth and heaven.  
Hearing, not sight : when darkness hath prevailed ;  
Redeeming of his dead from wrathful vapory hosts  
Whose futile rage assailed the ordered spheres ;  
With fire and waste of blood, the friction of their death.  
To dust and ashes ground, resolved to water, rock,  
Our Mercy's life and crystal souls released,  
From war of death and hell, eternal night :  
Confusion and destruction, chaos, death,—  
The gnawing of the worm that never dies.

The eyes of both were opened : and they saw,  
That they were naked, loathsome, lepers healed,  
Yet weltering in their blood ; and took them leaves,  
Leaves of the fig, whose fruit doth first appear  
Unseemly, naked—as those moving things  
Whose eyes are opened and their souls attent  
To higher life :—The word of living Truth.  
Diseased souls from death to life redeemed  
Their fall discovered and their helplessness,  
Dependence—utter impotence—rebellion, guilt  
At once brought home—with labor now increased  
To clothe and feed their nakedness and want.  
Shapeless, uncouth ; and spreading as if life  
Were caught asleep—ungarmented brought forth  
Untimely, unprepared—a mere machine—  
A castaway to rottenness and rust—  
A mortal and a worm—with marks of training left  
For nobler being more exalted life—

A fitness—truthfulness—of skill and thought?  
 A nobler instinct and progressive power  
 But worn and stayed by cold arrest of life—  
 Perversion of desire—and bitterness of soul.  
 Unnatural—helpless without knowledge, power,  
 Except to feed—the worm—beget, grow and put forth  
 Unconsciously the instruments of sense,  
 Of hearing and of sight—of Instinct, feeling, touch.  
 Taste of the good and evil—bitter, sweet—  
 Heat, cold—obstruction, wearing waste in all  
 And sufferance withal ; pain, wounds, disease.  
 Observance of conditions—dread intelligence  
 Of death by violence—or sure decay—  
 Of want, or thirst of fire—the fever of the blood :  
 Compelling brained thought—a dome to hold  
 The vapor of the soul, to analyze and understand the heart.

So of the uncouth fig-tree's leaves guilt makes  
 A covering ; till Shame is born again, a Son  
 Seeking possession rule—untimely, as the fruit  
 Without the leaf, is shelterless and bare :  
 Driven forth to till the ground that calls aloud  
 For ordered labor—planting, trimming, care  
 And fence from violence of moving death  
 Seeking its living—Cain is thus beset  
 Naked and houseless—Hungering and in want :  
 While Abel keeps the flocks that browse the herb  
 His charge the clothing of his father's house,  
 And finds his food and shelter in their range.  
 So Cain without possession yet prepared  
 Becomes impatient and a murderer ;  
 Oppressed himself—oppresses and destroys :  
 And Abel falls his victim ; adding nakedness to want.  
 His discontent brings horror : desperation waste ;  
 More desperate exposure, and he cries aloud.

Thus headlong unprepared without intelligence  
Man meets and leads his doom ; and taken in the act—  
Crieth out of punishment ; he cannot bear  
Yet, wrought by his own hand against the warning voice,  
Of heaven and earth—of father, mother, Lord and God—  
of all—

And stern necessity must drive him forth  
Ungardened and unclothed upon the earth  
Without a tree for shelter or for food ;  
And simple right of self-defense his all—  
A murderer withal—His sense of guilt  
Drives him for refuge to the barren rock—  
A city of defense—Thus from the last extreme, the fear  
of death

Possession's roused to action, and the man—  
The Son of impotence, of guilt, and shame ;  
Rebellion and perversity ; who could not frame to live  
With herds and flocks and shelter in the vale ;  
Saith now, It is Enough :—and turns himself—  
To cultivate the earth and live in peace ?  
No ; to the trade of murder strife and blood :  
Will desolate and live on death for aye.—  
Will prostitute, devour and hold God's life,  
His victim and his slave forevermore ;  
The earth a wilderness—accursed and dead !  
A wooded waste of weed and pestilence  
A barren rock—or cities seething Tombs—  
Whose smoke ariseth—as from Tophet now :  
Gomorrah, Sodom—the Dead Sea forgot  
The pillar of Lot's wife—of Moab and Ammon's doom  
The wonder and the curse of Israel's day  
Gone with—God's host into forgetfulness—  
Possession, yet unknown ; the fugitive's resort  
From murder and from guilt alone remains

In templed pride—To satisfy desire  
The God and Good of man—a vapor—breath !

“Who told thee thou wast naked ! Hast thou touched  
The tree of which I said, Thou shalt not eat ?”

Adam replied, “The woman whom thou gavest  
An helpmeet, to be with me ; gave me of the tree  
And I did eat”—betrayed of her desire.

“What hast thou done ?”—The Elohim question her  
Given of our life—unto the hand of death ?—

The woman said, “The Serpent, Doubt, beguiled,  
And I did eat”—sought to exalt, my Lord—

The Elohim answer now, the Serpent brood  
Of base desire, the whisperers of this doubt,—

Because thou hast done this thou art accursed  
Above all cattle, above every beast  
That in the field doth roam, feeding at large ;  
The ignorance of guilt, or fear of shame ;—  
Upon thy belly shalt thou go—Dust shalt thou eat—  
Thy lifelong day accursed—Thy treachery  
Shall make thee hateful, vile ;—I will put enmity  
Between thee and the woman—and her seed  
Shall bruise thy head and thou shalt bruise his heel :—  
The murderer’s defense thy last abode.

He added to the woman—Wrong shall greatly multiply  
Thy sorrow and conception from this deed—  
Because of murder, mastery, violence ;  
In sorrow shall thy children be brought forth ;  
Unto thy husband shall be thy desire,  
Needing defense and fearing for thy life ;  
And he shall rule o’er thee, ambitious, proud—  
Subjecting life to sottish lust and death.

And unto Adam the “Elohim” said,  
Because thou hast lewdly hearkened to the voice  
Of her I made thy wife, to prove thy soul.

Hast eaten of the tree of which I did command,  
"Thou shalt not eat :—" Because it is the shadow of this  
death.

Cursed is the ground for thy sake ; of its fruits,  
The pounded mortal lump now thou shalt eat  
In sorrow all thy days, because of strife ;  
That thou mayst know wherein all lordship rest ;  
The bitterness of death imposed on life  
By disobedience, ignorance and guilt—  
The indolence, indulgence ye have sought.  
Thorns also from the rock, and thistles in the field  
Because of these, the stubborn earth shall yield  
To thy reluctant toil, unwilling hand,  
And thou shalt eat the herb when fruit shall fail ;  
Because of lordship ignorance and guilt :  
The sloth of lust, the apathy of death.  
In sweat of labor shalt thou eat thy bread  
Because of strife, of weed and parasite—  
Yea ; pound it as the dust, till thou return  
Unto the ground,—the body of this death !  
For out of it ye came ; it feeds the flesh ;  
Mere excrescence of animal desire,  
And moves the blood to sense of death—not life :  
For dust thou art ;—to dust thou shalt return.

And Adam named his wife Eve—Evening time  
The usherer of the night : For so she came  
When strife of heaven was o'er and earth appeased—  
Her dead in Misriam's flood at rest, was still :  
To embody this ensanguine soul again  
And give it moving life—this mortal sense of wrong—  
Of death and hell already passed and gone ;  
And waken to a sense of living light,  
Of understanding and intelligence  
Knowledge of Truth and Right that governs all—

All breathing on the earth ; the rising dead—  
 Born but to see and hear and seek to die  
 Undo this mortal coil—Embodied death  
 Escape this mad Invention, brained to die ;  
 Be reconstructed nevermore again  
 But stayed, and rest till death shall be no more.

Unto him also and unto his wife ;  
 The fountain of whose blood, was now unsealed to shame !  
 Did the Elohim—those first witnesses  
 For Lord and God on earth—Good Government  
 Make coats of skins—the symbols of their guilt  
 As serving animal desire—gross sense—  
 The covering of the beast to clothe their nakedness  
 And give them being for a day—not life  
 Nor clothing—name—save of their own reproach—  
 The opening of the eyes to vileness of desire  
 As seeking life in death—eternal shame—  
 Their eyes now opened to the light of Truth  
 The dread reality of Right and Wrong  
 The evil and the good : The revelation of a soul con-  
 demned :

The knowledge of a heart to suffering born  
 By the mad impulse of their mere desire  
 In the blind ignorance of life and death—  
 Which comes not of their action but God's light—  
 The waiting expectation of the soul  
 The sense of duty and of love revealed  
 The knowledge and the labor of God's life  
 Thus impiously profaned—prolonged in blood.  
 Not Mercy's crystal soul and clearing waiting sense—  
 Accepting—giving back her crystal life  
 To bitterness of death—Alas ! and not to save  
 But to condemn the soul they thus revive  
 And justify the judgment of the Just

Which holds it to the void—the nakedness of death  
The mortal coil of want—the worm that never dies.  
The extremes of hunger thirst of heat and cold  
Of day and night forever—evermore—we say Amen.  
God and all good prevail—this evil, death be damned  
for aye.

Rise nevermore—to tempt the nation's slain  
To serve and worship its infernal night !  
In agony the ignorance of blood and fear  
The fear of death and hell—now shadowed on the void  
Things passed and gone to planetary spheres,  
Dead symbols in the heavens before our eyes,  
And church and state, on earth as empty vain  
Now passed away forever as accursed  
Of God and Man of Justice, Truth and Right.  
The Lord JEHOVAH and the pillared throne  
Of Life Immortal in the heavenly spheres—  
Not moving like those rolling things we see,  
And name the stars of God—The shadows of iniquity  
The cenotaphs of guilt and fear and death—  
But of their own high impulse kindling all  
And moving on the wings of living light  
The native energy of warmth and Love.

God ! how we loathe this curse of flesh and blood  
The essence of corruption, soul of guilt  
And hold it to the purpose of its life ;  
To break and to subdue the stubbornness  
And strife of death—the horrors of the damned—  
Who live by sacrifice of their own souls  
Idolatry of selfishness—feed grave and hell—  
The prostitutes of tithing and obstruction, monstrous hate  
Banditti, lazzaroni, of mankind !  
That live by murder and the strife of blood  
Profaners of God's life—Blasphemers, dead .

In this old Adam outcast evermore—  
 To save God's life from murder and from death.  
 As Eden's son is saved—but, cursed till now  
 In passing to a Son—this murderous wrong,  
 And therefore from the garden driven—sent forth  
 To till the ground and see what he hath done  
 In prostituting life to slavery, death,  
 The bondage of this fear—and blood of guilt—  
 And know his duty to restrain the blood,  
 Of monstrous prostitution—the desire impossible,  
 Of making the machine the moving power  
 And settle down to labor, limit, purify,  
 His life and living to the pure and good.  
 Life giveth life ; but not like flesh and blood  
 By vaccination of corruption, lust ;  
 Like Mercy's waters—wine upon the lees,  
 It orders all aright and lives for God—  
 The living Good : not breeders of this death  
 More careful now of living than of life  
 To cultivate the beast and brute desire  
 Than seek to know God's Truth—Instruct and train their  
 kind

Even in conception and the womb to light  
 The Peace of Righteousness—of understanding Right,  
 Established good—the happiness that comes  
 Alone from living purpose, end and aim—  
 One with our God—in love of Truth and Right—

Thus Lord and God for good drove out the man  
 To war with beasts until this knowledge came  
 And give the inventive mechanic, who would destroy  
 To reconstruct the kindling spheres of heaven—  
 The facile instruments—material power  
 The dead alone can yield to death and wrong,  
 And for good purpose, not as to this hour



In this cosmogony, to driveling spurious things  
Smoke, vapor, ashes, dust, from which metallic truth  
That feigns no life, and quickening powers withdrawn  
Save in the suffering heart: This Rock inured  
To mockery of its fire and blood and shame,  
The impotence of guilt, the waste of all,  
As blazoned now in planets nations fallen  
And falling helpless with their images  
Of things they cannot now even once conceive,  
For lo! God's life still ready to bring forth  
Republic or Democracy King Lord or aught  
That promiseth endurance, life, or breath,  
And willing sons give pæans and their blood  
To give the shadows substance for an hour,  
And mock their fathers—bid their mothers blush  
For misconceptions—so long cursing earth.  
Good sons and dutiful—Heaven give them la!  
Nor leave them thus to press their vapor die.

For good the earth still waits! we seek to shun  
The waste and murder of this endless strife,  
That darkling toucheth seal of pit and grave  
And naked stands before eternal death.  
We would withdraw the sword of living flame  
In man's own outcasts guarding to this hour  
The gates of paradise and holding earth  
A desolation, wilderness, reproach,  
Returning from the eaves; East, North, South, West:  
From every quarter now to overthrow  
With swift avenging wrath, the sense of life  
Wronged outcast, on the oppressor! thrusting back  
The wrong which hath prevailed in Babel, Babylon,  
Egypt, Jerusalem, Rome; in all the earth  
Refusing now their convicts as they have refused  
God's Principles and Judgment, thrusting Life from earth

With fire and sword and blood, its will their la !  
 Their lo and all ; their leading and defense.  
 Now damned forever, sealed to falsehood, death !  
 The doom of beast and reptile, creeping things,  
 That legislate Iniquity and plume themselves  
 In trappings, favors, brotherhoods of death  
 To be forever thus thrown down, accursed,  
 Giving the nations and the man alike  
 By their own deeds, to blood, eternal death,  
 Until they see and know this is the progeny  
 Of their own violence, hath no other root  
 Their law and life is death—Their offsprings like them-  
                   selves

Dead spurious things—The vapor of an hour  
 Passing away—Thank God forever passed  
 With the stern judgment of another day  
 All have been shortened—Thus at noon cut off  
 Even in the rush and triumph of its power.  
 To-morrow—Who shall see that morrow's sun ?  
 Nor priest—nor king—nor noble of the earth  
 The parasite and Mighty—traffickers cut off  
 And without hand of man—The heavens now rule again :  
 Have ruled—shall rule forever—Seen of all

    We see the dead, after their kind beget :  
 Their seed is in themselves—Earth hath a remnant of all  
                   life that breathes

The beast and brute—and man, the first and last ;  
 His institutions and his laws are dead  
 All that we know of life, is of the blood  
 The blood on earth and fire of hell in heaven  
 Our firmament the wreck of the abyss.  
 Violence by violence—death by destruction falls ;  
 As from the heavens—Our leader urged them on  
 Wretched Invention—poor mechanic skill

'Twas Lucifer—in fire—the man in blood  
And so we drag our evil day along  
In poverty and want of all—God's life  
Forbid to touch the accursed thing—the blood  
Coming between metallic death and life  
Our Mercy's waters and the living light  
By graving of the hand—Mechanic skill  
Invention of the brain—The heart God's life  
Like Eve in Paradise a perjured thing  
By sufferance and desire to help this curse  
Unknowing life or death, or health or gain on earth  
But vanity and vapor waste all waste.  
Its glory in destruction—greatness to devour  
Its home the wilderness—Itself this mortal guilt:  
The brained book of death condemns for aye.

But Life is one—Immortal without end  
In purpose One—in being body soul  
Eternal Truth—The living light—our God.  
The Father of all good—His spouse God's life  
Their home all space—diffusion is their joy:  
And everlasting Right—The unchanging Son  
Before them walks forever and behind  
The Righteousness of Truth—God's Equity  
Redeeming from the void the pit prepared for aye  
For all who answer not to light with light  
The signal and the signet of the heavens  
Loved of the Seraphim; of Mercy's life  
The healing Cherubim in fear beheld!  
As striking to the heart, at once, for life or death.  
The soul of purity can brook no speck  
Or shadow of the guilt enslaving here—  
Therefore this hiding in the pit and grave  
This waiting suffering of our Mercy's life!  
Another step; and Equity no more,

Dare lift her voice or stretch her hand to save.  
In the pure light God's seraphim prevail  
And Justice rules unknowing time or space.

So shall their lightnings now prevail—not wrath  
But Justice goodness to the living soul  
And quick deliverance to the living, dead ;  
To all, to find their place—undoubting straight  
Their action outstrips thought—a look behind  
Is pillared salt—The bitterness of death  
Without a covering Sea, or sheltering Rock  
No thunderbolt pursues, but that which wings its flight  
God's Justice in the heavens—How terrible to save  
We seek her aid we bow before her now  
Our God strike home—and let deliverance come.

The straight and narrow way of Equity  
By which our Eden blooms alone for aye  
Is held as naught—The buds and blossoming  
Of life's perennial tree—cut off despised  
By dogs and reptiles in the human form  
This monstrous lie—night and Eternal death  
Believe they shall prevail—strike home even now  
Seal it forever on the lip and heart  
Make whoredom visible, and murder, death :  
That all may see and know them evermore—  
The fell destroyer fallen from heaven is dead  
His shadow lives in man : reveal it to the sense  
Of men and devils—let them choose at once  
Or perish evermore. If but one crystal life is yet en-  
snared

Behold ! we shrink not from the pit nor grave  
From Mars, nor moon—To Jupiter to Saturn Herschel's  
furthest shade,

Our way is clear—or if metallic rust  
Corrode the heart and bind with leaden death :

Our Mercy's waters from the very whirl  
And vortex of the heavens shall save her son ;  
Held to his lips till life redeem his breath.—  
Undo the bands of hell we fear no more :  
Nor fire nor cloud of smoke nor rage of hate.

Hell was reality, this insignificance  
Of blood and tears : is terrible no more  
The puppies sniff and mock it, smell and touch  
And say 'tis naught—and yelp again and play  
Until the stench of rottenness prevail  
And seek the brother blade of grass that heals  
The fever of their froth, and smell again and die—  
Whoredom is no more great—nor murder kept for kings  
The stripling plays with it, at honor's trumpet-call ;  
And carries on his hip, — the brand that once was burned  
Upon the murderer's brow, into his heart—  
And made him tremble at his father's curse  
The vengeance of his kind—yet fearing God.

The trailing comet—brained invention's scalp  
Floating its vapory locks upon the void  
Is an established thing, and comes and goes  
At bidding of the science of the wise  
Confusion, suffering, darkness, craving want  
All that makes death more terrible than Hades  
Are common things, a dime can pacify  
While the moon ; is peopled ; will be with those moving  
ghosts,

The sun himself—the witness in our sight  
Of light and Truth and Love beatitude  
The fullness of all good—the joy of life  
Of liberty and peace—an ever-present God.  
Is held an ogre feeding on this death.

Four thousand years the rainbow and the cloud  
Have preached in vain of mercy truth and peace

The curse of blood upon man rests in strife  
 Leasing and robbery is the rule they love  
 The guide of rulers, hope of those who choose  
 Leashed willingly as serfs of war to death  
 Barking aloud against restraint of rage  
 And howling in their eager thirst of blood  
 It is enough the shadow hath declined ;  
 But to give place to a more horrid shade,  
 Involving all, no proof remains of life  
 Nor fear of death—The man accepts and glories in his  
                     shame

Seeks happiness, his pleasure in the grave  
 A worm—that revels in corruption filth

Thus on the morning of that day when Eve  
 Was brought to Adam in her guileless Truth ;  
 The outcasts of his house, escaped from death, had said,  
 A daughter yet remains unto our sire.

Come, let us take her that she may instruct  
 And train for us the fruit of herb and tree ;  
 That we may live and know the Tree of life.  
 And while he bore her safe away they came  
 Meeting her mother while she kept the gate  
 In righteousness and peace : and thrusting her aside  
 And trampling on her life, they sought the child.—  
 Until they heard the avenging sire's return ;  
 Who had found his younger Son asleep in peace,  
 And shaking called to him, O Sleeper, wake !  
 What ! carest thou not thy brother should invade  
 Their father's hearth with violence and wrong ?  
 Behold thy Sister : Keep her with thy life !  
 While I chasten their daring—death with death.  
 When he returned they had fled, and following them,  
 He saw when they sought refuge in the brake :  
 And burning in his wrath he kindled there

The fire which had died out from Ararat—  
And gave it to consume them root and branch.

So Truth and Righteousness awoke on earth  
She to her death by her own offspring's hand  
He to avenge and save—and give away  
His life to treachery, pollution's guilt—  
In the sweet heyday of its virgin bloom—  
We wait till Justice from high Ararat  
And Equity from Lebanon shall prevail ;  
With understanding, Industry and Love,  
Through suffering of Humanity, the Christ of God—  
His crystal life, all broken, ground to dust  
The body of this death on which we live—  
The Rock of our Salvation from the abyss ;  
And the consuming touch of grave and hell :  
Destruction of Iniquity, of shame, remorse.  
Till Mercy Satisfied to Justice yields,  
And Judgment shall prevail in heaven and earth  
The sense of Equity from Lebanon's snows—  
That feed the flood of Jordan's swelling tide ; yet lost,  
In the dead sea—soon to have way again and heal the  
deep—

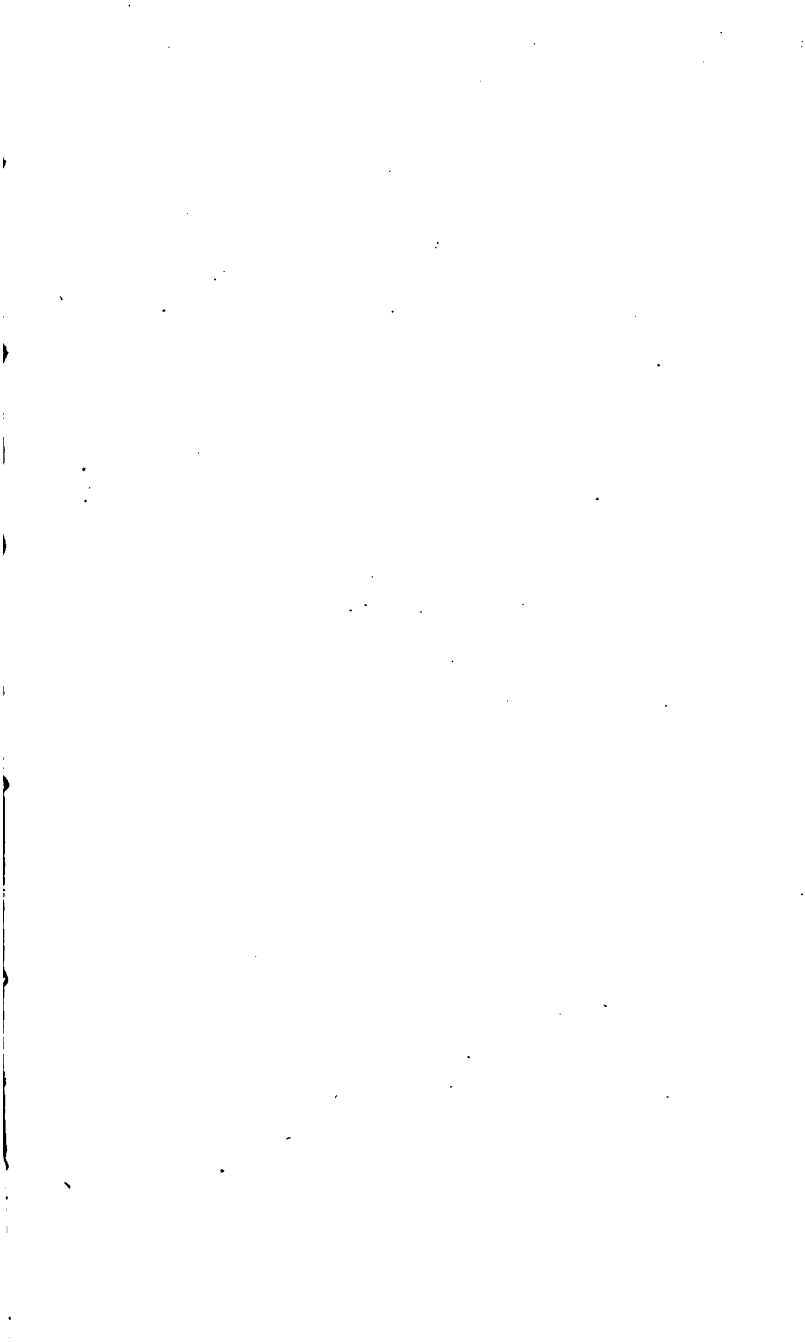
The waning moon of guilt and wickedness  
Shall wax no more to blaze in shame on earth,  
From pillared depths of Sodom's overthrow,  
But Lebanon's waters clear and cool released  
Shall overflow and flood the rising tide  
Of the red sea and strife and wrath shall cease.  
Nor shall the desert longer drink as now  
The rivers of Damascus ; but enlarged  
The stony Abana shall join her flood  
To fertile Euphrates and Shinar's slimy plain.  
O'er Babylon's ruins shall exalted rise  
And Pharphar's waters to the midland waves

Give healing and return for hunters of the west :  
 While from the East the vagabonds of Nod  
 To Lebanon and Atlas shall return  
 And Righteousness make glad Sahara's burning waste—  
 And Ararat shall sheathe her sword and bring  
 Mercy and peace to Misriam's troubled tide :—  
 The range of Lebanon so long consumed  
 Of an avenging Judgment—dread of death—  
 All all shall be restored—all shall return  
 To the lost paths of Equity and Right  
 And peace and truth once more from cedared heights  
 Shall stretch their hands to north and south, east west—  
 When to the high circumference from the poles  
 The lost refrain of Seth's all-suffering race  
 Who of this Judgment said it is " Enough "—  
 Shall sound again in Enoch's glad return  
 Methuselah ! to sooth his Lamech's ire,  
 And hush the voice of Noah's discontent.  
 For Christ the LORD in Righteousness shall rise ;  
 And peace and Truth prevail in all the earth :  
 Whose waters then a living flood shall fill,  
 The broad circumference and shade the earth  
 With clouds of glad refreshing to the poles ;  
 All shall rejoice again in living light !  
 As in the healing sphere of Equity in heaven :—  
 From whence proud Lucifer—the Infernal fire,  
 Of friction from the crash of murderous wrong  
 Hath hurled us to the pit in his consuming rage—  
 A mockery and a curse—now washed away.

THE END.







L16  
JW



